

IS OUR YOUTH
EQUIPPED TO
FACE THE FUTURE?
a national report
by Sidney Katz

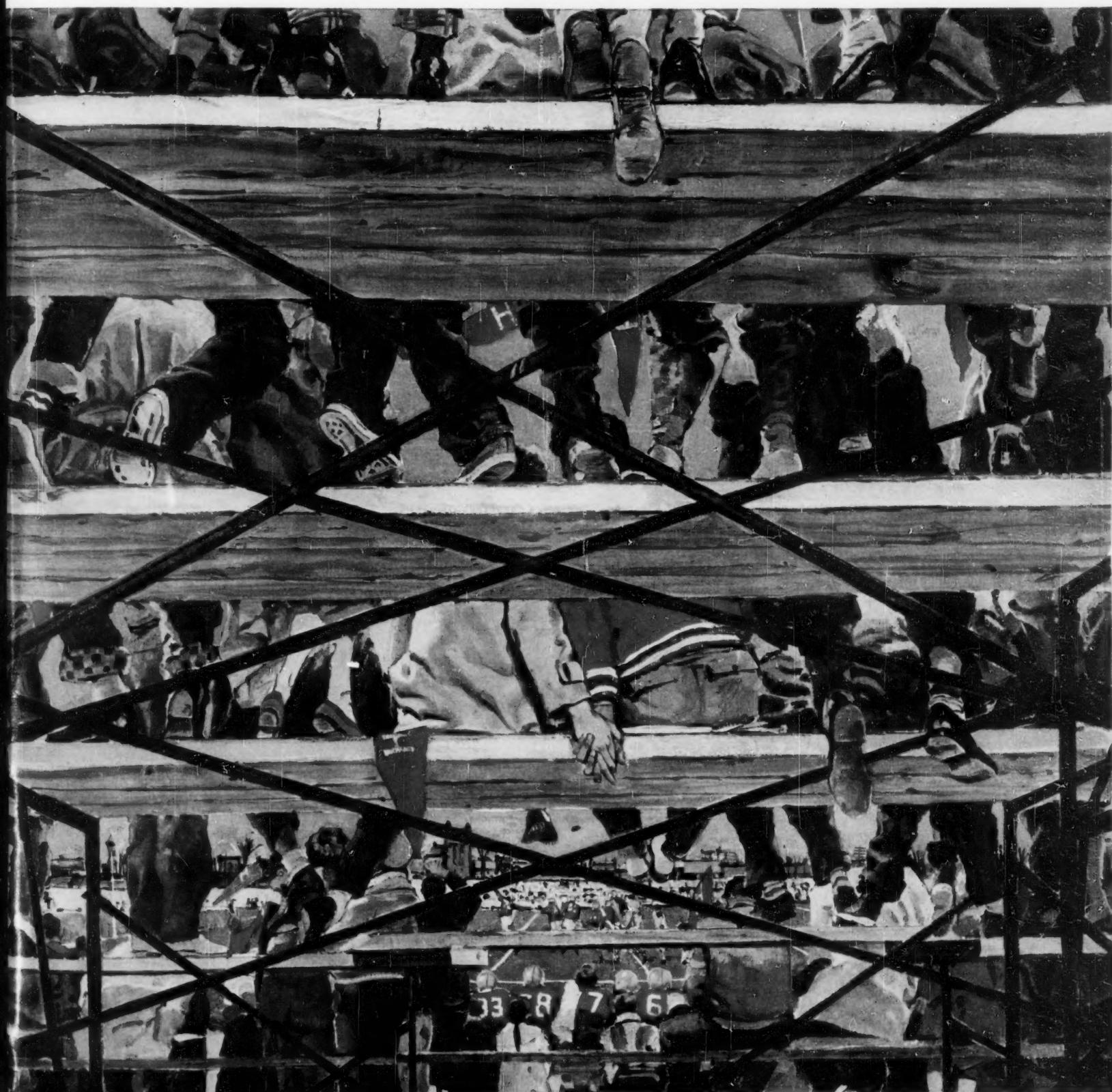
Red Storey reveals: How bridge addicts
"Why I quit the NHL" get that way

MACLEAN'S

COVER BY DON ANDERSON

High-school football final

OCTOBER 10 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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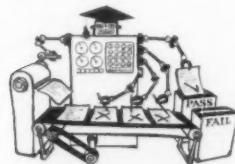
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 10, 1959

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Next boon for women: their own cafés?
- ✓ Russians shooting for your movie screen too

GOOD NEWS FOR FATTIES who habitually forget to take their appetite-depressant pills before each meal: doses are now available in "prolonged action" capsules, which dissolve gradually — making one pill enough for the whole day. Another new application of the five-year-old capsule idea: a day's dose at a time for diabetics who forget the drugs they need every few hours.



THE MOST UNCOMPROMISING of all possible examiners — electronic computing machines — will be marking grade-nine exams in Ontario this winter. Pupils will tick off answers to multiple-choice questions, using ordinary heavy pencil; papers will be fed into the \$12,000 machines and emerge, fully marked, at a rate of 1,000 an hour. Developed by the Ontario Education Department and IBM of Canada, they're said to be the most foolproof exam-marking machines yet. Their predecessors could be bluffed by students marking *all* answers to a multiple-choice question; not these: they reject an exam paper at the first sign of shenanigans. Other dismal news for examinees: relieved of marking chores, teachers will probably conduct more exams than ever.

A RESTAURANT FOR WOMEN ONLY is in the offing for Calgarians. Former Vancouver restaurateur David Bell is planning a Calgary spot called Le Rendez-vous Femmes. It'll have a lobby where husbands can wait and wait and wait while "the girls" finish that third cup of tea.

MEN WHO CARE will be facing a rugged decision over their winter suits this year. To keep in vogue, they'll have to choose between charcoal black, cathedral black, pitch black, caviar black and (it had to happen) black black. Grey flannel's definitely out with the "ins," who're picking dark blue for second-best wear.

EXPECT MORE RUSSIAN MOVIES on your local theatre circuit, the result of a stepped-up Soviet film-export program. But don't look for a documentary on the moon shot; their typical fare includes *Ivan the Terrible Part Two*, *Circus Stars* (a sort of Russian *Ed Sullivan Show*) and *Ilya Muremets*, a 15th-century Ukrainian horse opera.

SHELTERED WORKSHOPS — where hours and pace are tailored to the workers instead of vice versa — could mean new hope for our thousands of aged, handicapped or even disturbed. Witness: Nonsectarian Toronto Jewish Vocational Service workshops in Montreal and Toronto have helped dozens to add to their income by performing simple tasks like packaging nails. Toronto's Crippled Civilians grossed \$600,000 last year by renovating discarded household objects. Other sheltered workshops have sprung up in Windsor, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

COMING HASSLE OVER PRISON PAROLEES

WHO SHOULD SUPERVISE a paroled convict — a social agency worker or a government officer?

That question's almost sure to become a public issue this December when Ottawa's special Correctional Planning Committee reports to Justice Minister Fulton. Odds are long that the three-man committee, headed by army provost colonel James Stone, will urge establishment of a federal group to handle all parolee supervision — now largely in the hands of such societies as the John Howard, the Elizabeth Fry, the Salvation Army, plus several Catholic organizations in Quebec. Reason: the vast majority of prison wardens, criminologists and penologists the committee talked to during its ten-country, six-month study tour — strongly suggested — by advice and example — that a nationally run parole supervision would be best for Canada.

There's no argument over parolees' records; fewer than five in 100 violate parole. But most prison authorities say the present system:

- ✓ fails to provide enough supervision;
- ✓ lacks uniform standards across Canada;
- ✓ depends mainly on charitable donations and partly on spare-time volunteers (helping the agencies' professionals) who can't be ticked off if they're inefficient;
- ✓ is regarded by many parolees as humiliating.

The agencies, which claim they're overcoming the "charity" stigma through "pre-release" work among prisoners, say a government parole corps would:

- ✓ smack of "official authority," which convicts hate;
- ✓ duplicate the agencies' administrations (which would still do other work with prisoners and ex-cons);
- ✓ accentuate the shortage of social workers;

"INSURED" PRESCRIPTIONS NEXT?

Windsor druggist's plan may go national

NEXT PROBABLE breakthrough in health insurance: group plans for pre-paying the cost of prescription drugs. One organization, the non-profit Prescription Services Inc., conceived and set up by Windsor, Ont., druggist Bill Wilkinson, is already two years old and has been successfully copied in California.

Now there're signs it'll soon spread through Canada:

- ✓ A dozen Windsor labor unions have written it into their contracts (yet unsigned);
- ✓ Sudbury druggists are discussing it with local labor leaders;
- ✓ Ontario Retail Pharmacists' Association has hired an ad agency to publicize it;
- ✓ Both the Canadian and B.C. pharmaceutical associations have it under study.

Druggists like it because, as things stand now, 15% of prescriptions are never filled — mostly because customers can't or won't pay the price.

Under Wilkinson's scheme, no medical exam is required, and members pay \$1.90 per month per adult, 65 cents per child. Prescriptions — dispensed only by druggist-members — cost just a 35-

cent service charge. (Among items not covered: patent medicines, insulin, babies' vitamin drops, surgical supplies — such as crutches. Prescriptions written by optometrists, chiropractors, and osteopaths are also excluded.)

Doctors like it because in requiring patients to go to member-druggists, it cuts down on the possibilities of one unethical practice: the dispensing of drugs to other doctors' patients — a type of work few doctors are qualified to do. (Some unethical MDs have even turned the job over to their nurses and receptionists.)

Since union members have a hope of employers paying half the fees, they'll be more anxious than unorganized workers to see the scheme become a national trend. Rates (\$4.45 a month for a one-child family) seem high to people who have to pay the whole shot themselves. And, so far, there's no way for individuals to join on their own.

But, says Wilkinson, who spent four years developing the idea: "With the high cost of today's vital drugs, prepaid prescriptions are inevitable."

— J. IRWIN SMITH



WILKINSON

BOSSY NEW ELEVATORS

They'll make you behave

IF YOU'RE HOLDING the office elevator door till a friend can jump aboard and a spooky Big Brother suddenly snarls "You're delaying the car," don't argue back. The voice — on a tape that starts automatically — is just one of dozens of new gimmicks that are turning or will turn floor-to-floor transportation into an epitome of modern automation.

Push-button elevators are no longer news. But these twists are:

- ✓ The elimination of that sinking feeling by a cushiony new process that slows down acceleration and braking.
- ✓ Soft music to while away your transit time.
- ✓ Air-conditioning in non-air-conditioned buildings and heaters in some office towers where the temperature varies widely.
- ✓ Electronic eyes, sensitive rubber trimming or even radar on the doors so you won't get squeezed.
- ✓ Taped announcements (for department stores) that spiel off the products you can buy on each floor.
- ✓ Electronic brains that weigh the

passengers, figure where they're going, take in the length of time button-pushers have to wait in corridors, then do their own scheduling.

Most of these advances will be built into Montreal's colossal Place Ville Marie shopping centre. 32 elevators will be able to whisk passengers at 1,200 feet a minute — a rate half again as fast as our current speed champions, the elevators at Toronto's Bank of Nova Scotia building.

But for short climbs elevators themselves may grow obsolescent — the result of a fresh boom in escalators. Already the Bell Telephone's seven-story building at Toronto uses them exclusively, and horizontal escalators will eventually be coasting passengers from plane to terminal at Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal airports.

Meanwhile, elevator engineers are waging a small-scale war against courtesy. Men who wait for women to squeeze out first, they say, just hold up traffic, and politely elbowing off your hat in an elevator infringes upon your neighbor's space. — DON TOWNSEND



STONE

Will his findings mean a federal parole corps?

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER



When the cabinet last year revoked Jarvis' purchase of two costly old masters, many observers predicted he'd soon resign.

THE GROWING LIST OF "RESIGNATIONS"

Alan Jarvis goes: who's next?

WHY DID THE GOVERNMENT fire Alan Jarvis, the brilliant and successful director of the National Gallery?

Officially he wasn't fired, he just resigned without giving any reason. Jarvis' appointment had only another eight months to run, and he stayed at his post through a very difficult period only a year ago. If he had intended to quit, that would have been the time. The obvious inference is that "resignation" is a euphemism. Speculation in Ottawa is not whether Jarvis got the axe, but why.

If this question is pressed in the House of Commons the reply may be an attempt to smear Jarvis. Already, vague hints have been emitted of complaints from Watson Sellar, the recently retired auditor-general, about the National Gallery's accounts. There are also rumors about an unpublished letter from C. P. Fell of Toronto, who resigned in July as chairman of the National Gallery's trustees, supposedly because of differences with Jarvis.

Neither tale is borne out by inquiry. Sellar did criticize the method of paying one gallery account for which parliament had not yet voted the money, but his criticism was directed at the treasury board, a committee of the Diefenbaker cabinet. He also let it be known, privately, that he considered the gallery's bookkeeping methods somewhat old-fashioned and clumsy. Both complaints were minor and highly technical.

As for Chairman Fell, it's no secret that he and Alan Jarvis did have some differences, but Fell's friends are positive that this wasn't why he quit. His

major reason, they say, was his belief that the government went back on its word when it refused to go through with the purchase of two paintings by old masters last year.

One was by the great Dutch artist Pieter Brueghel, the other by Lorenzo Monaco. Both are acknowledged masterpieces, such as the gallery had been buying for several years to the envious plaudits of collectors abroad. The chance to buy these two came up in the spring of 1958, when the Diefenbaker government was campaigning for re-election.

The reason why the National Gallery was able to negotiate for them at all was that the previous government, five years before, had given it authority to buy pictures up to a total value of two million dollars. When the change of government took place in 1957, about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars remained of this authorization.

The question was, would the new government renew the authority given by the Liberals? When the question was first put to the cabinet, the answer was no. A second request had better luck—Jarvis got explicit authority to buy at stated prices. If he could get the Brueghel for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, instead of the four hundred thousand dollars that was being asked, then he could also buy the Monaco for anything up to one hundred thousand dollars. He got it for ninety thousand dollars.

Jarvis never did receive this authority in writing. He took the word by telephone, but he took the precaution of

calling back and confirming it, in the presence of a witness. Chairman Fell and the trustees were convinced that he had indeed got the authorization, fully confirmed, before telephoning to London to say that Canada would buy the pictures at the agreed price. The next day, after confirming the telephone call by cable, Jarvis left on a long-planned trip to Europe.

A week later the cabinet reversed its decision. Jarvis was so informed, by transatlantic telephone, and instructed to cancel the deal. The art dealer refused to accept the cancellation and threatened to sue the Canadian government; it was this threat of legal proceedings that brought the whole squabble into the open, just a year ago. In the end the dealer decided not to sue and sold the pictures elsewhere, but meanwhile Canada had got a lot of highly unfavorable publicity.

Chairman Fell and some of his trustees considered resigning at the time, in protest against the government's decision to wimp on the bargain, but they were persuaded to stay on. Some argued that to quit then would give the impression that the trustees were in the wrong and none of them thought they were. Friends of Fell are convinced, though, that he never really changed his mind about resigning, and that this is why he did so last July, whatever additional reasons he may have had.

As for Jarvis, there were many in Ottawa who prophesied immediately that he would be dismissed at the government's earliest convenience. These prophets are now sure that they were right.

The irony is that it was Jarvis himself who suggested, to his then minister Jack Pickersgill, that his appointment should be for five years only. This was a new arrangement. Jarvis' predecessor had been a civil servant with all the normal immunities thereof; Jarvis, too, had come in by winning a civil service examination and was entitled to the same protection.

Probably it wouldn't have mattered in the end. Mitchell Sharp, the deputy minister of Trade and Commerce, who was the first top man to leave the government service after the election, was never formally dismissed either. He, too, "resigned"—to accept another and better-paying job. But anyone who knows Sharp knows that he wouldn't have left the government service for any amount of money, if he hadn't been frozen out by his new minister, Gordon Churchill, who didn't trust anyone the Grits had trusted.

Most of the other notable resignations have been real. Davidson Dunton left the CBC for Carleton University, still on excellent personal terms with the CBC's cabinet spokesman George Nowlan; Douglas LePan, the distinguished Canadian poet who was a senior official in External Affairs, accepted an offer from Queen's University, and so on through a lengthening list of departures. Some at least would probably have taken these outside opportunities anyway, even if the government had not changed.

What worries some Conservatives is not that these brilliant men have left, but that they are not being replaced. The old flair for picking the right man, which built a civil service in which all parties now take pride, has not yet been developed by the newcomers to office. They have resisted, in the main, the temptation to bring in political hacks, but even their most virtuous appointments have not always worked out well.

The CBC is the outstanding example. Here the new government behaved perfectly, so far as appointments were concerned. Davidson Dunton, the old chairman, left of his own accord; the Conservatives made no attempt to use his job as a political plum but simply promoted the next two men in line. But the result of this impeccable course, by a combination of bad luck and bad judgment, has been disaster.

Now there are some indications, mere straws in the wind so far, that the Tories may have some more vacancies to fill before they have time to complete their search for a pool of talent. Some ministers have been growing restive as deputies and division chiefs refuse to give contracts to anyone but the lowest bidder, or jobs to anyone but the winner of a civil service competition; some deputies have been growing even more restive, fending off suggestions that they change this policy.

Probably the biggest question mark, though, and the man on whom most eyes are fixed, is one who up to now has been entirely content. General Hugh Young, a happy deputy minister of Public Works with Liberal Robert Winters and Conservative Howard Green, now has David Walker as his boss. If Walker is as deaf as Green used to be to appeals from backbenchers for political patronage, then Conservative MPs will be horribly disappointed. If, on the other hand, he starts listening to pork-hungry politicians, Hugh Young will be very unhappy. It will be interesting to see what happens. ★

BACKSTAGE IN CIVIC POLITICS

How an ex-cop knocked Edmonton's mayor out of city hall

WHEN WILLIAM HAWRELAK tearfully resigned as mayor of Edmonton last month, it was well over a year since he'd made his biggest mistake: he got the wrong man mad.

The angry man was Edmund Hugh Leger, 43, a former policeman who owns the South Bend Motel on Edmonton's outskirts. Leger built the motel in '57, after getting assurances from the Edmonton town planner that zoning regulations would not be changed to permit a rival motel across the road. In June '58 Leger heard the land was being rezoned and a motel was going up.

He began his fight by appealing through established channels for reversal of the rezoning decision. But he was told, among other things, that the town planner had had no right to assure him the land wouldn't be rezoned as commercial property.

Then, from several sources—in-

cluding an ex-Mountie friend who knew one of the mayor's in-laws—he heard that Hawrelak not only had a financial interest in the deal but had actually ordered the plans drawn up for the proposed motel.

"That's when I got mad," Leger says. He decided to investigate—a job that was right up his alley. For 22 years he'd worked mostly as one kind of gumshoe or another: an Immigration Department inspector, a criminal investigator for the provost corps in war-time Europe, a part-time special constable for the B.C. Police, a tracker of cattle rustlers in Alberta and B.C.

He began working day and night—neglecting his motel and his wife and five small children. Prowling around city hall, he found disgruntled employees who suggested the motel deal was only one of many involving Hawrelak. A few building contractors and their employees added other pieces to the



LEGER
On the trail

jigsaw. Leger began to see a picture of a mayor secretly buying and selling land, through relatives, a trust company and his own and his wife's firm, Metropolitan Investments Ltd. Many deals involved rezoning, but Hawrelak had not voted on these issues; what he had done was fail to disclose his interests.

When Leger thought he had enough pieces to put together, he got up a petition demanding an investigation. The final result was Mr. Justice M. M. Porter's 100-page, royal-commission report charging Hawrelak with "gross misconduct." Hawrelak resigned a few minutes after the report went to city council.

"I feel sorry for Hawrelak now," Leger says, "but ever since I discovered he had an interest in that land, I wanted him out."

Backstage IN CANCER RESEARCH / How true are old wives' tales?

EVER SINCE the medical profession became respectable, doctors have fought superstition and ignorance and scoffed at "old wives' tales" of causes and cures. But they've never been able to deny flatly even the most preposterous theories about the cause of cancer; they've had to admit they just didn't know.

Now, in the huge Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, N.Y., some of the staff of 1,400 are applying modern medical science to the surprising question: are any of these old wives' tales true? By studying histories of 30,000 cancer victims and conducting other research over the past three years, they've been trying to verify or debunk, once and for all, many

theories—old and new—widely believed by laymen. Such as:

"Overweight causes cancer." There's already some evidence that this may be true for certain types of cancer and that excess poundage can be almost an index to a person's chances of getting the disease.

"Stomach cancer is caused by bad teeth, bad gums and bad eating habits." Oral health, food preferences and eating habits of cancer patients are under careful scrutiny, with special attention to heavy eaters and drinkers.

"Your chances of getting cancer depend on your economic status." Doctors already know rich women more often get cancer of the breast and ovaries, and poor people more

often get cancer of the esophagus, stomach, liver, larynx and cervix. The researchers hope to find out why.

"Unhappy, frustrated women stand more chance of getting cancer of the female organs." A relationship is believed to exist between cancer in female organs and the patients' emotional histories—unhappy love life, unsuccessful marriage, widowhood and (in cases of breast cancer) failure to breast-feed babies.

So far, few findings are conclusive. But mountains of data are in, ready for evaluation. Says sociologist Saxon Graham, Roswell Park's statistical chief: "You have to spend a lot of time studying people—not just mice."

— SIDNEY KATZ

(a) more CBC programs and wider variety on private stations or
(b) a CBC outlet in Kingston.

NEW RABBIT-KILLER

Motorists have been blaming winter road salt for damage to their cars for years. Now the salt has a new victim. Salt-starved rabbits lick it from the roads and it causes, say University of Wisconsin scientists, an often-lethal malady that twists the rabbits' necks.

BACHELORS STAY PUT

Employers who hesitate to hire bachelors for fear they won't stay long with the firm can relax. An Ottawa study of 1,706 engineers and scientists shows the single men were no more inclined to be "job hoppers" than their married colleagues.

Backstage AT THE CBC

Do the sponsors and agencies call the tune?

"I've a question," Jeff said in the silence. "Maybe not tactful, but I'll blunder on anyway. How much agency or"—his smile flashed—"client control will there be over the series?"

Ted took a sip from his drink. "I'd like to startle you and say there'd be none. Unfortunately, it's more likely you'll get . . . suggestions . . . from us."

THOSE LINES — between a TV producer and an advertising-agency executive — occur in *Behold the Hour*, a new novel (Ryerson Press) by Toronto writer Jeann Beattie set in and around the CBC. They twang a string in the television industry's conscience that's been getting a steady and heavier-than-ever plucking this year.

In July the U.S. Federal Communications Commission heard strong evidence of agency domination.

In August, Toronto Telegram columnist Ron Poulton took a friendly swing at the CBC for allowing agencies to dictate material but his three concrete examples were scattered over at least five years of broadcasting.

Just how much — if at all — do advertisers control Canadian program content?

It depends on whom you ask. Jeann Beattie, who wrote the dialogue above, ought to know. Formerly story editor for MacLaren Advertising, she was in close contact with GM Theatre, the CBC's weekly drama series. "Of course agencies have control," she told Maclean's. "They pay for the show."

But among a score of producers, directors, writers and editors polled by Maclean's, only a few said they felt any sponsor dictation at all. They quote a few broad examples. General Motors understandably doesn't applaud automobile accidents in TV plots. Coffee manufacturers don't like lines plugging tea. But by and large, the people who produce the plays said they felt that CBC taboos (alcoholism, homosexuality, suicide as a "solution") are more powerful than the agency's suggestions.

The CBC's supervisor of television drama, Michael Sadlier, said bluntly: "Agencies have no control whatsoever of scripts. Two copies are sent to them as a courtesy; one is sent to the client by them." Hugh Kemp, national script supervisor for the CBC, said: "When the agency men edit, it's usually because they have literary pretensions, not because they're worried about the sponsor."

"If there's sponsor control," says writer Bernard Slade, "it's exercised before you start to write. You know there are some things you can't write about so you don't write about them."

— ELIZABETH PARR



BEATTIE & SADLIER

"Yes" "No"

Background

A GOBBLEDYGOOK RECORD?

The RCMP's new Superannuation Act may convince Mounties it would be simpler to stay on the force for life. Before parliament finally passed it, the act's confusing cross references and rambling style roused the indignation of Azellus Denis (L., Montreal-St. Denis). He pointed to one clause that may have set some sort of a record: one of its sentences is 580 words long.

BABY'S CRY A CLUE

Mothers have long claimed they could tell why their babies were crying, by the sound of their voices. Now

a New York pediatrician, Samuel Karelitz, believes he can pick out a retarded infant by its cry. He claims normal babies cry almost immediately after they're hurt or frightened; retarded babies wait several seconds, then cry erratically.

WANTED: MORE CBC

While a lot of people beef because they can get *only* the CBC, a Kingston, Ont., group is pleading for *more* CBC. There's no CBC station there, and with limestone formations blocking off reception from other cities, the only CBC radio they get is a few hours a week on two commercial stations. The group—it has no name—has conducted surveys of radio listeners and circulated petitions aimed at getting

(a) more CBC programs and wider variety on private stations or
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"BRIBES" FOR BUYERS

Are too many salesmen bribing their best customers with costly Christmas presents? A sales managers' group called the Business Goodwill Advisory Council apparently thinks so. It has launched a campaign to persuade salesmen they're better off sticking to "modest remembrances."

DOGS GET MUMPS

If the kids catch the mumps, keep the dog away from them. Doctors once believed that monkeys were the only animals that could catch mumps, but a Boston terrier pup and a dachshund belonging to different families in the U.S. both caught mumps recently from their young owners. The terrier soon recovered but the dachshund died.

Editorial

Air age or not, Canada still needs all the rail services it can afford

OVER TCA's vehement protests Canadian Pacific Airlines a few months ago was given permission to operate on the "main line" from Montreal to Vancouver. Up to then CPA had had to confine its domestic services to feeder lines in and from the north.

It's too early to say whether the publicly owned TCA was right or wrong in forecasting that the end result of this new competition would be higher costs to the taxpayer and the traveler. It's not too early, however, to say that the efficiency and courtesy of both airlines have improved noticeably. Both lines have nearly always been efficient and courteous in the air; too often their ground services have been the opposite. Faulty, late and sometimes non-existent flight information are among the risks any air passenger must accept. If he's traveling on a line that holds a monopoly charter — wherever it is and whoever is running it — these risks are at least doubled.

This makes it all the more distressing that the president of the Canadian National Railways, Mr. Donald Gordon, appears determined to cut down and in some cases to eliminate his railway's passenger services.

Mr. Gordon has pointed out, rightly, that transcontinental railway travel now has some elements of an anachronism. You can get there faster by plane. Also, unless you are insanely addicted to those four-dollar moccasin soles advertised in the dining car as steaks, you can get there cheaper. Mr. Gordon is correct, too, in reminding the public that the CNR loses money on passengers.

But we don't think he's right in suggesting that the railways should therefore curtail their passenger runs and abdicate the longest ones to the airlines. Canada was largely built by and stitched together by its railways. Without dependable, though costly, lines of communication we'd have had no chance to survive, much less to grow, as a nation. In recognition of this truth, various governments of the last hundred years have given huge grants of land, money and credit to railways. When the original owners of the CNR professed to be bankrupt we bought them out and then went on to pay vast deficits to keep the CNR in business.

Not all of these things were done wisely and many of them were not done well, but the instinct behind them all was good. Whatever its cost, Canada needs good and adequate heavy long-range transportation. And that end will best be achieved by giving the traveler and the shipper the widest feasible choice not only of his means of conveyance but of the conveying firms.

Anything that can, within reasonable cost, improve and enlarge our transportation system will improve and enlarge the nation itself. For these reasons we applaud the appearance of CPA in the field of transcontinental travel and deplore the apparent desire of CNR to get out of it.

Mailbag

- ✓ The "foolish" endeavors of our belabored females
- ✓ More work, less talk, at Ottawa?
- ✓ Even drums must be biggest in Texas

REGARDING your Argument, Why Does Everybody Pick On Women? by Robert Paul Smith (Sept. 12), here's an answer: Look at that paragraph "But only a woman can . . . feed the cat and put her out, feed the dog and put him out where he can't get at the cat, make French dressing and remember to coddlle an egg for the salad, construct an apple pie, get three children fed and out from underfoot . . . there is not a man in the world who can do that." No man in the world would be fool enough to try.—MRS. KATE L. HOW, KINGSTON, ONT.

✓ We ladies don't get very irate over articles belaboring the female. After all, it's a relief from all these discussions about sex. And anyway, it doesn't matter what they say, we're here to stay.—MRS. JAMES BOYD, BRAMPTON, ONT.

✓ His combination of brevity, wit and humor have hit the mark.—DR. S. SILVER, MONTREAL.

Are we all patsies?

Blair Fraser's arresting article, Is Unemployment Here To Stay? (Aug. 29) is positive proof that Canada is fast becoming a welfare state and a nation of patsies.—WILLIAM J. PARRY, BELLE RIVER, ONT.

✓ Does he want to shoot the unemployed? That would be better than starving



them to death, would it not?—L. KLEES, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.

✓ Readers in Springhill, the Maritimes and throughout Canada were utterly disgusted with Fraser's distortion of facts in his reference to Springhill. Would Fraser like to break up his home and take employment in entirely new surroundings only to find: 1, he was not qualified to fill such a job; 2, he was given the job over a native of that place who was, in one case, fired in order to give the job to the outsider; or 3, the wages earned would cover only his actual food, shelter, and sometimes transportation to and from work?—LILLIAN H. MATTHEWS, SPRINGHILL, N.S.

Big boom in Texas

Shriners should have checked with Texas before claiming "the world's largest drum" (Aug. 29). The "world's biggest drum" belongs to the Longhorn Band, The University of Texas.—MARY BESS WHIDDEN, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Too much yak?

The Sept. 12 column by Blair Fraser (Can the Tories streamline parliament?) will be good news for word-weary MPs. Some on the government side may not appreciate it too much, but those who have the best interests of the country at



heart will look forward to getting the work done without so much yak.—THOMAS J. IRWIN, WHITE ROCK, B.C.

Paikin: pro and con

May I thank Dr. Harry Paikin for writing and you, for publishing, The Tragic Failure of Organized Medicine (Sept. 12). My hope is that it will be read by both doctors and members of our government. Perhaps they could get together and give Canada a good, well-planned health scheme.—GEORGE W. TEE, VANDERHOOF, B.C.

✓ Dr. Paikin's references to the origin of Britain's health plan should be corrected. It was not the postwar Labor government, but the wartime coalition government of Churchill and Attlee that was responsible for this plan.—W. A. DEMPSEY, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

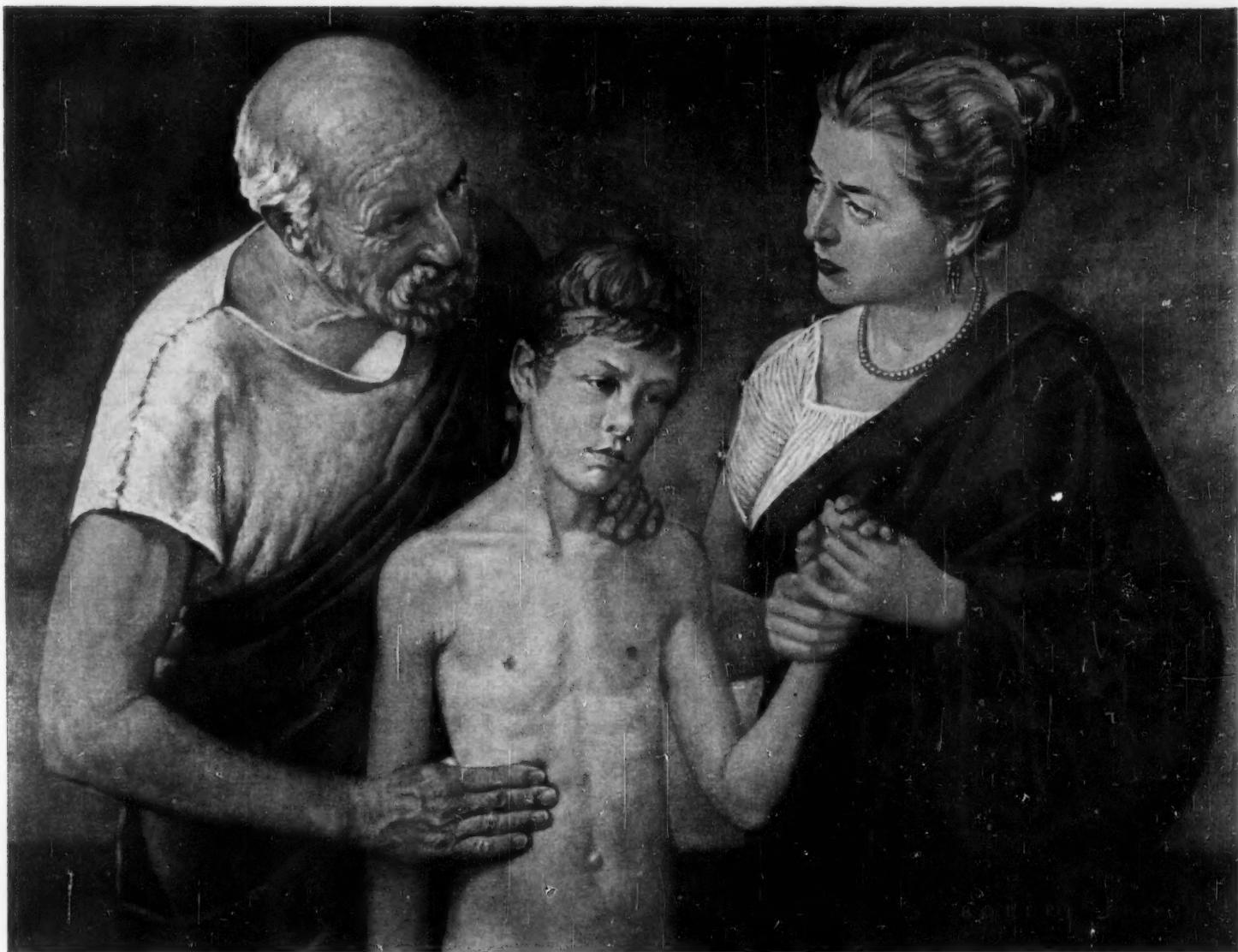
✓ The author seems much enamored of Aneurin Bevan's system of socialized medicine. May heaven save Canada from such! We are fortunate in having been chosen as the new home of many medical "refugees" from just that system in the British Isles.—MISS JEAN MCCALLUM, CALGARY, ALTA.

Face lift for the CNR

I read with interest New Face for the CNR (Preview, Sept. 12) but I take issue with the statement "The CN says it looked in vain for a Canadian with James Valkus' qualifications." The National Industrial Design Council, set up in 1948 to promote Canadian design and Canadian designers, was at no time consulted by the CNR for assistance in finding a qualified designer. It is a matter of great regret that the CNR has awarded such a commission to a U.S. designer, without checking with the council.—NORMAN M. HAY, DIRECTOR, NIDC, OTTAWA.

What kills maples?

In a recent article on dieback in maples (Will our national emblem vanish? Aug. 15), you did not mention our local theory. We understood the dieback was caused by the hot blast from diesel truck exhausts.—MRS. H. BIRD-SALL, DELHI, ONT. ★



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It's most important for parents to show enthusiastic interest in a youngster's school work. Take time to listen, to praise and to encourage—children thrive on it.

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Since your youngster will be away from you more and more, re-emphasize the importance of safety. Be sure to show your child where he should cross the street, and emphasize crossing only with the green light. Teach him to ride his bike safely. Explain why he should wash cuts and scratches promptly and apply sterile bandages.

Should your youngster have special difficulties with school work, an examination should be made of the eyes and ears. Defects which can be corrected are often the cause of low grades and ultimate dislike of school.

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THE COVER

Maybe spring is only for older lovers who need a push from the season. If you're sixteen fall is just as good, as cover artist **Don Anderson** learned. From where he's standing the view of the ball game isn't so hot. But you sure find out who's crazy about whom.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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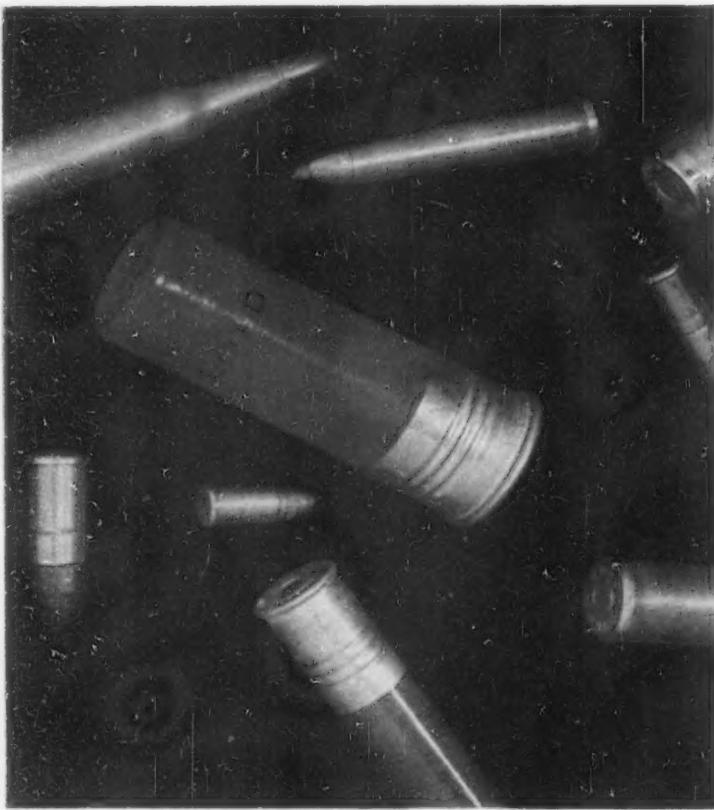
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For the sake of argument



MAXWELL DROKE SAYS

You don't *have* to
like your job

When a matron I know was five years of age she was taken by her grandmother to visit a nearby city. There, for the first time, she beheld sweating, dirt-streaked men digging a ditch. She was deeply disturbed that such things had to be and questioned her grandmother about it. Were these men happy?

"Now darling," the grandmother said, "you are not to trouble your head for a moment about such matters. There have always been two kinds of people in the world. There must always continue to be. There are the plebeians to hew the wood and draw the water; and there are the patricians who live in comfort from the labors of the more lowly. That is the way the world is made up. There is nothing you or I can do about it. Now, you finish your ice-cream soda or we'll be late for the picture show."

Grandmother was a patrician.

Doom of tedious toil

Undoubtedly the indifference of patricians to the fate of the lowly has slowed by decades a more equitable distribution of labor. Even now it is not the compassion for plebeians but the growing cheapness of electricity and other energy sources that has emancipated the laboring throng. Kilowatts have become cheaper than muscles. At the same time there has been a steadily increasing demand for people with a little more "book learning" and background to operate all this new machinery. The consequence has been that we are educating our people out of drudgery and into a higher type of service for the community. The result will be the decline and eventual doom of tedious toil.

We are not at that point yet nor shall we be within the lifetime of your children. Unquestionably, there is a great deal less tedious toil than there was a decade ago. There will be even less a decade hence. There will be some, however. There will be tasks that are

dreary and dull and highly unpleasant. And someone will have to do them.

Strange as it may seem to the effete, there are persons who prefer to exercise brawn over brain. They don't want thinking jobs. They want to be garbage collectors because there's good money in it. Yes, that is the catch. Once we paid a very low rate for our menial tasks because there were a great many people available who could do nothing else. They had to take what we offered or starve. No more. Brawn workers are in short supply. They have to be paid on a par with the brain workers or they'll take the next handy job. Of course even the "brawns" are smarter than they once were. They have to be. Because even they must handle complicated machinery and keep simple records.

It should not be assumed that, because we are in some degree putting drudgery on the shelf, your children will of necessity settle down happily to such labors as come their way. There has been a great deal of rank foolishness written concerning the Joy of the Job. This may be as good a place as any to dissipate some of it.

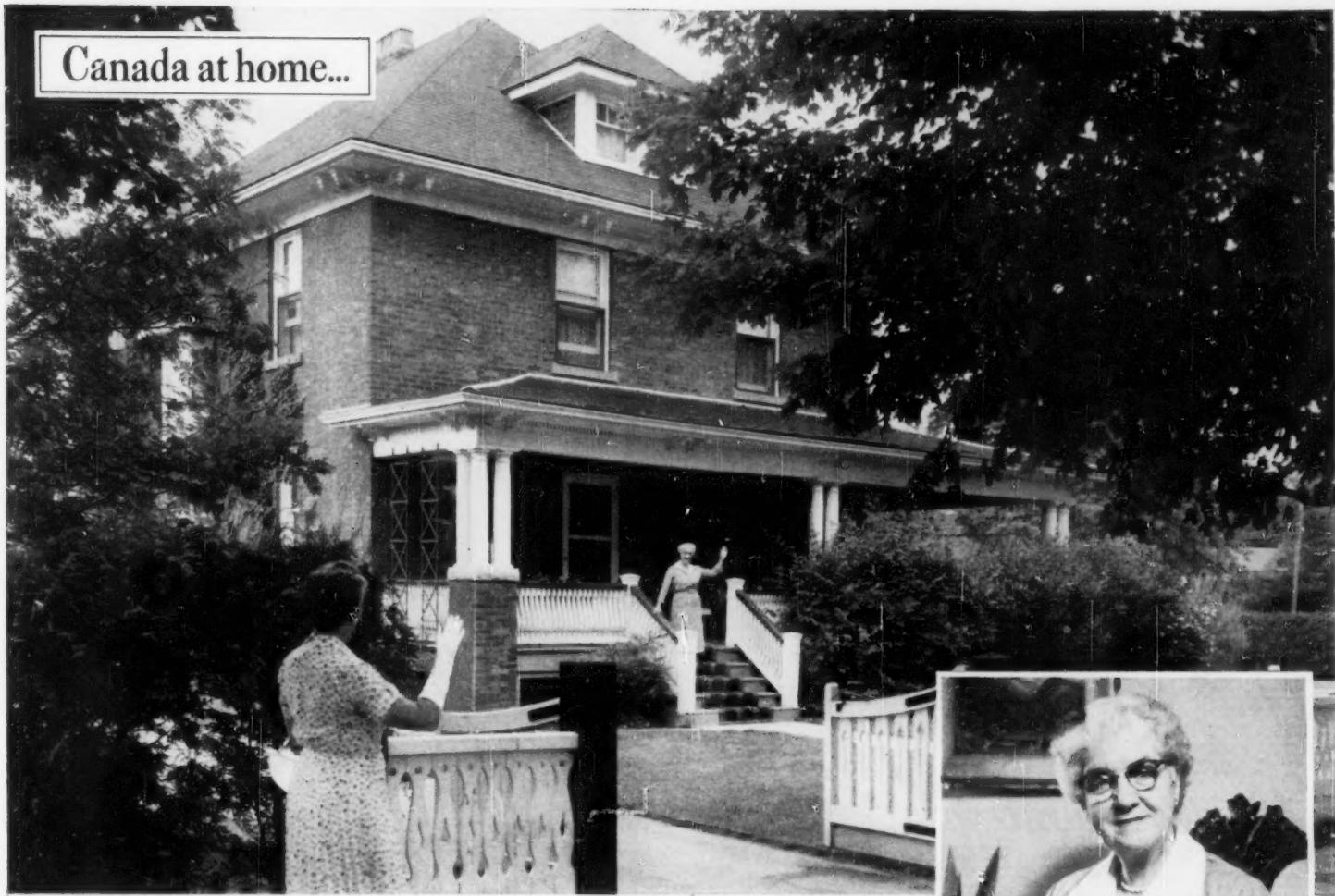
In North America today there are more than 70 million persons gainfully employed. Some recent statistics indicate that about half of these men and women experience no great sense of satisfaction from their daily labors. There are prophets who forecast that this percentage is likely to increase.

Isn't it, therefore, about time to discard some of our more persistent notions concerning the Glory of Labor and the moral compulsion to glean joy from the job?

When our part of the world was young and primitive, dreary drudgery and ceaseless toil were the common lot of man. There was no acceptable alternative. So our early forebears invented the myth that labor is ennobling; preached a philosophy of salvation-through-sweat. In *continued on page 75*

MAXWELL DROKE'S ARTICLES HAVE APPEARED IN MORE THAN 100 MAGAZINES. HE IS ALSO PUBLISHER OF THE WEEKLY DIGEST, QUOTE.

Canada at home...



Why Mrs. Martha Wilkins can say "I have everything I could ask for"

You can tell that Mrs. Wilkins loves her home. She takes real pride in her garden; and inside, the house is as neat as a pin.

In fact, Martha Wilkins has lived in this fine, old home for over 35 years—and even though Mr. Wilkins passed on four years ago, she wouldn't dream of moving. "This is home!" she declares. "My husband knew what this house means to me, and he made sure it would always be mine."

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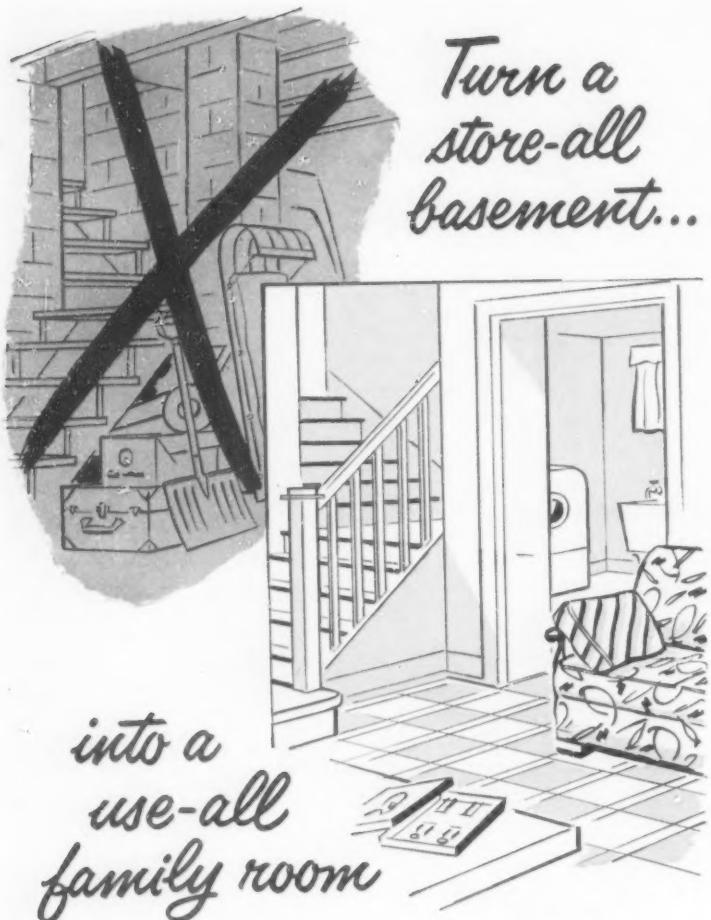
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Letter from France



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

"I felt the greatness of France re-emerging"

Forty minutes from London our plane touched ground at Le Touquet. The strip of water which was the guard and shield of Britain for so many centuries has shrunk in terms of time to nothing larger than Toronto Bay.

It is no credit to me that on such excursions I leave all arrangements to my wife. Except in appearance and sex I might be a particularly dumb blonde traveling with my protector. Nor in our travels about the world has she ever failed me.

Believe it or not but when Madame presented my passport at Le Touquet the eagle eye of the customs officer detected that it was out of date. In the heart of every Frenchman there burns the spirit of a bureaucrat and this was a particularly juicy morsel because I was a British parliamentarian.

In no time we were surrounded by every available official and their deepest suspicions were roused. How could I be a British parliamentarian when my passport clearly stated that I was a Canadian? Obviously I would be deported in the plane that had brought me to France.

But what about Madame? Here was another Canadian passport although the lady in question did not even pretend that she lived in Canada. Then there was a gasp of

horror. By four days, my wife's passport was out of date! Judging by the excitement it looked like either immediate deportation or the Bastille.

Then my good wife had an idea—there must be a British Consul somewhere? Sure enough they admitted that there was such an official in Lille, a hundred odd miles in the interior. By luck he was in his office when we telephoned and with admirable promptness he spoke to the Le Touquet officials and secured a 24-hour respite which would allow us to motor to Lille next day where we would pay a considerable amount for our crime plus permission to remain in France for two weeks.

Next morning we set off for Lille. As the miles and miles of countryside sped by we were once more struck by the fact that the soil and the soul of France are closely wedded; one can travel for miles without seeing dwelling places of any sort. Nor were there any signs of life. The harvest had been garnered and the soil was into its long sleep.

We stopped for lunch in a village and entered a small restaurant. At a large table ten young French lads were tucking in preparatory to resuming their walking tour. They all talked at once and their laughter was frequent as they

Continued on page 78



De Gaulle—"a difficult but incorruptible leader"—revived the spirit of France, Baxter says. Here, he's mobbed by a crowd in Algiers.



BOB GOULET, famous television star, with the new 21" TISDALE — graceful styling that's perfect for every decor.

"I've never seen finer television" — says Bob Goulet



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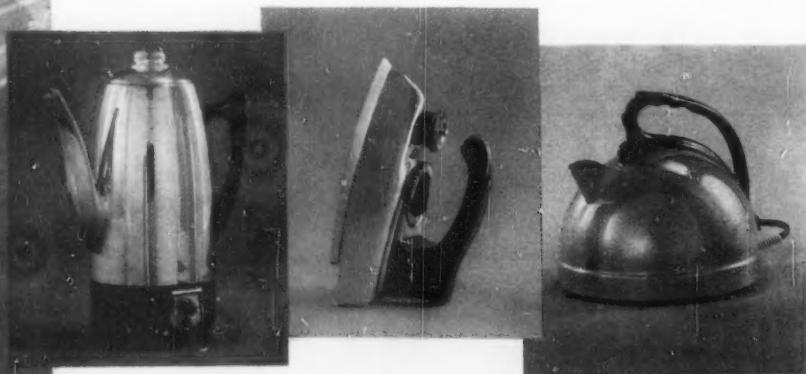
New nickel-chrome lined oven cooks more evenly, cleans more easily

The beautiful new range you see here is a marvel of modern cooking efficiency. And a brilliant new concept in design. It can be mounted on kitchen cabinets or counter tops; or you can hang it on wall brackets at any desired height. With slide-in burner units, a drop-leaf cutting board, a rotisserie, automatic timers and heating controls, it provides wonderful new conveniences for the housewife.

But perhaps the most interesting and time-saving feature of all is the nickel-chrome plated lining inside the two large oven units. This gleaming bright surface reflects heat better for faster preheating, more even baking and roasting. And it's easier to clean! Grease, burned foods and juice sugars just can't get so firm a grip on that mirror-smooth surface.

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Is our youth equipped to face the future?

To many adults, teen-agers sometimes seem obsessed by rock 'n' roll and hot rods—but they'll be running this country in the space age. What do they think about the vital issues they'll face? A special Maclean's survey found many youngsters who believe:

- ***People with unpopular views should be muzzled**
- ***Police should be permitted to use the third degree**
- ***No individual can do anything to prevent war**
- ***Nothing is worse than being an oddball**

How deep do these thoughts go? A panel of experts argues their significance

A national report by **Sidney Katz**

STORY BEGINS NEXT PAGE



Some surprises for parents: most youngsters aren't in rebellion against anything; teen-agers really want more supervision and less liberty.

Here's what nine of them say on major issues ▶

During the next few decades, the destiny of Canada will be in the hands of the 1,300,000 boys and girls who are now between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. They will inherit a world in which nuclear power, automation, transportation at a speed several times that of sound, mechanical brains which compute better and faster than men and exploration of the universe will all be commonplace. It may be a world still divided into two opposing ideological camps, each possessing sufficient destructive power to blow mankind to extinction.

Is the younger generation being equipped—intellectually and spiritually—to grapple with the problems posed by this fast-changing, intricate, and in many ways terrifying new world?

At least some people acquainted with today's adolescents have serious misgivings. "Our schools," says Dr. Eugene Forsey, research director, Canadian Labor Congress, "are turning out too many shoddy, half-baked products." Douglas Jung, MP for Vancouver-Centre, who is president of the Young Progressive Conservative Association, states, "After dealing with over two hundred political youth groups all over Canada, it is my impression that young people are not interested in politics." In the opinion of an Ottawa clergyman, "at best, modern teen-agers have only a hazy relationship with God." This may partly explain why a group of high-school students in Ottawa recently formed a fan club for a local bank teller who had absconded with \$200,000. Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Toronto's Holy Blossom Temple, often rebukes present-day youth for their disinterest in social betterment. "Teen-agers think that life is a bowl of cherries and they want to take out as many of them as they can," he says.

Our younger generation has been described by competent observers as fanatically conformist, lazy, passive and lacking ambition. When he was president of Carleton College in Ottawa, Dr. Claude Bissell, now president of the University of Toronto, said, "I'm worried because not a single Ottawa resident has written me, complaining of the activities of my students. Maturity is all right—but what I fear is premature senility." It has been estimated that as many as one third of our brightest high-school graduates are failing in university. "Failures are due to a lack of interest and a lack of work—it's shocking," says T. H. Matthews, executive Secretary of the National Conference of Universities. The guidance teacher of a large high school told me, "Teen-agers have grown so soft and so fat that they won't work. They're satisfied with mediocrity. Unless we can stop this decline, our society will crumble."

Is this gloomy prediction justified? Seeking an answer to this crucial question, Maclean's engaged an independent

research organization to poll a scientifically selected sample of five hundred high-school youngsters, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, living in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Toronto, London, Montreal and Halifax. After carefully analyzing their feelings and thoughts on vital social, religious, political and economic matters, we assigned a team of ten reporters across the nation to conduct follow-up interviews. Later, we invited several qualified adult Canadians to comment on the results of our survey. (Many of the questions were suggested by the Purdue University National Poll which, for almost twenty years, has been studying the opinions of American adolescents.) Listed below are some of our findings:

An alarmingly high proportion of youth apparently shows little regard for the basic freedoms upon which our democratic system is based.

Almost one half of the teen-agers questioned feel that the police are sometimes right in using the third degree in getting a person to talk.

Almost sixty percent approve of the use of wiretapping as a means of collecting evidence against a person suspected of a crime.

Almost thirty percent are in favor of allowing police to search a person, or his home, without a search warrant. Some who were questioned, like an 18-year-old boy living in one of Toronto's better residential districts, were most emphatic in their advocacy of police violence. "If the evidence is incriminating, they should go ahead and use the third degree. Brutality is the only way to get some people to talk. That's only justice, isn't it?" A Calgary boy, who has just entered his freshman year at the University of Alberta, can see nothing wrong with recording other people's telephone conversations without their knowledge. "If it means the capture of a criminal or a spy, who cares how they catch him? Instead of questioning the police methods used, we should be grateful." In the opinion of the 17-year-old daughter of an Ontario scientist, most people would feel safer if police were allowed to search without a warrant. "If a person isn't guilty, he shouldn't worry," she explains. "I don't think it would lead to abuses or loss of liberty. As a British subject, I have faith in authority." While seven out of ten respondents rejected these views, the existence of a large minority who would deprive a citizen of his privacy is disturbing.

Almost half of the youngsters believe that the government should prohibit people from making speeches which contain dangerous ideas with which most people disagree.

Even excluding material which is obscene, libelous or reveals military secrets, a significant minority, almost thirty percent, feel that magazines and

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JACK SHILL, JR., LONDON, ONT.
"Police are sometimes right to use the third degree but not torture—maybe keeping you awake till you talk."



JOYCE CHAMPAGNE, MONTREAL
"The right to make speeches depends on what kind of speech; the government has a right to protect itself."



FRANCES CAMPBELL, TORONTO
"Some people know what is and isn't good for them; young people should listen to adults till they mature."



NANCY BARNARD, VANCOUVER
"Being called an oddball may not be absolutely the worst thing that can happen. But I'd hate to be called that."



RUPERT FISHER, HALIFAX
"Some people change their religion; I don't think too much of that; I was born in mine and I'll stick with it."



PAT DEARING, EDMONTON
"In Social Studies class we all decided Canada shouldn't admit Asiatics. We didn't see what good it would do."



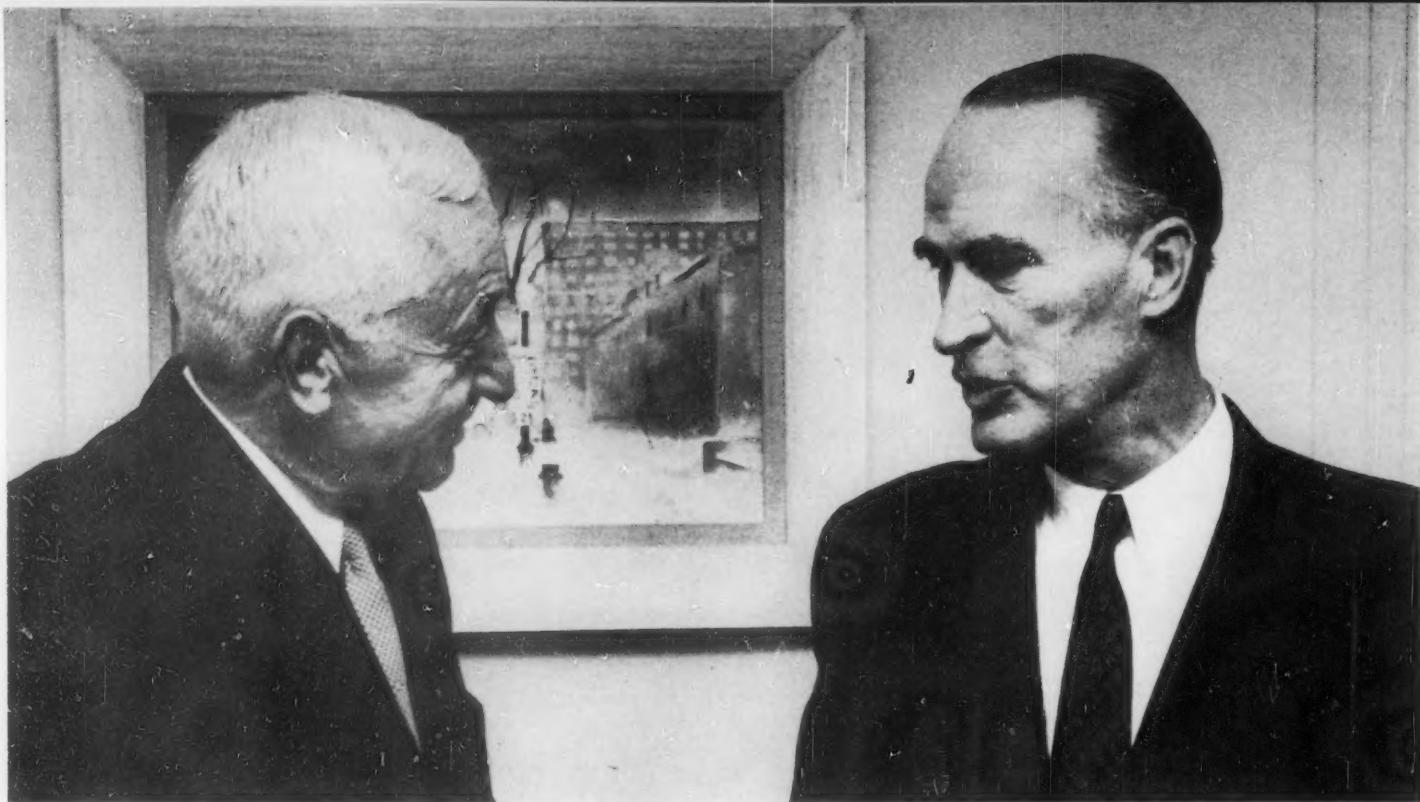
DUKE BARKER, WINNIPEG
"I've got a job at the bank; a lot of kids today are just out for a good time; I want a family some day, security."



GLORIA FARRELL, REGINA
"Nothing makes me madder than coping with orders that come to the store in French; Quebec should keep them."



MIKE GUISE, CALGARY
"What can I do to stop war? Nobody's going to pay much attention to me, unless I'm a general or a premier."



Krupp (right) who was jailed five years as a war criminal, talks to Canadian-born financier Cyrus Eaton, his partner in the ore deal. Krupp may be the world's richest man.

Will Germany's Krupp become Canada's biggest mining man?

By PETER C. NEWMAN

In a world becoming constantly more prone to uncertainty and revolution, Canada is one of the last lands where a rich man can plant a few million dollars and expect them to grow toward a billion. About to join the many financiers and industrialists who have committed a major part of their wealth to this country is a convicted war criminal few believed would now be at large, much less in command of one of the world's great fortunes.

He is Alfried Felix Alwin Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, current ruler of the firm which armed Otto von Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm and Adolf Hitler. There exist larger enterprises than Krupp's, but none are wholly owned by one individual. Krupp is today the wealthiest man in Europe, perhaps the world.

At the end of the Second World War, the Allies pledged they would break up the House of Krupp forever, and threw Alfried in jail. But now, fourteen years later, the West German industrial complex of a hundred and twenty factories that turn out everything from complete bridges to "guaranteed tasteless" steel false teeth, is bigger, richer and stronger than at any time in its bloodstained 148-year history.

Krupp has not irrevocably committed himself

to the Canadian project. If he does, the deal he has been negotiating with Cyrus Eaton, the Canadian-born U. S. steel and rail magnate, may become one of the greatest industrial undertakings in Canadian history.

If the scheme goes ahead, it will transform a wrinkle in the frowning west coast of Ungava Bay, on the edge of the earth fifty miles above the tree-line, into one of the world's most extensive iron-ore workings. Expenditures might eventually exceed the cost of the St. Lawrence Seaway. In its engineering audacity, the project would match the great Aluminum Company of Canada development at Kitimat, B.C.

Site of the proposed undertaking is Hopes Advance Bay, a thousand air miles north of Montreal and nearly three hundred miles north of the Iron Ore Company of Canada pits at Schefferville, brought into production in 1954 by Jules Timmins and his partners. Around the Hopes Advance Bay mine is planned the largest Canadian community north of Edmonton. The eventual expenditures involved in the many stages of the scheme are expected to total well over three hundred million dol-

lars—at least twice the amount of money spent so far on commercial developments in the Northwest Territories.

Krupp's expected entry into Canada is unusual mainly in its mammoth dimensions. Most Canadians are aware of the large and growing share of the economy bought up by U. S. investors. But far fewer Canadians realize that the best business brains of every other continent have also been shuffling their investments into this country, at the rate of twenty million dollars a month since 1949.

This invasion of foreign money has remained largely hidden behind the mask of vaguely named corporations which control mines, oil wells, factories and real estate through layers of even more vaguely named holding companies. The Suez Canal Company, its main asset nationalized, is currently a partner in the Candiac Corporation which is pushing up a \$250-million satellite community nine miles from downtown Montreal. Antenor Patino, a wealthy Bolivian tin king, is quietly acquiring an astonishingly large stake in Canadian copper, asbestos and uranium mines. Top Swiss, Dutch, Belgian and French financiers direct surprisingly in-



Unions picket Montreal's Ritz Carlton during a recent Krupp stay; sign near camera calls Krupp a war criminal. Few Canadians are aware he's been investing here for years.

fluential holdings in Canadian banking, insurance, cement and oil.

While the investment of foreign funds in Canada is no novelty, the Eaton-Krupp development promises to become an undertaking with an impact significant enough to alter the country's economic trading pattern. Alfried Krupp has predicted that completion of the project would result in a trans-Atlantic flow of iron ore to the hungry furnaces of the Ruhr so immense that West Germany might replace Great Britain as Canada's most important overseas customer.

Current plans are that nearly all of the ore will initially be used by German steel mills, with Krupp retaining the greatest share, although he is putting up only twenty percent of the development cost. Three other German steel companies each have a

ten-percent interest. The Cyrus Eaton companies hold half the partnership. There is no provision, under present financing arrangements, for any direct participation by Canadian investors but common shares probably will be offered eventually.

The Eaton-Krupp partnership is planning to develop the iron ore located on the 136-square-mile concession granted Cyrus Eaton under a special bill passed by the Quebec legislature in 1956. The legislation prohibits anyone else staking claims in the area, in return for a commitment by Eaton to begin commercial mining operations by July, 1962. "It is now a matter of *when*, not *if*," says Clare White, the president of Ungava Iron Ores Limited, the company set up to undertake the development. "There is no question that we will go ahead, but a project of this magnitude takes a lot of setting up."

"No project that hasn't started has had as much work done on it as this one," claims White who was picked to head the operating arm of the partnership after a brilliant record of twenty-six years as top mining engineer with Consolidated Mining and Smelting, at Trail, B.C., the world's largest producer of lead-zinc-silver ore. White and his staff have spent three million dollars to establish the feasibility of the imaginative undertaking.

A navigable channel and a safe anchorage have been charted into the ore docks to be put up at Hopes Advance Bay which lies in the path of the forty-foot tides that roll out of Hudson Strait. Although the port will be clamped in by 5½-ft.-thick ice much of the year, for four months it will accommodate four vessels. An airport capable of

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At desolate Hopes Advance Bay, Alfried Krupp, Cyrus Eaton, Jr., and their geologists came in five helicopters to look at the site "with reserves of billions of tons of iron."





The world of Duddy Kravitz



SEE! Duddy's stupendous plunge into the movie business



SEE! The famous director with a secret past



SEE! Zulu dances—



in a film about a bar-mitzvah yet?

An excerpt from a new and major Canadian novel by **MORDECAI RICHLER**



Illustrated by Huntley Brown

"Cheez," said Duddy when he first saw his film. "I could sell a dead horse easier than this." But to Cohen he said, "It's too good — it's not for sale."

Conclusion

Where does a guy start, Duddy thought. Where and how?

He read enviously about the real-estate boom in Toronto and of men who had bought land as farms and sold it at twenty to thirty cents a square foot two months later. Other guys had gone prospecting for uranium in Labrador and come back with a mint. Television, he had heard, was the coming thing. Once the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation really got going people would be buying TV sets like crazy. Dealers had already made a fortune in the States.

Duddy got an appointment with the representative of a big American firm and tried to get an agency, but the man, obviously amused, asked Duddy how much selling experience he had had, what his education was, did he own a car and how much capital was he willing to invest in stock. He told Duddy that he was too

young and advised him to try for something smaller. "You can't run before you learn how to walk," he said. So Duddy grew a mustache and began to take the Reader's Digest and work hard on *How To Increase Your Word Power*. He also came to an arrangement with his father about the taxi. While Max slept Duddy drove.

Duddy drove the cab around Montreal at night and during the day he got a job selling liquid soap and toilet supplies to factories. He usually slept from four to six and at a quarter to seven he drove down to Wellington College, where he was taking a course in business administration.

He joined the cine-club at Wellington and that's where he met Peter John Friar, the distinguished director of documentary films. Mr. Friar had come to Wellington to speak on Italian Neo-Realism—*What Next?* He had a lot to say against Hollywood (it was a soul-killing

place, he said) and he seemed to be against something called the witch hunt, but Duddy wasn't sure. Mr. Friar had a difficult British accent and he spoke softly. There was a question period after he was finished and Mr. Friar was asked point blank did he think Houston had gone permanently commercial and what had become of Sir Arthur Elton?

Afterward Duddy pulled him aside. "I'm going into the film business here myself soon and there's something I'd like to talk over with you," he said.

Mr. Friar checked his smile. Irving Thalberg, he remembered, had been only twenty-two when he took over MGM, and besides the most surprising people had money in Canada. "Why don't we have a drink together," he said.

They went to a bar around the corner and Mr. Friar immediately ordered a double gin and tonic.

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His decision made to quit the NHL, Storey is greeted at Montreal by his wife, Helen, and his elder son, Bobby. He later turned down high-paying offers to referee in other leagues.



WHY

To Roy Alvin Storey—

Grey Cup hero, lacrosse star

and, until last spring,

the most colorful referee

in the NHL—

sport was "my work, my hobby,

my education and my

claim to a place in the world."

Here's how it all began



Red with his older sister, Irene, "who could outrun me any time."



In lacrosse, he holds a record. In baseball, he had a big league try-out.

I'M THROUGH WITH SPORTS

BY RED STOREY as told to KEN LEFOLI

PART ONE

When an athlete retires the sports writers have a word for it. They say he's hanging up his skates or his spikes or whatever the accessories of his calling happen to be. At one time or another I've hung up the pads and pullovers of football, hockey, lacrosse and baseball. Now I'm hanging up my referee's whistle. After a quarter century in sport I have nothing else left to hang up. This is good-bye.

Last April a whistle I didn't blow was heard around the Canadian sports world and for the second time the name Red Storey hurdled the sports columns and landed in front-page headlines. When the first set of headlines was printed on Dec. 12, 1938, the news was all good. It was the story of that year's Grey Cup game between Toronto Argonauts and Winnipeg Blue Bombers for the football championship of Canada. In the closing thirteen minutes of the game I scored three Argonaut touchdowns and carried the ball 190 yards. The reporters were as surprised as I was, and most of the headlines said something like: "STOREY RUNS WILD."

When the second front-page story was printed on April 12, 1959, the news was all bad. Most of the headlines read: "STOREY QUILTS," and nobody was as surprised at the events that led up to it as I was. The report dealt, mainly, with critical remarks made by the president of the National Hockey League, Clarence Campbell, about two decisions of mine in the last game of the Stanley Cup semifinal series between Montreal and Chicago, which I refereed and Montreal won. As Campbell saw the play from his box seat, I should have called penalties in the final period against Junior Langlois and Marcel Bonin of the Montreal Canadiens. As I saw the play

from the ice, neither man earned a penalty.

There's nothing sensational about this. Campbell was a spectator; expecting a spectator to sit through a hockey game without riding the referee is a little like expecting the players to scramble through three periods without a puck. Even Campbell's contention that I "froze" on those two decisions didn't bother me much, as one man's opinion. I've been a referee longer than Campbell has been a president, and I've been called names that make his remarks sound like soft soap.

But Campbell was more than another spectator. He was my boss. He spoke for hockey. He chose an Ottawa sports writer for his audience. Every newspaper in the hockey cities of Canada and the U.S. picked up the writer's story, and thirty-six sleepless hours later I knew there was only one decision I could make. I resigned from the NHL.

Blowing the whistle or obeying it, I'd been in the middle of the action for more years than any athlete has a right to expect. They were high years and low. There were furious moments and funny ones and a few that still wake me up at night. They cost me most of my hair and some of my bones and I kept coming back for more. Sport was my work, my hobby, my education and my claim to a place in the world. To tell you why I'm leaving it all behind, I really have to tell you how it was.

It started in the first years of the Depression on the weedy vacant lots of Tiffin Street, a row of railroad workers' houses in Barrie, Ont. In those days the kids on every street had their own baseball team, their own football team and their own hockey team. In the house where the

five Storey kids lived there was one youngster who could outrun, outwit, outkick and outfight any kid in our end of town. This was — hold on for a minute — my sister Irene, who was two years and several jumps ahead of me. A few years later, when Irene held the senior Canadian women's record for the 220-yard sprint and won the 60-metre dash at the 1934 British Empire Games, she wore her track shoes in two different sizes. The right one had to be a full size larger to fit a foot that grew up kicking man-size footballs on Tiffin Street.

Anything Irene could do, in those days, I wanted to do almost as well. I can still smell smoke and hear the fire engines screaming across town to put out the fire I'd light in the lot across the street every fall, to clear our ball field of summer growth. When the first hard frost hit, we'd sprinkle our back yard with a garden watering can, over and over again while a rim of ice grew on the spout. When we were finished there'd be a hockey rink just behind our back door. By the time I left school — and Barrie — at seventeen for a job in the Leaside railway yards at Toronto, I had a few cups or trophies for playing seven or eight sports. I packed my gear for all of them.

It was June when I reached Leaside, and that summer I met Teddy Morris, a walking contradiction, who at 165 pounds with his pads on was one of the toughest line-plunging halfbacks the Toronto Argonauts have ever dressed for a football game. In August, when the Argonaut training session opened, Ted brought me into camp.

To do it, he almost had to take me by the hand. On that summer evening in 1936 I was a raw overgrown small-town redhead, as shy as an end eluding a pass defender, and I was wearing a black eye the color of grape juice from a junior lacrosse game the night before. Morris led me up to a small slick-haired man stomping the sidelines in a pair of high *continued on page 67*

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TORONTO DAILY STAR, MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1938

BARRE 'REDHEAD' STEALS SHOW AS ARGOS TRIUMPH

Storey Scores Three Touchdowns and Runs 100 Yards in Canadian Final

HE SANK THE 'PEGS!

By "RED" BURNETT
Three years ago last August, Ted Morris, Barrie's big red-headed youth in front of Coach Lew Hayman, "This guy claims to be the fastest runner I ever did see," said the dynamic little back. Hayman took one look at the lad's massive frame and ordered the trainer to give him a "monkey-cut." At times during the world war the "Redhead" had been a coming great, but always during games something appeared lacking. Fast, sure, and a fine fielder, he was an awkward-looking husky, but Hayman and Morris never lost their confidence in him. "He's a coming great," Hayman repeated to this writer time and again.

It cost them you for the rocks. "The other day, Barrie's own Red

"Red" proved that his coach was

"right" to make him a good

player.

Spinning the SPORTS WHEEL

BY FRED JACKSON
SPORTS EDITOR

Did you ever stand alone by a swirling, raging river in the early morning, watching the water going out and watch the swift-running water creep up to the top of embankments and smash through and over all obstacles in a mad, triumphant sweep past banks, dams or whatever obstacle was in its way?

From now on every time I watch flood waters crashing 'til before my eyes, I'll be thinking "I wonder if

Mr. Storey Goes to Town



Storey first made headlines as a substitute who scored three touchdowns for Toronto Argos in the last 12 minutes of the 1938 Grey Cup game. Toronto assassinated Winnipeg, 30-7.

LEA

Pattern
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PEP
Toronto Hawks
by G. A. F.
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Storey's mother was "one of the best trainers who ever treated an injury."



Ray and Kay, Victoria bound aboard the CPR's Princess Patricia.

Holiday weekend in Victoria

A Maclean's editor and his wife—though unrepentant Vancouverites—find the capital of B.C. is just as Kipling said. It's the Bay of Naples with the Himalayas behind it. Is it also a bit of Olde England? Gracious, no

By Ray Gardner

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK LONG

AS WE SWUNG THROUGH beautiful Beacon Hill Park on our sightseeing tour of Victoria, the driver of the tallyho announced, "And on our right is the pitch where they play English cricket." Not simply cricket, mind you, but English cricket.

The three of us — myself, my wife, Kay, and our traveling companion, photographer Jack Long — smiled and exchanged knowing, cynical glances, as if to say, "Isn't the bloke laying it on a bit thick, even for the American tourists? After all, cricket is cricket is cricket."

Kay and I had followed the birds to Victoria, as the tourist slogan has urged people to do for the past thirty-five years, to spend a holiday weekend in British Columbia's capital city.

And on this, almost our first outing of the weekend, we had already encountered Victoria's conscious striving to make the tourist, especially the American of the species, feel that he is actually wandering abroad through A Little Bit of Olde England, a scheme that succeeded so well in the case of one visitor from New York that he was heard to exclaim, "This place is so bloody English the tea comes to your eyes." Near



The Gardners stroll in a grove of Beacon Hill Park. They "drove for miles with a magnificent view of the sea on one side, meticulously tended lawns on the other."



They observe the ritual of afternoon tea in the lobby of the Empress Hotel. They didn't see any of the famed Victorian dowagers who are supposed to haunt the Empress' lobby. All they saw were other tourists sipping tea and peering around for a glimpse of a dowager.



Mrs. Rosina Lane shows the Gardners a replica of Anne Hathaway's cottage that she and her husband, Sam, built at a cost of \$75,000. The Lanes own the Olde England Inn, where the Gardners ordered roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, "the only dish I find fit to eat," Ray confesses.

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES



As they leave the world-famed Butchart Gardens, they take a last look at the site that used to be an ugly limestone quarry until Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butchart transformed it.



Kay poses for her husband beside one of the totem poles in Thunderbird Park. The third face in the picture is the wind spirit.

HOLIDAY WEEKEND IN VICTORIA *continued*

the end of our Victoria visit, a man who makes his living out of Victoria's thriving tourist industry, suddenly, from out of the blue, confessed to me, "All this English rot, it's baloney, you know."

Then, with a furtive glance over his shoulder, as though he half expected to find there an agent from the Un-Victorian Activities Committee, he added, "For heaven's sake, don't quote me on that! If you do, they'll hang me, instead of those flower baskets, from a lamppost on Government Street."

The truth is, of course, that the Victorians themselves do not believe their own tourist propaganda (one merchant spoofs it outrageously by calling his business, on Government Street, Ye Olde War Surplus Shoppe) and, really, they have little need to. For their city, as we were to discover, has an inimitable charm and a great beauty that can't fail to captivate even the most blasé tourist — and whether or not Victoria is really A Little Bit of Olde England matters not a jot or tittle.

Many years ago Rudyard Kipling drew a deep draught of Victoria's sea air and then attempted to describe the beauty he had seen. "To realize Victoria," he wrote, "you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands, and arrange the whole around the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background." Well, in spite of his lyricism, it seemed to us that Rudyard was ruddy near right.

When we told our friends, in Vancouver, that we were off to Victoria for the weekend, invariably their comment was a laconic, "Why?" Indeed, one of Vancouver's favorite indoor and outdoor, all-weather sports is deriding and scorning Victoria and Victorians. The latter they picture as tweed-clad Blimps through whose veins courses strong orange pekoe. The female of the species is either a creaking dowager or a striding frump in walking shoes. The city itself they regard as one vast graveyard, its grandest mausoleum being the Parliament buildings. Tell a Vancouverite that you visited the provincial museum while in Victoria and he's apt to say, "Why, I thought Victoria was the provincial museum."

And so, the holidaying Vancouverite will pile into his car and drive madly to the Okanagan, to the Cariboo, or, perhaps, by ferry, to Nanaimo from where he is more likely to head up-Island to Qualicum Beach or Campbell River, home of the famous Tyee salmon, than he is to drive down-Island to Victoria. Victoria, he thinks, is not his cup of tea — and how wrong he is.

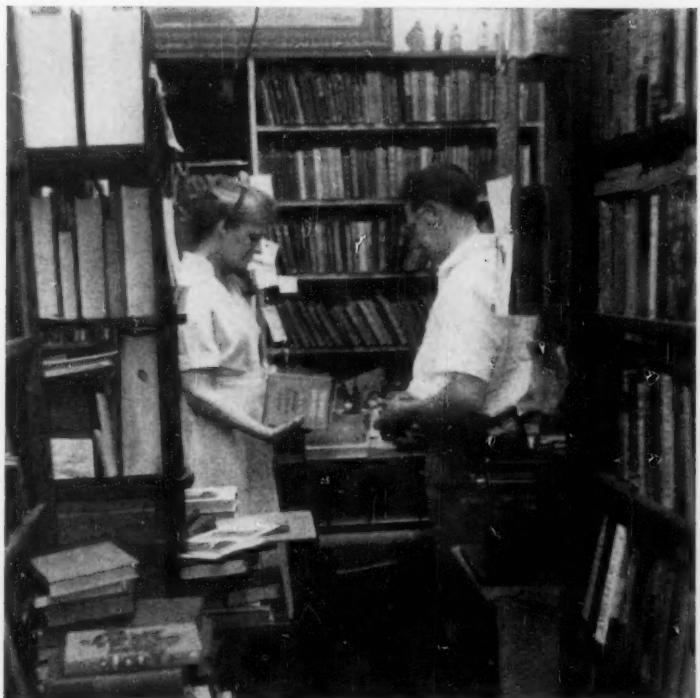
Though Vancouverites may snub Victoria, it can afford, in return, to strike a haughty pose, for tourists flock there from everywhere else on the continent and, man for man, it actually attracts more visitors than does any other Canadian city. Every year Victoria's tourist industry puts half a million customers through the works. The population **continued on page 57**

Victoria is a city of flowers. The footsore Gardeners rest in the Crystal Gardens of the Empress Hotel, a conservatory with the world's biggest glass-enclosed swimming pool. Later, Ray swam while Kay watched.





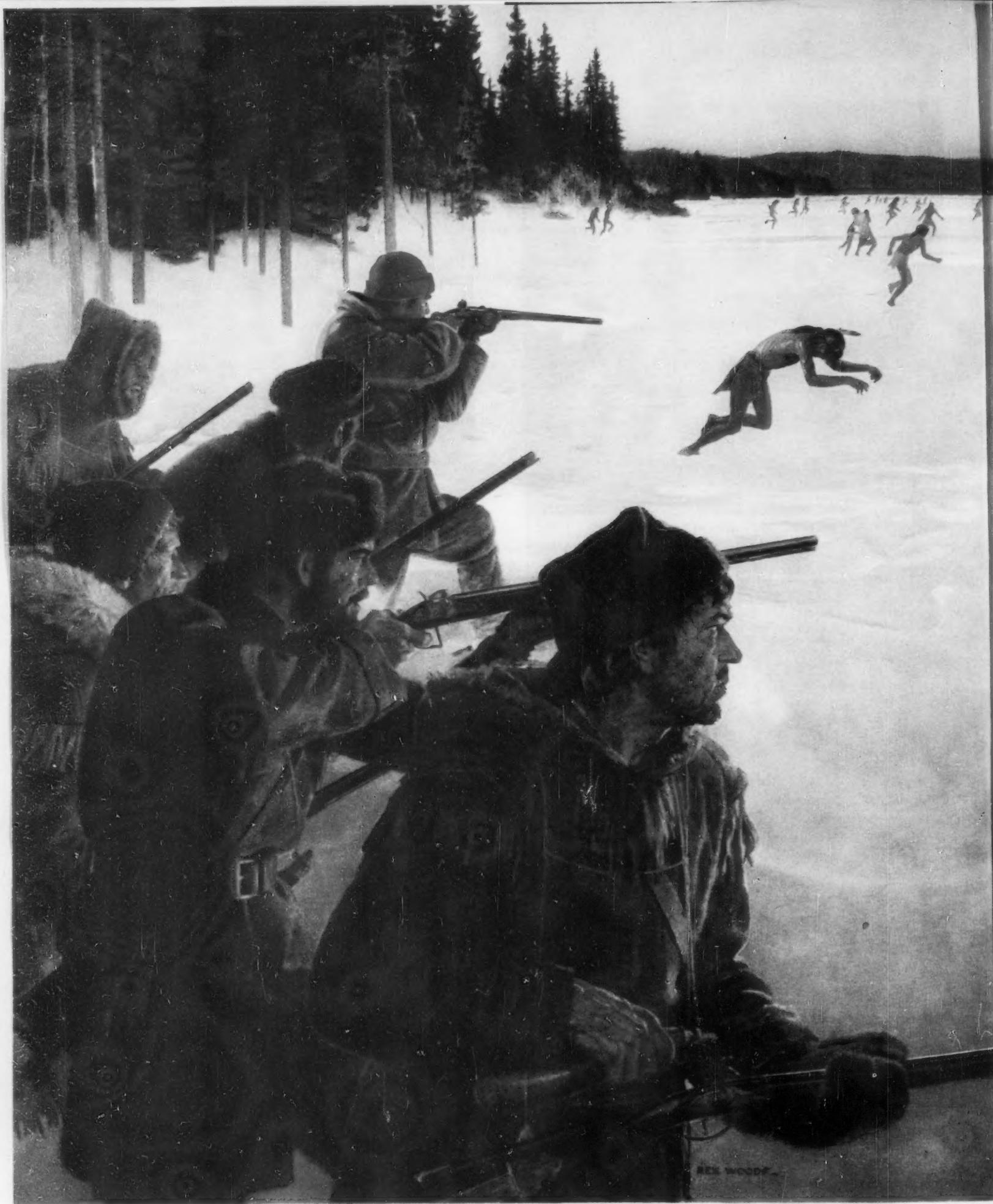
The Marquis de Rodil, owner of one of the city's many antique shops, shows them a Dresden figure. The Spanish nobleman says Vancouver Island is a mine of undiscovered antiques.



Ray chats to Rosamond Rand, owner of the Haunted Bookshop. This one and the Adelphi Bookshop are two of his favorite stops in Victoria. He found a book he's hunted for years.

At the end of a perfect—if exhausting—weekend, the Gardners bid farewell to one of the gaudier sights of Victoria, parliament buildings and the fountain in front of them picked out by thousands of electric lights.





"They were flushed from their huts, from cove to cove, from river to river, the trappers and fishermen vying to see who could kill the most."

The people who were murdered for fun



Newfoundland's proud and peaceful Beothuck Indians are extinct today because, for more than two centuries, a favorite sport of the island's whites was hunting the natives like big game

BY HAROLD HORWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REX WOODS

THE story of the Newfoundland Indian-hunters is one of the most brutal and little-known chapters in the history of Canada. Fishermen from England and France who colonized the island in the seventeenth century found it already inhabited by a race of tall, fair Indians, who called themselves "Beothucks" (pronounced *Bay-oh-thucks*). They were a gentle and peaceful people, who at first welcomed the white settlers as friends. Nevertheless, within a few years they were being hunted and shot as remorselessly as the wolves and caribou which roamed the interior barrens.

Beautiful Alexander Bay, lying partly within Terra Nova National Park on Newfoundland's east coast, is a spot where Beothuck stone tools may still be dug from the sands by souvenir hunters. Until recently this serene stretch of landlocked water was known as "Bloody Bay," because its waters once ran red with the blood of Indians slain there by white men.

The Beothucks, who were never armed with

any weapons deadlier than bows and arrows, were hunted first because they were considered a nuisance, and later for the sport of pursuing and killing such elusive game. A Beothuck came to be regarded as the finest "big game" prize the island of Newfoundland had to offer, and it was a common saying among the fishermen that they would rather shoot an Indian than a caribou.

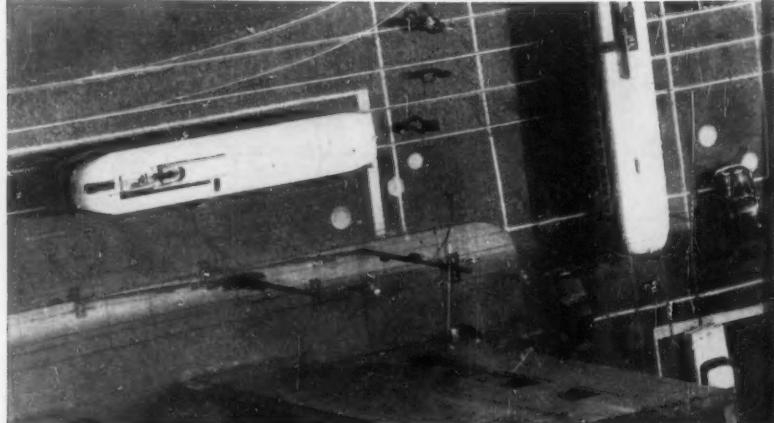
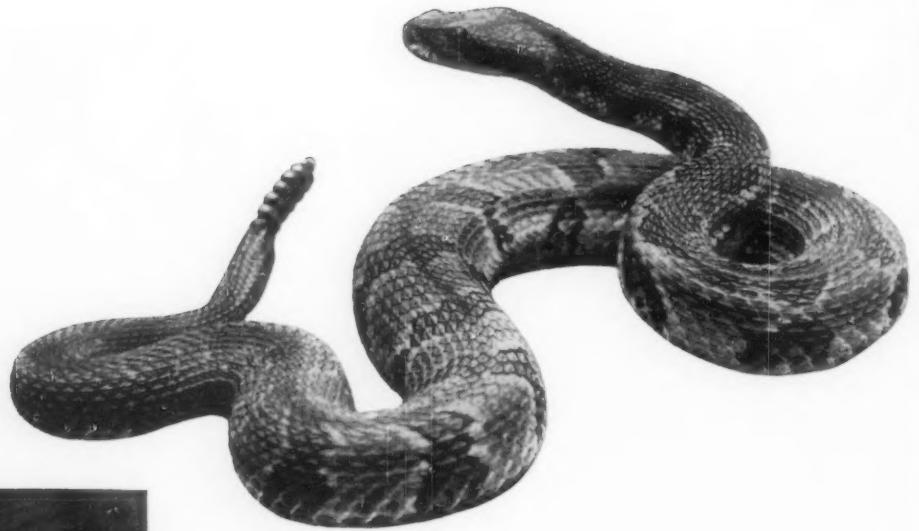
During the early years of the Indian-hunting period northern Newfoundland was settled by outlaws. Government of the colony was arranged to favor a floating population of fishermen from western England. These people arrived each spring and left each fall with cargoes of fish. They were forbidden to take up permanent residence in the island, and ships' captains were subject to a fine for each person they failed to bring back to England.

Every ship then carried a number of women crew members—usually from four to six. Both men and women

continued on page 36

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID

the uncanny movement of a snake?



BY JANICE
TYRWHITT

OF? a sudden sound in the night?

the sight of the ground swimming far below as you look down from a skyscraper?

Does your heart turn over when you see lightning or hear the wail of a siren? Are you terrified that your child may be hit by a car, though you seldom worry about being run over yourself? Haunted by a secret dread of cancer or polio or the loneliness of old age?

In our complex society, no one is free from fear. Our ancestors were able to focus their fears on such visible dangers as savage animals or the hordes of Attila and Genghis Khan. But year by year our fears grow more and more complicated and irrational as we discover new sources of anxiety — new germs and neuroses, new threats from science and nature or old ones newly recognized, new pressures from our increasingly competitive way of life.

For prehistoric people fear was simply a reaction to danger, just as it is for animals living under natural conditions today. In physiological terms, fear is a signal for action, and it sets in motion certain body processes that help man or animal to defend himself either by fighting or by running away. We have all felt the sudden surge of strength and speed that comes to us in moments of terror. This glandular response is as effective as ever when we are faced with immediate and tangible danger, but against such shadowy threats as loneliness, failure, cancer or the atom bomb it is as useless, and as potentially dangerous, as a warhorse in a spaceship. Like fire, fear is useful only as long as it can be controlled, and when it rages unchecked it leaves your mind and body a wasteland.

We can examine the results of fear, but its causes lie hidden within the larger mystery of human personality. Are we born with certain innate fears? Some thirty years ago the behaviorist psychologist Dr. John B. Watson concluded from experiments with babies that we

instinctively fear only two things, noise and falling. Later investigators have found that newborn infants react with a small, involuntary jerk to any sudden strong sensation — loss of support, a loud noise, a flash of light, a bitter taste—but they seem startled rather than frightened. It takes several weeks for them to develop a real awareness of danger.

Are some people naturally more susceptible to fear than others? Current research indicates that some children are born with a higher sensitivity to fear, just as they are born with different dispositions and different degrees of sensitivity to sound, falling, and physical sensations of all kinds. According to Dr. B. J. Quarrington, associate in the department of psychiatry at the University of Toronto, "We have reason to believe that introverted children pick up fears more rapidly. When an outgoing child is frightened he lashes out, and his action probably removes the feared situation. But the introverted child is first immobilized, then runs away, and the fear stays with him."

The way you react to fear doesn't appear to be directly related to your I.Q. An intelligent man and a stupid one may be equally afraid, but they are probably afraid of different things. A person who is mentally retarded may not fear some real dangers simply because he isn't aware of them, but he will fear the dangers he understands, and perhaps some things that are really harmless. An intelligent person, on the other hand, knows that he needn't fear the harmless things but is probably aware of a greater variety of potential dangers. He's just as susceptible to wholly irrational fears, just as likely to be terrified of a garter snake although he knows it can't hurt him.

Your resistance to fear also depends on the kind of experience you have in infancy and

childhood. Laboratory rats that are petted and handled are much less timid than those raised entirely in cages. In the same way, children whose background is happy and secure seem less prone to fear than those who have been either rejected or overprotected.

Even the happiest child may have fears incomprehensible to parents who don't understand that his mind works in a different way from their own. Since he has no idea of distance and size, he may crawl unconcernedly along a window ledge twenty feet above ground or howl with terror because he thinks he's going to disappear into the vacuum cleaner like a speck of dust.

He takes everything in his world for granted so long as it isn't present in a startling way, but he may be frightened by anything strange and especially by any change in the appearance of familiar people and objects — his mother in sunglasses, his father asleep. If he is moved to a new nursery with large bare walls he may cry for hours unless he is reassured by the comforting presence of his teddy bear or a cherished old blanket.

"Ritual is most important for kids around age four," Dr. Quarrington says. "You can produce real anxiety attacks by giving them a glass of water before their bedtime story instead of after. At this age fears are supposed to be most numerous because this is when the discrepancy is greatest between what they see in their world and what they can do about it."

A small child's worst fear is that his world will suddenly be shattered by the disappearance of his mother or another person he depends on. Being left by himself or with a baby sitter may frighten him until he realizes that his mother will always come back. If he doesn't learn this in infancy, his first day *continued on page 70*





How innocent



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB RAGSDALE



The tension of serious bridge is mirrored in these faces at Mrs. Kate Buckman's Eglinton Studio, Toronto. They're in games of "duplicate," called the supreme test of card skill.

Why aren't you a bridge expert? Probably because you make all of these four common mistakes, explained here by four Canadian aces.



MRS. MIMI RONCARELLI, Vanderbilt Bridge Club, Montreal: "Too many bridge players forget they have partners. They think in terms of the thirteen cards they hold, not the total twenty-six."



PERCIVAL E. (SHORTY) SHEARDOWN, Canada's "Mr. Bridge," says: "Novices refuse to add up all the factors. Try for the best result possible instead of the best possible result."



SAM GOLD, Montreal's best-known expert, says green players forget about defense. "With big hands they'll play in their own contract instead of doubling for a lucrative penalty."



MRS. FLORENCE HUDSON JOHNSTON, Toronto's busiest teacher, finds: "The beginner reaches for a card as soon as he sees the dummy. The expert pauses till he can plan the whole hand."

Card players become bridge fiends

A million Canadians play a game called contract bridge. But it's much more than a game to a few thousand addicts, some of whom have thrown up promising careers to concentrate on one of the trickiest, most demanding mental exercises man has ever devised

To most of the million-or-so Canadians who play bridge in private homes and summer resorts, it is a nicely complicated exercise in four-handed gamesmanship, primarily designed for whiling away rainy evenings when there's nothing good on TV. But to a few thousand fanatical others, it is The Supreme Contest: a religion, a way of life or sometimes — I have been told in all seriousness — an addiction as hard to shake as narcotics.

These faithful are the big-time tournament players — habitués of a tight, tense, cosmopolitan world dedicated to the proposition that all men are created to play bridge. They do almost every weekend, in one of the more than three hundred major tournaments in the U. S. each year or the twenty in Canada.

But the major tournaments — those in which the continent's best and most fanatical players battle for local, regional, state, provincial or national titles — are only the above-surface part of the bridge world's iceberg. The ardor of the tournament aficionados has sparked a current worldwide revival in the game. Revival may not be the word. For while mah-jongg, canasta, tiddlywinks, dominoes, hearts and scrabble have all won quick fame then faded like aging movie queens, contract bridge, the end product of a family of card games as old as the King James Bible, has remained an international favorite pastime ever since it grew out of whist, via auction, thirty-seven years ago.

This year in Canada thousands of new faces are

BY PETER GZOWSKI

appearing in ten full-time clubs or approaching a score of professional teachers. More than seventy newspapers are carrying daily puzzlers and advice on bridge. The sale of playing cards is up fourteen percent — to three and a half million packs. Novelty counters are crammed with bridge napkins, pads, pencils, ashtrays, instruction pamphlets and do-it-yourself bridge sets. And sales are brisk for a shelf-filling number of books on How To Play Bridge or How To Improve Your Bridge.

Most of the newly interested are playing "rubber" bridge — the kind you probably play with friends, pivoting among yourselves. "They are also," says Eric Murray, a Toronto lawyer who has won more tournaments than any other Canadian, "playing atrociously." Real bridge, say the experts, is duplicate bridge and it is the boom in duplicate that has the bridge world atwitter.

Duplicate has distilled the element of competitive skill that is the true appeal of all bridge to its purest degree. In rubber bridge, a pair of utter palookas could conceivably outscore two experts for an evening simply by holding better cards. In duplicate, a complex system eliminates most of the luck. All hands are played from wooden "boards." After they're played they're passed to another table. In an evening's play, all East-West players will get a whack at all East-

West hands; all North-South players at all North-South hands. The teams play against a sort of "par," i.e. if all other teams lose eight hundred points on one hand, a team can come out ahead by losing only six hundred.

So much has duplicate spread in Canada in recent years that it is now possible to find a game in Winnipeg, Toronto or Vancouver any night of the week and in most other large cities most nights — if there's room. Mrs. Kate Buckman sold her prospering Skyline Club in Vancouver and moved to Toronto to open a rubber club and teach. No duplicate, she swore. The buffs clamored. Last winter she ran three duplicate games a week and this year she's afraid that her twenty tables and the week's seven days won't be enough to accommodate all the people who want to play.

Almost every city of more than thirty thousand has its own weekly duplicate league and some, like St. Thomas and London, Ont., now play together so they can get in two games a week. Enough Canadian universities have intramural leagues to play an intercollegiate final for a championship the combatants take as seriously as the Stanley Cup. Employee leagues at firms like Bell Telephone, Imperial Oil and International Business Machines and service clubs and women's groups are running hundreds more games.

That's just the minor league. The fever only begins there. Every month out of this group emerges new grist for the awesome mill of tournament bridge.

continued on page 62



Sweet & sour



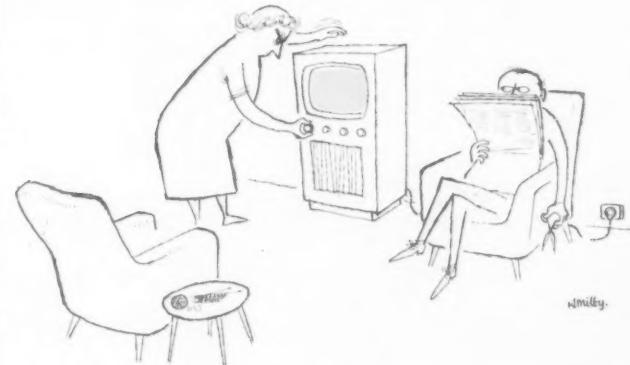
"I can't talk now, Ellen. I finally persuaded Arthur to let me go hunting with him."

Keep your friends and stay honest

Your friends ask you to criticize something they've accomplished or some acquaintance or relative, and your opinion is unfavorable. You hesitate to express it but, on the other hand, you don't want to lie. Stop worrying! Here are some sure-fire gambits:

Poem: "It's typical of you—absolutely typical!"
New girl friend: "She's one in a million." (For cities of two million or over.)
Dessert: "You won't get anything like that in the average restaurant."
Still-life painting: "It does things to me." (Change subject quickly.)
Children: "Boy, they've certainly got individuality!"
Living room: "You can sure tell it's been lived in."
Tennis serve: "When you hit 'em, you hit 'em!"
Piano solo: "It's a unique presentation."

ROGER SMYTHE



Moments I'm still waiting for

"—and they go into another clinch. Let's face it, folks, this fight is as dull as dishwater. Nobody's going to get hurt if they stay here all night."

"Please understand, Mister, I didn't *make* the rule, I'm just here to enforce it. It sure *is* a stupid rule, come to think of it. —Aw, go ahead and smoke. Nobody's going to notice it."

"Well, I don't see anything the least bit funny about it—but then, I just don't happen to have a sense of humor."

"It doesn't appeal to me in the least, and let's get one thing straight—I know plenty about art."

"That doesn't make sense to me—putting a .210 hitter in to pinch hit for a .325 one. But if I knew as much about baseball as he does I'd be managing the team instead of him."

"It's not that I disapprove of jitterbugging. It's simply that I'm too old to do it properly."

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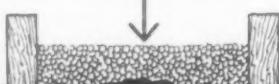
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE F.B.I. STORY: James Stewart is his usual earnest and likeable self as a dedicated G-man in this long semi-documentary about the work of Uncle Sam's Federal Bureau of Investigation. The fictitious domestic interludes, featuring the glamorous Vera Miles as the agent's anxious but loyal wife, are less interesting than the crisp and authoritative scenes showing the F.B.I. in action against gangsters, spies and other foes of the Republic.

BORN RECKLESS: For males in the audience, Mamie Van Doren as a cowgirl in snug costumes is never a dull spectacle. She relieves the tedium that otherwise afflicts this routine little rodeo comedy. Jeff Richards is her steer-rope boy friend.

IT STARTED WITH A KISS: With a single raffle ticket an airforce sergeant (Glenn Ford) wins a showgirl bride (Debbie Reynolds) and a \$40,000 futuristic automobile. Both of them bring him plenty of trouble in Spain, where his commanding general (Fred Clark) is being plagued by touring congressmen. A good light comedy, sometimes a bit self-consciously risqué.

THE MIRACLE OF THE HILLS: An "inspirational" western. A handsome, saintly parson (Rex Reason) purifies a grim little coal town by painlessly subduing the local bullies as well as the bleak landlady (Betty Lou Gerson) who dominates the community. Rating: fair.

THAT KIND OF WOMAN: Incisive irony and insight are at work during a brilliant scene aboard a train during the war, recalling the tensions which often divided civilians from the servicemen who were defending them. Tab Hunter monotonously portrays an innocent GI in love with a rich man's mistress (Sophia Loren). Jack Warden turns in an observant sketch of a shrewd paratrooper who knows how and when to feign a plausible limp as a psychological weapon.

YELLOWSTONE KELLY: Three luminaries of American TV serials are active in this corny but enjoyable western. They are Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker as a strong-and-silent mountain man, Ed ("Kookie") Byrnes as his tenderfoot assistant, and John ("Lawman") Russell as an implacable Indian chief.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.

Ask Amy Girl: Comedy. Good.

Behind the Mask: Hospital drama. Fair.

Blue Denim: Drama. Fair.

Born to Be Loved: Drama. Fair.

The Bridal Path: British comedy. Good.

Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.

Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.

Cry Tough: Crime drama. Good.

Darby O'Gill and the Little People: Comic fantasy. Fair.

Don't Give Up The Ship: Jerry Lewis navy farce. Fair.

The 5 Pennies: Biog-musical. Good.

The Heart of a Man: Comedy. Fair.

Holiday for Lovers: Comedy. Fair.

A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.

The Horse Soldiers: Adventure in Civil War. Good.

Hound of the Baskervilles: Sherlock Holmes mystery. Fair.

Last Train From Gun Hill: Suspense western. Good.

Legend of Tom Dooley: Drama. Good.

Look Back in Anger: Drama. Good.

The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.

Middle of the Night: Drama. Fair.

The Mummy: Horror. Fair.

North by Northwest: Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.

The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.

Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.

Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.

A Private's Affair: Comedy. Fair.

Return of the Fly: Horror. Poor.

Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.

Sapphire: British whodunit. Fair.

Say One for Me: Comedy drama. Fair.

The Seapeagoat: Drama. Fair.

Shake Hands With the Devil: Irish drama. Good.

Tarzan's Greatest Adventure: Melodrama in jungle. Fair.

10 Seconds to Hell: Suspense. Fair.

The 39 Steps: Comedy-thriller. Good.

Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.

Too Many Crooks: Comedy. Good.

Warlock: Western. Good.

Whirlpool: Riverboat drama. Poor.

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LORNE BOUCHARD, A.R.C.A.

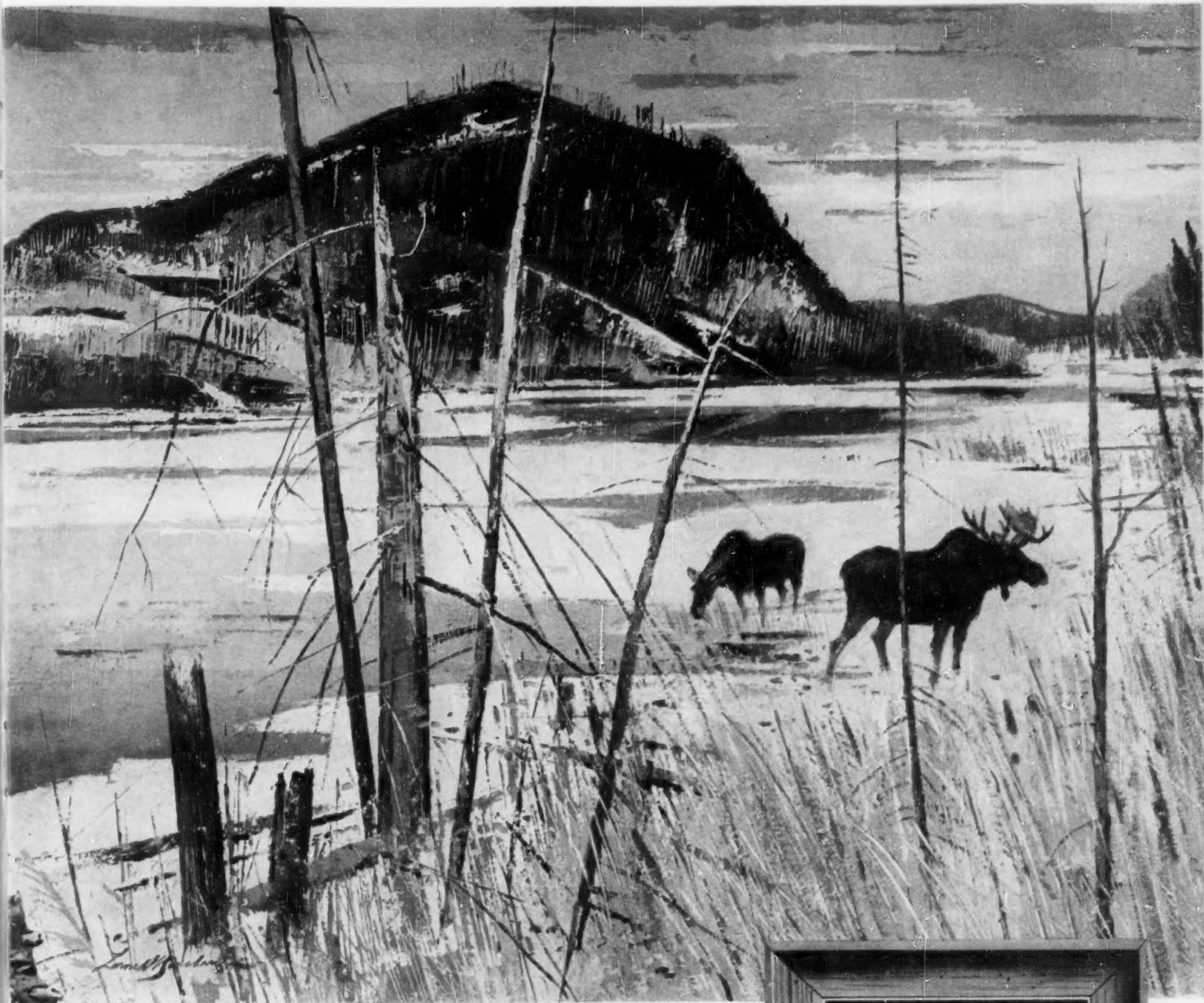
Born and educated in Montreal, where he still resides, this artist is noted for his extensive sketching excursions all over the Province of Quebec. He is represented in collections in Canada, the United States, Mexico, England, South America and India.



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The people who were murdered for fun

Continued from page 27

"There was no law; if a man stole from you it gave you the right to hunt him down and kill"

lived lives of semi-slavery under indenture to their fishing "masters," and were often glad to escape, even to the wild life of the Newfoundland coast. So the island was gradually populated with families of deserters. The British navy was sometimes sent to round up such deserters, and as late as 1800 a few of them were caught and hanged from the yard-arm of a British man-of-war.

In the wild northern parts of the island, to which these people fled, there was, for more than a century, no law whatsoever — no courts or police, nor any churches or schools. The settlers lived by catching salmon and trapping fur. They dressed mostly in sealskins, making their own boots, mitts and caps. There are people still living who remember wearing seal-skin trousers as children. They lived by their guns — shooting their own meat at all seasons: seals in the spring, ducks and geese in summer and fall, caribou and partridge in the winter. They traveled by dog team whenever the bays were frozen or the inland barrens were covered with snow. In summer they traveled by water, and traded with the more civilized parts of the colony in their home-built "bully boats"—decked, tub-shaped sailing craft.

Since women were scarce, some of the fishermen took Eskimo wives from southern Labrador, for at that time the Eskimos still ranged southward as far as the Strait of Belle Isle. Besides deserters there were a few escaped criminals, pirates and other adventurers. There was a small sprinkling of French, but except on the west coast of the island, the French element was in time wholly absorbed by the English. The great majority of the people of the north were from "West Country" ports—Bristol and Devon and Poole. They spoke a clipped English dialect which may still be heard in a few places, and is almost wholly unintelligible to an outsider. It has colored the speech of northern Newfoundland so that even today it is still possible to tell a Notre Dame Bayman by his accent, wherever you may meet him in the world.

Trouble was inevitable between people so rough and lawless as the settlers and people so simple and unsophisticated as Beothucks and there were clashes almost from the beginning. The organized killings began in 1613 and lasted until 1823. It is doubtful if any other native tribe anywhere suffered such systematic persecution for so long a time. During the first hundred and fifty-six years the murder of a Beothuck was not even a crime punishable by law and, even after the government declared it a breach of the King's peace, to be punished by hanging, the Indian-hunters continued to operate with complete impunity. No one was ever punished for killing a Beothuck.

This is how it started: John Guy of Bristol, who had founded the first official English colony in Newfoundland, established friendly trade with the Beothucks in 1612, and made an agreement to return by ship at a certain time the next summer to exchange trade goods for all the furs the tribe could collect.

Word was passed from band to band that winter, and all the Beothucks sent trading representatives, loaded with caribou hides and small furs. Several hundred Indians waited at the appointed place in Trinity Bay while the time for the meeting came and passed. About a week after Guy's expected arrival a ship sailed into the bay and hove to in the lee of the point where the Beothucks were gathered. Thinking Guy had returned, they began a wild celebration, dancing on the shore, launching their canoes, and paddling excitedly toward the vessel.

Into the midst of this sudden rejoicing fell sudden death. The Indians were met with a broadside of grape shot, which ripped their boats, killed some of the men, and sent the rest fleeing into the forest in panic, believing that the men who had made a treaty of trade with them the year before had turned traitors and murderers. Forever afterward the natives had a superstitious dread of firearms, and one or two white men armed with muskets could easily put a hundred Beothucks to flight.

The ship, of course, had no connection with Guy. The men on board supposed that the natives on the beach were doing a war dance, and assumed that those in the canoes were launching an attack. They congratulated themselves on having successfully beaten off the "murderous redskins."

"Let's go hunt Indians"

Even this terrible mistake might have been put right in time, had it not been for a growing enmity between the two races. This enmity sprang from totally divergent views on property. The English and French were fiercely jealous of their possessions. In their eyes a man's stature was measured almost entirely by what he owned. To the Beothucks a man's stature was measured by his success in the hunt and his wisdom in the tribal council. "Personal property" to them meant only clothes, fire stones, and amulets. All other property was more or less public.

So the Beothucks started "borrowing" gear from the white men's fishing stages, just as they would borrow hunting gear from another Indian's camp. The white men organized expeditions to take back their lost property by force. To the uncivilized fishermen it seemed almost a law of nature that a man had a right to kill anyone who stole from him, either to shoot the culprit on the spot, or to hunt him down and shoot him later. This was an era when children were being sent to the gallows in Europe for stealing loaves of bread.

Thus the organized Beothuck-hunts began. The profit motive was soon added to the motive of revenge, for a raided Indian camp often yielded hundreds of caribou hides and other valuable furs. But what started as a dispute over property soon turned into a bloody and cruel sport. Settlers used to refer to the number of "head of Indians" they had killed, and the phrase "go look for Indians" became a sporting byword similar to "go look for

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SPAGHETTI-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

Combine a 20-ounce can of Libby's Spaghetti, a half teaspoon of oregano, and cooked mushrooms, whole or pieces. Place in casserole and top with buttered crumbs and shredded cheese. Decorate with a few mushrooms. Heat in moderate oven until spaghetti is hot and cheese melted. 4 servings.

SPAGHETTI-PORK CHOP SKILLET

Brown 4 pork chops on both sides in a skillet. Add water. Cover and cook slowly for 45 minutes or until well done. About 15 minutes before chops are done, add contents of a 20-ounce can of Libby's Spaghetti. Serve with green vegetables and tossed salad. 4 servings.

ENCORE SPAGHETTI POT ROAST

To use what's left of a savoury pot roast, try serving it with spaghetti. Cook green pepper and onions in a small amount of shortening till the onion is clear. Add a 20-ounce can of Libby's Spaghetti and 4 slices of the cooked pot roast. Heat very slowly until spaghetti and meat are hot. Serve with a crisp salad. 4 servings. (Not illustrated.)

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partridge." Successful hunters cut notches on the butts of their guns to keep tally of the number of "head" they had killed. It was decided quite early in the game that a woman or a child counted equally with a man and deserved a full notch.

So for more than two centuries the Beothucks were hunted from cove to cove, from river to river, and from thicket to thicket, the trappers and fishermen vying with one another to see who could kill the most, sometimes bringing home the severed hands of their victims to hang on their walls as trophies.

In a lifetime of killing Indians some of the musket-toting settlers rolled up an impressive total. One man named Rodgers, living at Twillingate, boasted that he had killed sixty Beothucks. This man's last successful Indian-hunt took place in 1817, when he and two other white men ambushed a party of nine. They maimed all but one of the Indians by discharging three loads of buckshot "into the thick of 'em." The one who was still able to run dived into the water and tried to swim to a nearby island. But Rodgers launched his canoe, gave chase, and killed the man in the water with an axe.

Meanwhile his friends were using their axes to finish off the other Indians, who were squirming in their blood on shore. All nine corpses were left in a heap, and the bones later viewed by a government agent, to whom Rodgers recounted the adventure. He was not punished, or even brought to trial, for his part in this atrocity.

Rodgers, with sixty notches on his gun butt, was far from being the most successful Beothuck-killer, however. A trapper named Noel Boss claimed that honor, with ninety-nine men, women and children to his credit. He almost succeeded in killing his hundredth victim—a little girl named Shananditti, whom he hit with

a load of buckshot as she fled across the Exploits River. She escaped, wounded, into the woods, and lived to become famous, several years later, as "the last Beothuck." Boss, the most successful man-hunter Newfoundland ever produced, later fell through the ice of Grand Lake and drowned, much to the sorrow of his many friends in Notre Dame Bay.

Until recently most of the stories of Indian-hunting in Newfoundland were based upon traditions handed down for many generations in the families of settlers. However, when the archives of the first Earl of Liverpool went on sale, a most important paper came to light. Now known as "the Liverpool manuscript," it contains long, first-hand accounts of the Indian-hunters' adventures. Compiled in 1792, it shows that the stories preserved by word of mouth were in no way exaggerated.

A master fisherman and his "shareman" once surprised a Beothuck mother on a beach, as she carried her four-year-old boy on her back. They both fired at once, the double load of swan shot hitting her in the loins. She collapsed, and crawled into the woods, holding one hand over the mortal wound. The two fishermen then made off with her child.

They sold the boy, and he was sent to England where he was exhibited at several fairs in Poole and other western towns, for an admission price of tuppence. He was named John August, as August was the month in which he was captured. Later he was sent back to Newfoundland, and became the master of a fishing boat at Trinity. But like most Beothucks who tried to live in civilization, he caught tuberculosis. He died at thirty-eight.

Another boy, about seven years of age, captured in June when both his parents were murdered, was taken to Twillingate.

JASPER

By Simpkins



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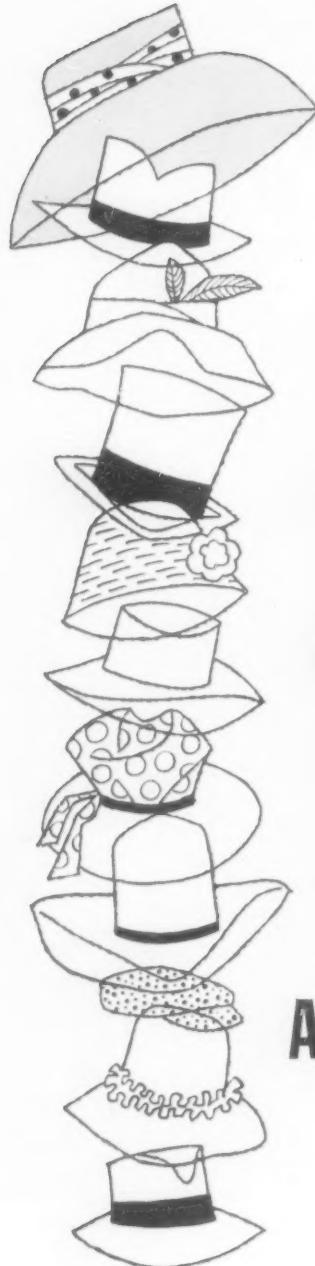
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 10, 1959

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184A

He was named Tom June, and grew up to be a successful fisherman. He was in his early twenties when he lost his life in a drowning accident at Fogo.

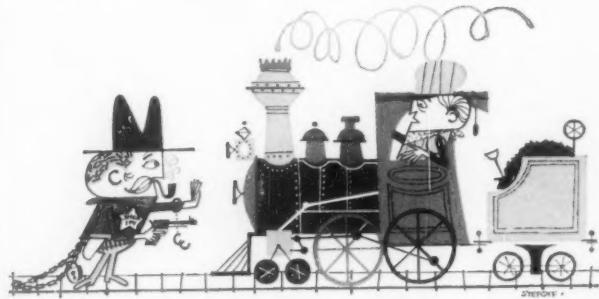
These examples of children's lives being spared were the exception and not the rule. Most fishermen believed in "killing the nits with the lice," as they used to phrase it. So after shooting a party of Beothuck men and women, they would round up the children and cut their throats. Atrocities of this sort are on the

written record, attested by British naval officers sent on expeditions to Notre Dame Bay during this period.

Several cases of complete indifference to the sufferings of wounded children are recounted in the Liverpool manuscript:

John Moore of Trinity and a hunting party "surprised" a woman and two children in the woods. The woman knelt and exposed her breasts, as was the custom of Beothuck women when giving themselves up to death. The hunters killed her

CANADIANECDOCE



The sheriff who
arrested a locomotive

Many astute moves have been made to wrench taxes from the unwilling, but one of the most ingenious was pulled off in the early days of the west by a tough, pipe-smoking homesteader.

In 1907, Israel Umbach, overseer, sheriff and tax collector of the infant village of Stony Plain, Alta., had a problem. The villagers were hollering for a wooden crosswalk; the farmers were raising Cain about the mud holes in the street and the ducks that swam in them. Yet out of \$2,250.22 due in taxes, Umbach had collected only \$17.57. And on a commission of two and a half percent, that meant a personal take of only forty-four cents.

The wealthiest of his debtors was the Canadian Northern Railway. For months Umbach had been after the railway to pay its taxes. He'd bullied the station agent and written several polite—and not-so-polite—letters to Winnipeg. He got nowhere.

One morning he was doing some volunteer carpentry on the town's first church when the train whistle blew and he got an idea. Dropping his hammer and nails, he strode across the muddy street to Oppenhauser's hardware shop. Without a word to anyone, he picked up

the largest logging chain in sight, swung it over his shoulder, grabbed a padlock and headed for the railway station.

The station agent and conductor ignored him as he clanked by. He walked straight to the engine, bent down and wound the chain around the drive wheels and under the track. The padlock clicked.

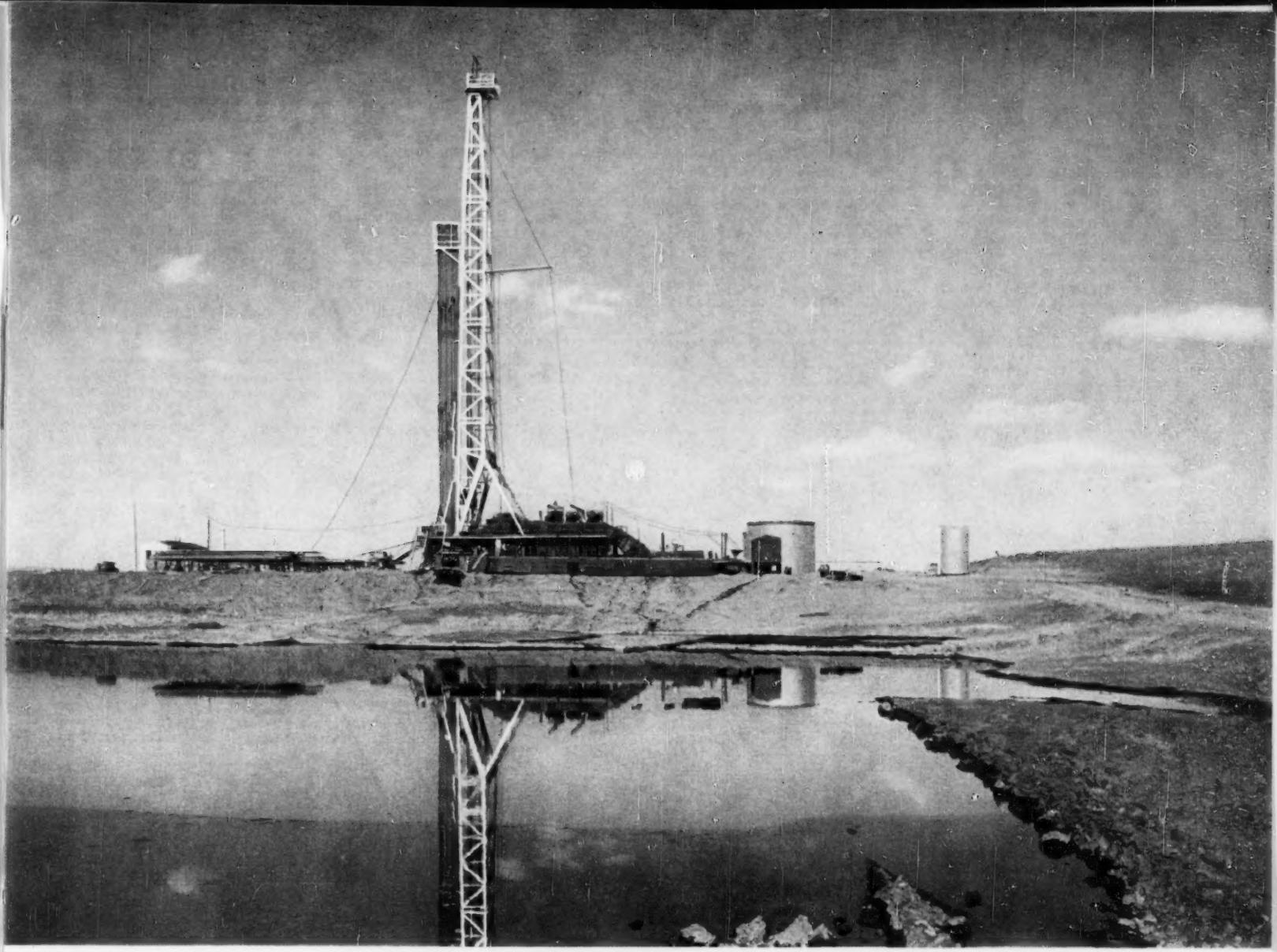
Calmly he informed the conductor that he'd just arrested the train and it wouldn't move until the railway consented to pay its taxes. Dumbfounded, the conductor began to splutter something about nobody stopping the Canadian Northern. But Umbach gave his huge mustache a twirl and explained that, as sheriff, he intended to see that the chain remained on the wheels until the railway agreed to pay up.

Realizing they were licked, the two railroaders sent an urgent telegram to Winnipeg. A reply soon ticked back:

INFORM SHERIFF STONY
PLAIN SORRY INCONVENI-
ENCE STOP TAXES FORTH-
COMING STOP NEVER HEARD
TELL OF SUCH RAILROADING
HERE IN WINNIPEG.

— BY PAT O'BRIEN

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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ported by road from small storage tanks to larger depots.

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and wounded the two children, who ran into the bushes and hid. They made a search and found one child, "which died on one of the men's shoulders before they reached the brook."

Thomas Taylor, a merchant from Bay of Exploits, Richard (Double Dick) Richmond, and William Hooper in July, 1791, went to Charles Brook to hunt Indians, and found a single *meotick*, as the Beothucks called their birch-bark tents. Two women escaped into the woods, but they shot a man, who was running away with a little boy in his

arms. The man died instantly. The child was hit in the legs but not killed. In the *meotick* they found a young girl, and later sold her to a merchant at Poole. But "the little wounded boy we left to perish, because we thought he would not recover of his wounds." The little girl, who was sold to the English merchant, died within a year.

Though most Beothucks were killed singly or in small parties, there were some killings which rank as full massacres. It was the custom of fishermen and trappers, whenever they came upon an Indian

village, first to loot it of everything of value, and then to burn the *meoticks*, with all their contents. The greatest recorded exploit of this nature was undertaken by two men from Notre Dame Bay, who made a winter journey of more than a hundred miles to destroy the headquarters of the tribe at Red Indian Lake.

They took the Beothuck village completely by surprise, as the people lay asleep in the early morning. More than a hundred men, women and children were driven out on the frozen lake. Except for a few who had snatched up their

sleeping furs as they ran, the Beothucks were stark naked. They retreated into the woods before the musket fire of the two white men, who then loaded a sledge with everything they cared to take from the *meoticks*, and finished by setting fire to everything that remained. The tribe of naked Indians was left to die of exposure and starvation in the dead of winter.

The largest massacre of Beothucks took place near Hants Harbor, Trinity Bay. There a group of fishermen, armed for hunting, managed to trap a whole tribe of Beothucks, driving them out on a peninsula which juts into the sea. They followed the panic-stricken Indians until they were crowded to the last inch of land, against the salt water, and there proceeded to slaughter them with their guns. Those who rushed into the sea were shot as they tried to swim, and those who knelt and pleaded for mercy were shot as they knelt. The carnage did not stop until they had murdered every man, woman and child. They did not make an exact count of the number killed, but reported it to be "about four hundred."

The fishermen even invented what amounted to a new sort of weapon, especially for Indian-hunting. It consisted of a shotgun loaded with a double charge of powder and a handful of pistol balls. The murderous effect of such a weapon at close range can easily be imagined.

John Peyton Sr. of Twillingate led an expedition up the Exploits River in 1781 and "killed and wounded a great many of the Indians." They used weapons of the sort described above, Peyton's own gun being loaded with thirty-six pistol balls. This particular expedition was highly profitable since "we brought away near sixty deerskins and what else we found worth taking."

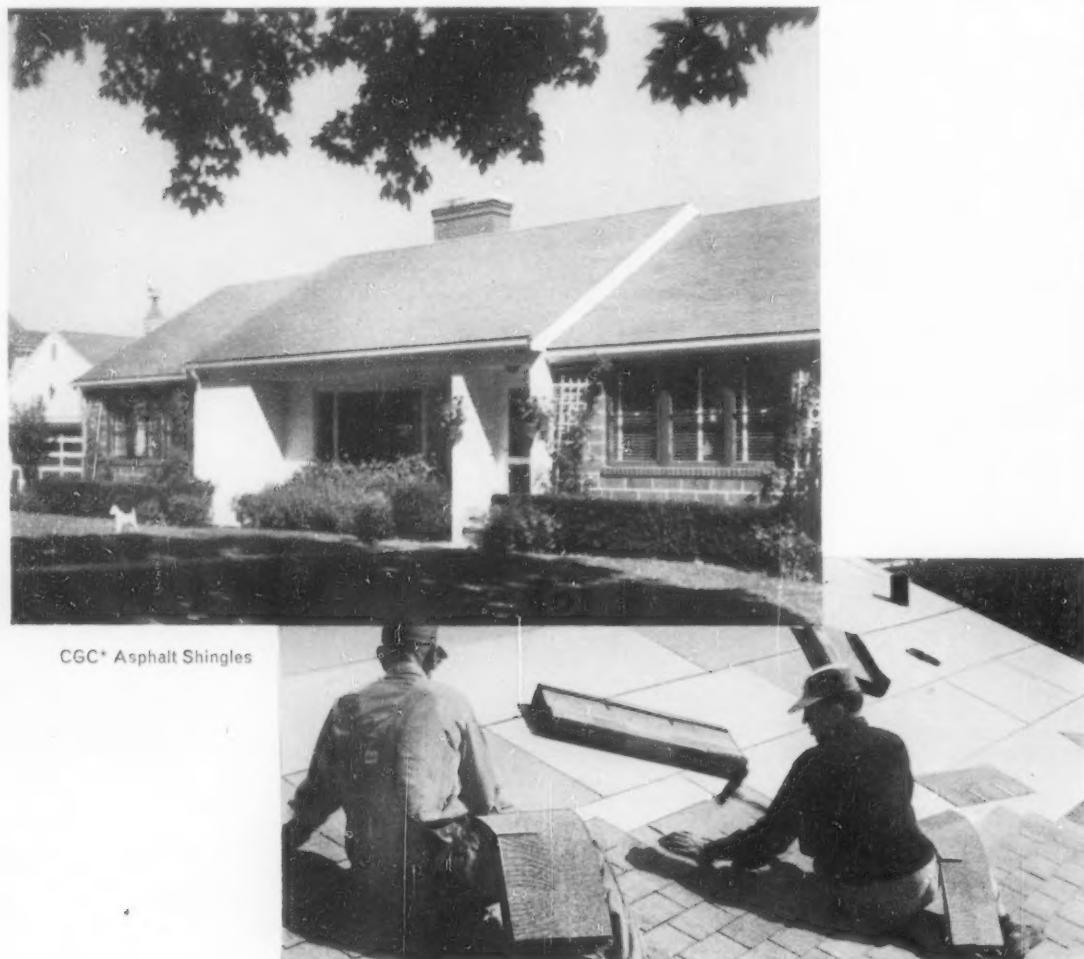
The Indians fought back

There is a special little touch of brutality in John Peyton's own account of this expedition. He refused to say how many people he had killed on the trip, but admitted that he found in one of the *meoticks* a man so badly wounded that he was unable to stand. A broken steel trap was lying on the floor beside this man. "And when we entered the wigwam the wounded man sat on his breech and defended himself with the remaining part of the trap. I wrested it from him and beat out his brains with it."

In the early stages of this "war" the Beothucks fought back. They once organized a party of eighty men and descended upon the French fishermen of northern Newfoundland, who had armed a sloop-of-war for the express purpose of driving the Beothucks off the coast. At St. Julien the Indians found a boat's crew piling fish, and killed seven of them. Cutting off the heads as trophies (the Beothucks seldom took scalps) they crossed the hill into the next cove, where they killed nine more Frenchmen.

Sixteen of the Indians then dressed in the fishermen's clothes, and next day appeared at Croc Harbor. There they found twenty-one men working at their fish, and slew the lot of them. They stuck the thirty-seven heads on poles, and went back to the woods. Not a single Beothuck had been killed in the raid.

But this was the only time they appeared in a large war party. Subsequently they confined themselves to individual acts of retaliation against notorious Indian-hunters. Thomas Rowswell Sr., the leader of numerous Indian-hunts in Notre Dame Bay, was ambushed. His son, John Rowswell, who became a famous Beothuck-hunter in his turn, was also caught and killed, and his head stuck



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upon a pole beside his own fishing stage. But another son, Thomas Rowswell Jr., befriended the Beothucks, and was befriended in turn by the Indians, who gave him presents of hunting bows, canoes and numerous stone artifacts.

So far as is known, the Beothucks never molested any man who had not taken up arms against them first. And in the whole two hundred years of their slow extermination by the whites, they never harmed a white woman or a white child.

Late in the 18th century the Government adopted a "save the Beothucks" policy, but, apart from issuing proclamations, nothing was done until 1800. In that year a reward of fifty pounds sterling was offered to "him that shall bring a Red Indian captive." The plan was to entertain the captive in St. John's at government expense and then send him home, loaded with presents, and bearing the message of the white man's newfound good will. It was a plan which had worked well for Cartier a century and a half earlier in the St. Lawrence basin.

Fifty pounds seemed a fortune to the rude trappers of Notre Dame Bay, many of whom had never seen cash in their lives. It was sufficient inducement to send many a party into the woods to hunt live Indians. The net result was merely to add a new incentive to Indian-hunting. No one ever managed to take a Beothuck man alive, but five women were taken at one time or another, and the reward claimed. However, none of those women ever got back to the tribe. One was murdered by her captor on the way back, and the other four died of tuberculosis while in captivity.

Indeed, the government policy of taking captives was made the excuse for killing the last important Beothuck chief and his brother, at a time when their leadership seemed to have halted the tribe's slow march toward extinction. It happened in 1819, when John Peyton Jr., son of the man who beat the Indian's brains out with the steel trap, led an expedition to Red Indian Lake to take captives. Peyton surprised a small group of Indians out on the ice of the lake and managed to overtake one woman and seize her. This happened to be Demasduit, the wife of the chief, Nonosbawut. The chief tried to rescue his wife, but was stabbed in the back with a bayonet and then shot through the chest. His brother, who also made a gallant rescue attempt, was cut down by a musket ball.

Nonosbawut was a magnificent, bearded giant of a man. They measured him where he lay dead on the ice. He was six feet, seven and a half inches tall. His widow died after less than a year in captivity. Peyton and his gang were brought to trial for this murder and abduction, but the jury ruled that they had acted in self-defense. Peyton was appointed a magistrate, held court in Twillingate and lived to a ripe old age as "the first citizen of the north."

The last Beothucks were killed and captured in 1823, when the tribe was reduced to seventeen. The remnant were starving that winter, and with the approach of spring a small party, consisting of a man and his daughter, his sister and his two nieces, set out for the coast, to give themselves up to the white men, in the hope of receiving food.

On the coast they separated, the father and daughter going one way, the woman and her two daughters another. The man and the girl met two trappers named Curnew and Adams near a place called New Bay. The man approached them in an attitude of supplication. One of them raised his musket and shot the Indian

through the chest with a ball. He collapsed on the snow, and died without a sound.

His daughter then came forward slowly, opening the deerskin robe which covered her breast. She sank to her knees and tore her dress to the waist. She remained in this attitude, eyes turned upward, hands holding back the torn flaps of deerskin, while the two men drew nearer, raised their guns, and shot her through the heart. Like her father, she died on the snow without a sound.

The other three women found a second

hunting party headed by William Cull, a famous Indian-hunter who had discovered that a live Indian was worth a lot more than a dead one. He took them captive and claimed the hundred and fifty pounds reward. The old woman and her elder daughter died that summer. Indeed, they were not far from death when captured by Cull. The younger girl was taken to Twillingate and became a domestic servant in the home of John Peyton Jr., where she lived for five years. This girl was Shananditti, the last of the Beothucks, for the twelve people left in

the woods had completely disappeared.

In 1828, when Shananditti was dying of tuberculosis, she was taken to St. John's. There, between bouts of illness, she recorded what she knew of the history and mythology of her people. She died in hospital in the spring of 1829. Though, like all her people, she had lived and died a pagan, she was nevertheless buried in the Church of England graveyard on the south side of St. John's.

Her grave was later dug up to make way for a new road, and even her bones were lost. ★

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The world of Duddy Kravitz continued from page 19

"I demand a completely free hand," said Friar.
"I tolerate no interference with my integrity"

"Your talk was a pleasure," Duddy said. "It was very educational."

"Jolly decent of you to say so."

Duddy hesitated. The palms of his hands began to sweat. "I hope you like it here, Montreal," he said, "is the world's largest inland seaport."

Mr. Friar lifted his glass and gave Duddy an encouraging smile.

"Cheers."

Peter John Friar was a small, pear-shaped man with a massive head and a fidgety red face. His greying hair was thin but disheveled and there were little deposits of dandruff on his coat collar. He seemed especially fond of stroking his greying Vandyke beard, knitting his fierce eyebrows, and — squinting against the smoke of a cigarette burnt perilously close to his lips — nodding as he said, "Mm. Mm-hmm." He wore a green tweed suit and a shirt with a stiff collar. Duddy figured him for forty-forty-five and something of a lush maybe. He had those kind of jerky hands and the heavily veined nose.

"Have another on me," Mr. Friar said.

"No, thanks. But you go right ahead."

Duddy wanted to ask Mr. Friar for advice, but lots of drinks were consumed before he got a chance to say anything. Mr. Friar, stammering a little, told him about the documentary he made for an oil company in Venezuela. It had been shown at the Edinburgh Festival and had won a prize in Turkey, but even though he had directed it, his name was not actually on the picture for a dark reason he only hinted at. Mr. Friar had come to Canada from Mexico to work for the National Film Board, actually, but he was having trouble again because he was a left winger. An outspoken one. Temporarily, he said, he was at liberty. "Grierson," he said, "is madly determined for me to come to Ottawa, but . . ."

"Jeez," Duddy said. "I feel a bit embarrassed now to bother such a BTO with my plans."

"Dear me. Why?"

"Now. You wouldn't like it. They're what you called . . . commercial."

"Let's have another. But this one's on me, old chap."

So they ordered another round.

Duddy said there was plenty of money around these days. He told him about his idea to make films of weddings and *bar-mitzvahs*.

"A splendid notion."

But that, Duddy said, would only be a beginning. He wanted to investigate the whole field of industrial films and one day he hoped to make real features. He had under contract, in fact, Canada's leading comedian, and next week he was going to meet a potential big backer.

"Listen," Duddy said. "I'm no *shnook*. I can see you're a very sensitive man. I know you couldn't care less about making films of weddings and *bar-mitzvahs* but if you could help me with advice about equipment and costs I would certainly appreciate it. I'd be willing to show my appreciation too."

Mr. Friar waved his hands in protest. "Have you any interested clients?" he asked.

"I have two orders in hand," he said, "and a long list of weddings and *bar-mitzvahs* that are coming up soon. All I need is to get started."

"I just might be interested. You see," Mr. Friar said, "it so happens that for years I have been absorbed in folklore and tribal customs in every shape and form. I'm not unfamiliar with Hebraic rituals, you know. Your people have suffered so much. The lore is rich."

"Wha?"

"The record of a wedding or *bar-mitzvah* needn't be crassly commercial. We could concentrate on the symbolism inherent in the ceremony."

"They'd have to be in color. That would be a big selling point."

"I say," Mr. Friar said, "there's one thing I like to warn every producer about before I start on a project. I demand a completely free hand. I will tolerate no interference with my artistic integrity."

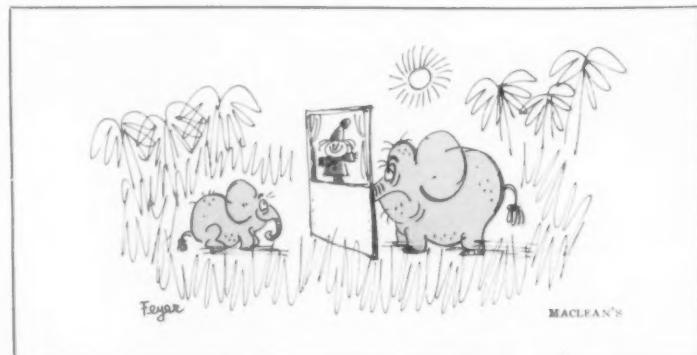
"I don't know a camera lens from a hole in the ground, so stop worrying. But look, Mr. Friar, I've got a feeling that the important thing about this kind of movie is not the symbolism like, but to get as many relatives and friends into it as humanly possible."

"That," Mr. Friar said, "is exactly what I mean," and he leaped up and started out of the bar.

"Hey, wait a minute," Duddy shouted, starting after him. The waiter stepped in front of Duddy. "You wait a minute, buster."

The bill came to seven dollars. Duddy paid it and hurried outside. He caught up with Mr. Friar at the corner of Sherbrooke Street.

"Have you ever got a temper, Jeez?"





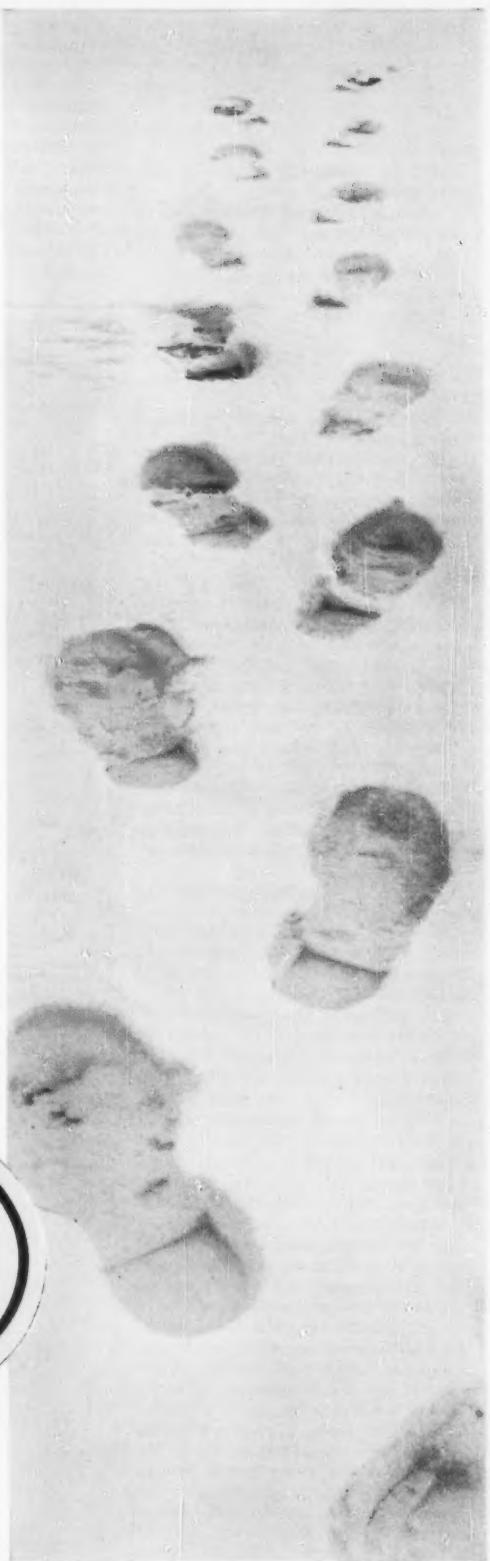
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- **ELECTRICAL SYSTEM**. Battery and starter are tested. Generator regulator is checked and adjusted. Lighting circuits are examined.
- **LUBRICATION**. Crankcase is drained and flushed. Filter is changed and winter oil is added. Chassis is thoroughly greased. Winter lubricant is installed in differential, if needed.
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FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

"In my day, Kravitz, I've thrown more than one bloody producer off a set."

"No kidding!"

"If I could only learn to be as obnoxious as Hitchcock I wouldn't be where I am today."

Duddy could see that Mr. Friar's eyes were red. He took his arm.

"I have no home," Mr. Friar said. "I'm a vagabond."

"Listen, I'm starved. Why don't we go in here and grab a smoked meat? My treat."

"I'm going back to my flat."

"Where is it? I'll walk you."

"You are tenacious, Kravitz, aren't you?"

"Aw."

"I'd really like to be alone now. Sorry, old chap."

"Aren't you interested in my project any more?"

Mr. Friar hesitated. He swayed a little. "Tell you what, Kravitz. You come to my flat tomorrow at four. We can talk some more then." He gave Duddy his address and shook hands with him. "Hasta manana," he said.

"Sure thing."

Mr. Friar lived in an apartment on Stanley Street and Duddy was there promptly at four the next afternoon. He had brought a bottle of gin with him. There was no bell on the door and Duddy had to knock again and again.

"Avante."

Mr. Friar was in the nude.

"Hiya!"

Every drawer in the living-room-cum-bedroom was open and dripping underwear or shirtsleeves. One wall was completely covered with bullfighting posters.

"It's not my flat, actually. It belongs to Gilchrist. He was my fag at Winchester. Well, Kravitz, sit down."

Mr. Friar freed a couple of glasses without too much clatter from the pile of pots and pans in the sink, wiped the lipstick off one with the corner of his sheet, and poured two drinks. He knocked all the magazines off the coffee table with a scythe-like sweep of hairy leg and set down a tray of ice cubes beside the bottle.

"Cheers," Duddy said quickly.

"Prosit."

But Duddy continued to stare. Mr. Friar sighed, retrieved a magazine from the floor, and covered himself with it.

Duddy began to talk quickly, before Mr. Friar could begin on his reminiscences once more. He told him that he had no equipment and not the vaguest notion of the production costs of a *bar-mitzvah* picture. Mr. Friar, speaking frankly, could be of invaluable service to him. Duddy explained that he was the one with the connections and it was he who would risk his capital on equipment. "But you're the guy with the know-how," he said, and he offered Mr. Friar one third of all the profits. "We can help each other," he said. "And if you don't trust me the books will be open to you any time you like."

"Your glass is empty," Mr. Friar pour two stiff drinks.

"Prosit," Duddy said quickly.

"Chin-chin."

Mr. Friar told Duddy that he was not interested in money. All he wanted was enough to keep him and a guarantee of noninterference.

"You've got a deal," Duddy said.

"One moment, please. There's another stipulation. I won't be bound by any contract. I'm a vagabond, Kravitz. I've got the mark of Cain on my forehead. I must be free to get up and go at any time."

"Agreed."

And then Mr. Friar became very busi-

nesslike. He told Duddy that to begin with they ought to buy their own camera but rent everything else they needed. He said that he knew lots of people at the Film Board in Ottawa and he was sure that they would let him edit and process the film there. That, he said, would be a substantial saving. He told Duddy he'd need five hundred dollars down toward equipment and he asked for an advance of one hundred dollars against personal expenses.

"Agreed."

"Let me refresh your drink."

Duddy told Mr. Friar that he had his eye on an office in the Empire Building. First thing tomorrow morning he would put down a deposit on it. He would have DUDLEY KANE ENTERPRISES printed on the glazed glass door and, since the Empire Building was in the Monarch exchange area anyway he would pay a little, if necessary, to get a phone number that spelt MOVIES and then he could advertise "Dial MOVIES" in all the newspapers.

"Brilliant."

Another thing, Duddy added, is that he

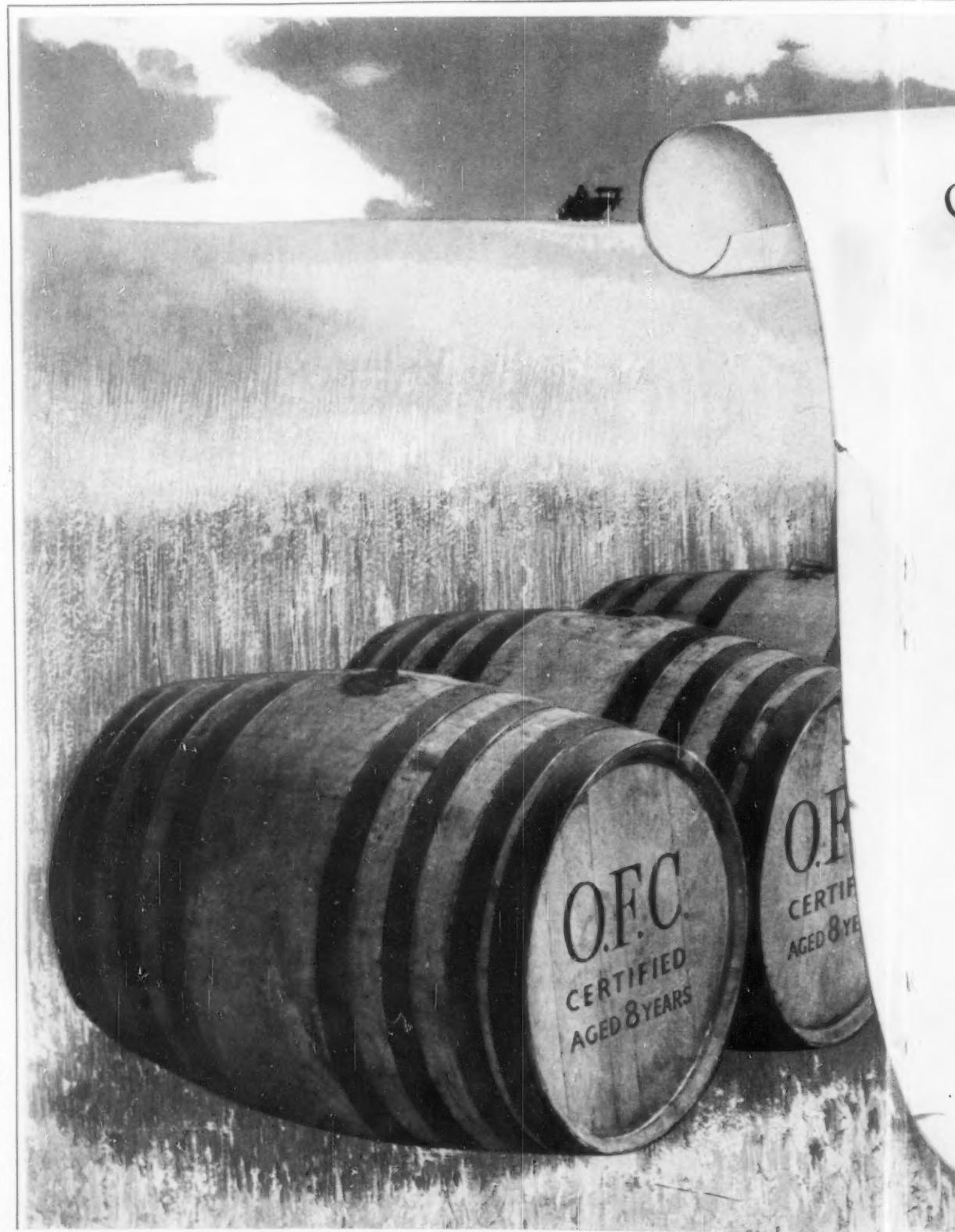
wanted Mr. Friar to give him a write-up on his past work and stuff. He hoped to get a story in the Star and maybe a paragraph in Mel West's What's What.

After a few more drinks Duddy could see that Mr. Friar's eyes were red again and he began to worry.

"I should have followed my brother into the FO," Mr. Friar said. "Winchester and King's did me no good in Hollywood. I couldn't speak Yiddish."

"Jeez."

Mr. Friar wiped his eyes and poured himself another drink, straight gin this



time. "It's no good, Kravitz. I can't do this to you."

"Wha?"

"You're young. I have no right to ruin what promises to be a brilliant career even before it's begun."

Duddy looked puzzled.

"I'm afraid I've been concealing something from you, old chap. I'm a Communist."

"So?"

"I believe in the brotherhood of man." "Me too," Duddy said forcefully. "Do unto your neighbor . . . Aw, you know."

"I am a card-holder," Mr. Friar said in a booming voice. He stood up and the magazine dropped to the floor. "I tell you that here, but no committee could drag it out of me with wild horses. Do you realize what that means?" Mr. Friar touched Duddy's knee. He lowered his voice. "I fled the United States one step ahead of the FBI. I'm on the black list."

"No kidding!"

"I must be. I've never attempted to conceal my beliefs."

"So?"

"Don't you see, Kravitz? I will not

direct again without a credit. But if you hire me it's likely that you'll never be able to work in Hollywood. Don't hesitate. I'll understand perfectly if you want to call the deal off."

"We're partners, Mr. Friar. Shake."

Duddy saw Mr. Friar daily after that, but the next time he came he only brought a half bottle of gin. On Monday Duddy moved into his office. He took a subscription to *Variety* and, quickly adapting himself to the idiom of the trade, learned to think of himself as an "indie."

He waited until the paragraph he wanted had appeared in Mel West's column before he went to see Mr. Cohen about his son's *bar-mitzvah*. He had kept putting the visit off because if Mr. Cohen was not interested he was in trouble. Mr. Friar was anxious to get started. "You told me you had two orders," he said.

"Sure. Sure thing."

If Mr. Cohen didn't bite, Duddy would be in bad trouble. The office cost him a hundred dollars a month and, added to that, there was the price of standard office equipment. He had to give up driving the taxi when Max was off. One night he had just avoided getting Farber for a fare. He could not approach people as a budding businessman by day and take their tips by night. Duddy carried on selling liquid soap and other factory supplies, but that didn't bring in much. He continued to pursue his father about arranging an appointment with Jerry Dingleman, the Boy Wonder, whom he hoped would back his movie making, and soothing Mr. Friar consumed lots of his time.

Duddy was late for his appointment with Mr. Cohen.

"Sure. That's right, Duddy. My Bernie's going to be *bar-mitzvah* in three weeks' time. I'm sorry I couldn't ask you to the dinner, but . . . well, you know. At second cousins we put a stop to it. Listen, come to the ceremony anyway and have a schnapps."

Duddy showed him the write-up in the Star and the paragraph from Mel West's column. He told him that when Farber's daughter got married he was making a movie of it. He went on and on hopefully about Mr. Friar, and how lucky he was to have such a talented director. "All my productions will be in color. A lasting record like," he said. "For your grandchildren and their grandchildren after them."

"It's okay for Farber. His girl's marrying into the Gordons. They can afford it."

"You say that without even asking me a price. I'll bet you think it would cost you something like three thousand dollars for the movie."

"What? Are you crazy? Do you know how much it's costing me just for the catering?"

"You see. But it wouldn't cost that much. I can make you a top notch movie for two thousand dollars."

"The boy's mad."

"But on one condition only. You mustn't say a word to Farber about the price we made. It's a special."

"Look, when I want to see a movie I can go to the Loew's for ninety cents. My Bernie's a fine kid, but he's no Gary Cooper. I'm sorry, Duddy."

"All right. No hard feelings. I just felt that since Bernie is such a good friend of the Seigal boy and I'm doing that *bar-mitzvah* in December—"

"That cheapskate Seigal is paying you two thousand dollars for a movie?"

"He should live so long I'd make him such a price. Well, I'd better go. I've got another appointment at eleven."

"All right, smart guy. Sit down. Come on. Sit down. You're trembling like a leaf anyway. There, that's better. I oughta slap your face."

"Wha?"

"I happen to know that you're not making a movie for Seigal. Okay?"

"Are you calling me a liar?" Duddy demanded in his boldest voice.

"Sit down. Stop jumping around. Boy, some kid you are. Now, for a starter, how do I even know that a kid who's still wet . . . wet? . . . soaking behind the ears

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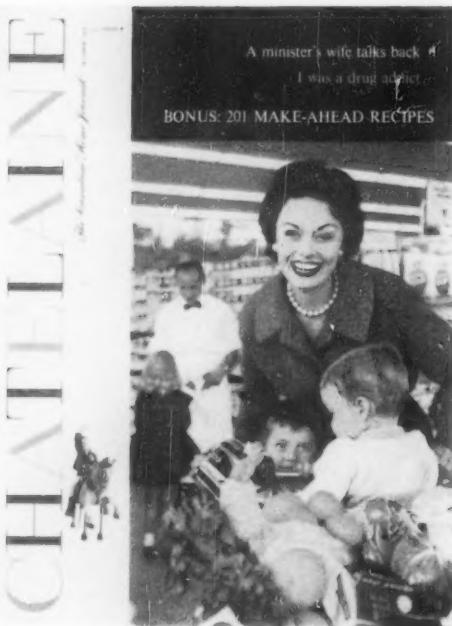
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can make a movie?"

"Mr. Friar is a very experienced director."

"Sure. He's Louis B. Mayer himself. Duddy, Duddy, what's he doing here making *bar-mitzvah* pictures with . . . a boy?"

Duddy flushed.

"Have you got lots of money invested?"

"Enough."

"Oi."

"It's going to work. It's a great idea."

Mr. Cohen sent out for coffee. "Okay, Duddy, we'll see. I want you to tell me straight how much it would cost you to make a color movie of the *bar-mitzvah*."

Duddy asked for a pencil and paper. "About nine hundred to a thousand," he said at last.

"Lies. You lie through your ears, Duddy. Okay, your costs are six hundred dollars let's say."

"But—"

"Shh! I'd like to see you get a start and I'll make you a deal. You go ahead and make me a film of Bernie's *bar-mitzvah*. If I like it I'll give you a thousand dollars for it. If not you can go and burn it."

Duddy took a deep breath.

"Before you answer remember I should have thrown you out of the office for lying to me. Think, too, of the prestige you'd get. The first production for Cohen. I could bring you in a lot of trade. But it's a gamble, Duddy. I'm a harsh critic. There are many academy-award winners I didn't like and if I don't care for the picture . . ."

"I can make you a black-and-white for twelve hundred dollars."

"Get out of here."

"Look, Mr. Cohen, this is a real production. I have to pay for the editing and the script and—"

"All right. Twelve hundred. But color, Duddy. And only if I like it. Come here. We'll shake on it. What a liar you are. Wow!"

"Aw."

Mr. Cohen pinched his cheek. "If you're going to see Seigal now about his boy's *bar-mitzvah* you have my permission to say you're making one for me. Tell him I'm paying you two thousand. He can phone me if he wants. But listen, Duddy, he's not like me. Don't trust him. Get five hundred down and the rest in writing. Such a liar. Wow!"

Duddy drove for fifteen minutes before he figured out that he had no advance and nothing in writing from Mr. Cohen. The film would cost him at least five hundred dollars—more, when you considered the work and time it would take—and there was no guarantee of a return on his investment. That lousy bastard, Duddy thought, and he makes it sound like he was doing me a favor.

He went to see Seigal at home and his wife talked him into letting Duddy make the picture. Seigal paid an advance of two hundred and fifty dollars and signed an agreement to pay fifteen hundred in all if he liked the film and another six hundred even if he didn't want it. It was a mistake to see Cohen at the office, Duddy thought afterward. You've got to get them at home with the wife and boy there.

"When's the Cohen *bar-mitzvah*?" Mr. Friar asked.

"Two weeks from Saturday," Duddy said.

"I'd like to start looking at some of the locations tomorrow."

"Wha?"

"Can you take me to the synagogue?"

"Yeah, sure."

"I say, old chap, you do look down

in the mouth," Friar continued briskly. "We've got to hit them with something unusual right in the first frame. Have you ever seen Franju's *Sang des Bêtes*?"

"I don't think so."

"It was a documentary, old chap. A great one. We could do worse than to use it for our model."

"It's got to be good, Mr. Friar. Better than good, or I'm dead."

THE COHEN BOY'S *bar-mitzvah* was a big affair in a modern synagogue. The synagogue in fact was so modern that it was not called a synagogue any more. It was called a temple. Duddy had never seen anything like it in his life. There was a choir and an organ and a parking lot next door. The men not only did not wear hats but they sat together with the women. All these things were forbidden by traditional Jewish law, but those who attended the temple were so-called Reform Jews and they had modernized the law to suit life in America. The temple prayer services were conducted in English by Rabbi Harvey Goldstone, M.A., and Cantor "Sonny" Brown. Aside from his weekly sermon, the marriage clinic, the Sunday school, and so on, the rabbi, a most energetic man, was very active in the community at large. He was a man who unfailingly offered his time to radio stations as a spokesman for the Jewish point of view on subjects that ranged from Does Israel Mean Divided Loyalities? to The Jewish Attitude to Household Pets. He also wrote articles for magazines and a weekly column of religious comfort for the Sun. There was a big demand for Rabbi Goldstone as a public speaker and he always made sure to send copies of his speeches to all the newspapers and radio stations.

Mr. Cohen, who was on the temple executive, was one of the rabbi's most enthusiastic supporters, but there were some who did not approve. He was, as one magazine writer had put it, a controversial figure.

One dissenter was Duddy's Uncle Benji. "There used to be," he said, "some dignity in being against the synagogue. With a severe orthodox rabbi there were things to quarrel about. There was some pleasure. But this cream puff of a synagogue, this religious drugstore, you might as well spend your life being against the Reader's Digest. They've taken all the mystery out of religion."

But Mr. Cohen, and other leaders of the community, all took seats at the temple for the High Holidays on, as Mr. Cohen said, the forty-yard line. The rabbi was extremely popular with the young marrieds and that, their parents felt, was important. Otherwise, some said with justice, the children would never learn about their Jewish heritage.

At the *bar-mitzvah* Mr. Cohen had trouble with his father. The old rag-peddler was, he feared, stumbling on the edge of senility. He still clung to his cold-water flat on St. Dominique Street and was a fierce follower of a Chassidic rabbi there. He had never been to the temple before. Naturally he would not drive on the Sabbath and so that morning he had got up at six and walked more than five miles to make sure to be on time for the first prayers. As Mr. Friar stood by with his camera to get the three generations together, Mr. Cohen and his son came down the outside steps to greet the old man. The old man stumbled. "Where's the synagogue?" he asked.

"This is it, Paw. This is the temple."

The old man looked up at the oak doors and the magnificent stained-glass windows. "It's a church," he said, re-treating.



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"It's the temple, Paw. This is where Bernie is going to be *bar-mitzvah*."

"Would the old chap lead him up the steps by the hand?" Mr. Friar asked.

"Shetup," Duddy said.

The old man retreated down another step.

"This is the *shul*, Paw. Come on."

"It's a church."

Mr. Cohen laughed nervously. "Paw! Stop sniffing." And he led the old man forcefully up the steps. "This isn't a funeral."

Inside, the services began. "Turn to

page forty-one in your prayer books, please," Rabbi Goldstone said. "Blessed is the Lord, Our Father . . ."

The elder Cohen began to sniffle again.

"Isn't he sweet," somebody said.

"Bernie's the only grandchild."

Following the *bar-mitzvah* ceremony Rabbi Goldstone began his sermon. "This," he said, "is National Sports Week." He spoke on Jewish Athletes—from Bar Kochva to Hank Greenberg. Afterward he had some announcements to make. He reminded the congregation that if they took a look at the racehorse

chart displayed in the hall they would see that Jewish History was trailing Dramatics Night by five lengths. He hoped that more people would attend the next lecture. The concealed organ began to play and the rabbi, his voice quivering, read off an anniversary list of members of the congregation who over the years had departed for the great beyond. He began to read the Mourner's Prayer as Mr. Friar, his camera held to his eye, tip-toed closer for a medium-close shot.

The elder Cohen had begun to weep

again when the first chord had been struck on the organ and Mr. Cohen had had to take him outside. "You lied to me," he said to his son. "It is a church."

Duddy approached with a glass of water. "You go inside," he said to Mr. Cohen. Mr. Cohen hesitated. "Go ahead," Duddy said. "I'll stay with him."

"Thanks."

Duddy spoke Yiddish to the old man. "I'm Simcha Kravitz's grandson," he said. "Is that so?"

"I've seen you in his store."

"Simcha's grandson and you come here?"

"Some circus, isn't it? Come," he said, "we'll go and sit in the sun for a bit."

A little later Duddy introduced his comedian friend Cuckoo Kaplan to Mr. Friar and Cuckoo did some clowning for the camera. "You've got a natural talent," Mr. Friar said.

Duddy apologized to Cuckoo because he couldn't pay him for being in the movie.

"That's show biz," Cuckoo said.

In the days that followed Duddy began to doubt that there ever would be a movie. Mr. Friar was depressed. His best roll of film had been overexposed. It was useless. The light in the temple was, he said, a disaster. "I say, old chap, couldn't we re-stage the *haftorah* sequence?" he said.

"You're crazy," Duddy said.

MR. FRIAR went to Ottawa to develop the film at the National Film Board and when Duddy met him at the station three days later Mr. Friar was very happy, indeed. "John thinks this is my greatest film," he said. "You ought to see the rushes, Kravitz. Splendid!" But Duddy was not allowed to see the rushes. Night and day Mr. Friar worked in secret on the cutting and editing. Duddy pleaded with him. "Can't I see something? One reel. A half of a reel, even." But Mr. Friar was adamant. "If I was Eisenstein you wouldn't talk to me like that. You'd have confidence. You must be fair to me, Kravitz. Wait for the finished product."

Meanwhile Mr. Cohen phoned every morning. "Well?" he asked.

"Soon, Mr. Cohen. Very soon."

Three weeks after the *bar-mitzvah* Mr. Friar was ready. He arranged a private screening for Duddy. "I'm beginning to think we'd be making a grave error if we sold this film to Mr. Cohen. It's a prize winner, Kravitz. I'm sure we could get distribution for it."

"Will you turn out the lights and let me see it, please?"

Duddy didn't say a word all through the screening, but afterward he was sick to his stomach.

He finally said, "Jeez. I could sell Mr. Cohen a dead horse easier than this pile of—"

"If you so much as cut it by one single frame," Mr. Friar said, "then my name goes off the film."

Duddy began to laugh.

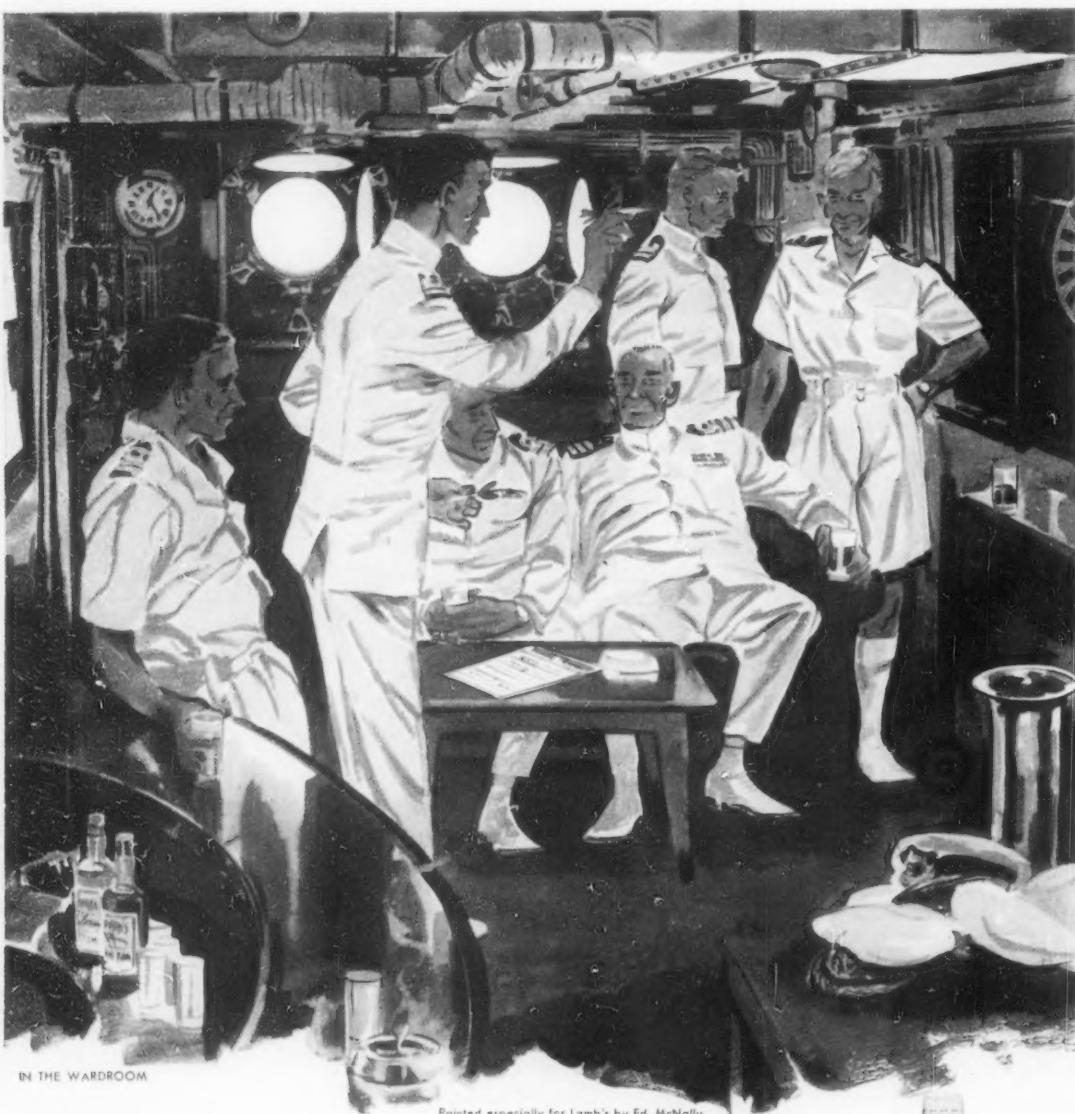
"Timothy suggested we try it at Cannes."

"Jeez," Duddy said again. "Everyone's going to be there. But everyone. The invitations are all out."

Duddy took to his bed for two days. He refused to see anyone. On the third day he had decided that he could no longer put off seeing Mr. Cohen. He went to his house this time. "Ah," Mr. Cohen said, "the producer is here."

"Have you got the movie with you?" Bernie asked.

Mrs. Cohen poured him a glass of plum brandy. "If you don't mind," she



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said, "there are a few more names I'd like to add to the guest list."

"I've got some bad news for you. I'm canceling the screening. Tomorrow morning my secretary will call everyone to tell them the show's off."

"Aw, gee whiz," Bernie whined.

"Is it that bad?" Mr. Cohen asked.

"It's great. We're going to enter it in the Cannes Festival."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Cohen said.

"You won't like it. It's what we call *avant-garde*."

"Watch it," Mr. Cohen said. "this is where he begins to lie. Right before your eyes the price is going up."

Duddy smiled at Mrs. Cohen. "I suppose what you expected was an ordinary movie with shots of all the relatives and friends . . . well, you know what I mean. But Mr. Friar is an artist. His creation is something else entirely."

"Can't we see it, Maw?"

"Aren't you taking a lot for granted, young man? Don't you think my husband and I can appreciate artistic quality when we see it?"

"Don't fall into his trap," Mr. Cohen said.

Duddy turned to Mr. Cohen. "I'll let you in on a secret," he said. He told him that Mr. Friar had been a big director, but he had had to leave Hollywood because of the witch-hunt. That's the only reason why he was in Montreal fiddling with small films. He wanted to make his name and get in on the ground floor of the Canadian film industry, so to speak. Turning to Mrs. Cohen, he added, "Please don't repeat this, but if not for senator McCarthy I wouldn't have been able to hire a man as big as Friar for less than five thousand dollars. Not that he isn't costing me plenty as it is."

Mr. Cohen started to say something, but his wife glared at him. She smiled at Duddy. "But why can't we see the movie. I don't understand."

"It's different. It's shocking."

"Oh, really now!"

"Mr. Friar has produced a small screen gem in the tradition of Citizen Kane and *Sang des Bêtes*."

"How can we cancel all the invitations at this late date? We insist on seeing it."

Duddy hesitated. He stared reflectively at the floor. "All right," he said, "but don't say I didn't warn you first."

Mr. Cohen laughed. "Don't believe a word he says, Gertie. It's good. It must be very good. Otherwise he wouldn't be here talking it down. But, listen here, Kravitz, not a penny more than I promised. Wow! What a liar!"

Duddy gulped down his plum brandy. "I'm not selling," he said. "That's something else. You can see it, but . . ."

"Hey," Mr. Cohen said, "hey there. Are you getting tough with an old friend?"

"I want it, Daddy," Bernie put in. "I want the movie! Gee whiz, Maw."

"You outsmarted yourself, Mr. Cohen. You wouldn't give me an advance or put anything in writing."

"Sam, what's the boy saying?"

"You gave me your word, Kravitz. A gentleman doesn't go back on his word."

Bernie began to cry.

"You can't blame him, Mrs. Cohen. He didn't want to take too big a chance on a young boy just starting out."

"All right," Mr. Cohen said hoarsely, "just how much do you want for the film?"

"Money isn't the question."

"Such a liar! My God, never in my life—will you stop crying please. Take Bernie out of here, Gertie."

"I'm not going."

"Well, Kravitz, I'm waiting to hear

your price. Gangster!"

Duddy hesitated.

"Please," Mrs. Cohen said.

"I can't sell outright. I'd still want to enter it in the festival."

"Of course," Mrs. Cohen said warmly.

"We can't talk here," Mr. Cohen said. "Come up to my bedroom."

But Duddy wouldn't budge. "For fifteen hundred dollars," he said, "I'll give you an excellent color print. But you'd have to sign away all rights to a percentage of the profits on Canadian theatre distribution."

"What's that? Come again, please?"

"We're going to distribute it as a short to Canadian theatres."

"Gee whiz."

"For twenty-five hundred dollars in all I'll make you a silent partner. I'd cut you in for twenty percent of the net theatre profits. My lawyers could draw up the agreement. But remember, it's a gamble. This is an art film, not one of those crassly commercial items."

"Would my husband's name appear anywhere?"

"We could list him in the credits as a

co-producer with Dudley Kane Enterprises."

Mr. Cohen smiled for the first time. "A boy from the boys," he said, "that's what you are."

"Maybe you'd like to think it over first."

"Sam."

"All right. Okay. I'll write him a cheque right now." Mr. Cohen looked at Duddy and laughed. "Look at him. He's shaking."

After Duddy had left with the cheque Mr. Cohen said, "I could have got it for



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less if you and Bernie hadn't been here."

"Then why are you smiling?"

"Because yesterday I spoke to Dave in Toronto. He's with Columbia of Canada now and he told me a screen short is worth up to twenty thousand dollars. I could have got it for less, it's true, but in the end it still won't have cost me a cent for the color print. And think of the publicity. It must be terrific, you know. Otherwise he wouldn't have talked it down like that. He's still got a lot to learn, that boy."

THE SCREENING

DUDLEY KANE ENTERPRISES
With M. Cohen, Inc., Metal Merchants
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A PETER JOHN FRIAR PRODUCTION
"HAPPY BAR-MITZVAH, BERNIE!"

executive producer d. kravitz
directed, written, and narrated by
p. j. friar
additional dialogue by
rabbi harvey goldstone, m.a.

"So far so good."

"Would you mind taking off your hat please, Elsie?"

"Sh."

1. A close shot of aged finger leading a thirteen-year-old boy's hand over the Hebrew letters of a prayer book.
2. Grandfather Cohen is seated at the dining-room table with Bernard, teaching him the tunes of the Torah.

NARRATOR: Older than the banks of the Nile, not so cruel as the circumcision rite of the Zulus, and even more intricate than a snowflake is the *bar-mitzvah* . . .

"Hey, what's that he said about niggers?"

"I thought—"

"—comparative religion. I take it at McGill."

"Comparative what? I'll give you such a schoss."

3. In the synagogue Bernard stands looking at the Holy Ark. His reaction.

CHOIR: Hear O Israel the Lord is Our God the Lord is One.

4. Grandfather Cohen, wearing a prayer shawl, hands the Torah to Mr. Cohen who passes it to his son.

NARRATOR: From generation to generation, for years before the birth of Christ . . .

"Hssssss . . ."

"O.K. smart guy. Shetup!"

NARRATOR: . . . the rule of law has been passed from hand to hand among the Chosen People. Something priceless, something cherished . . .

"Like a chinchilla."

"One more crack out of you, Arnie," Mr. Cohen said, "and out you go." In the darkness Duddy smiled, relieved.

NARRATOR: . . . a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

5. The wrappings come off and Mr. Cohen holds the Torah aloft.

CHOIR: (Recites in Hebrew) In the beginning God created heaven and earth . . .

6. Camera closes in on Torah.

NARRATOR:

" . . . In the beginning there was the Word . . . There was Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob . . . There was Moses . . .

AS CHOIR HUMS IN BACKGROUND

King David . . . Judas Macabée . . .

CHOIR TO CLIMAX

" . . . and, in our own time, Leon Trotsky . . .

"What's that?"

"His *bar-mitzvah* I would have liked to have seen. Trotsky!"

NARRATOR:

" . . . in all those years, the Hebrews, whipped like sand by the cruel winds of oppression, have survived by the word . . . the law . . .

7. A close shot of a baby being circumcised.

NARRATOR:

" . . . and through the centuries the eight-day-old Hebrew babe has been welcomed into the race with blood."

TOM-TOMS BEAT IN BACKGROUND.

HEIGHTENING.

8. (MONTAGE) Lightning. African tribal dance. Jungle fire. Stukas diving. A jitterbug contest speeded up. Slaughtering of a cow. Fireworks against a night sky. More African dancing. Torrents of rain. An advertisement for Maidenform bras upside down. Blood splashing against glass. A lion roars.

"Wow!"

"Are you alright, zeyda?"

DRUMS TO CLIMAX. OUT

9. A slow dissolve to close-up of Bernard Cohen's shining morning face.

NARRATOR:

This is the story of one such Hebrew babe, and, how at the age of thirteen he was at last accepted as an adult member of his tribe.

"If you don't feel well, zeyda, I'll get you a glass of water."

NARRATOR:

This is the story of the *bar-mitzvah* of Bernard son of Moses . . .

10. A smiling Rabbi Goldstone leads Bernard up the aisle of the temple. In the background second cousins and schoolmates wave and smile at the camera.

"Good," Duddy said. "Excellent." He had asked Mr. Friar to work Rabbi Goldstone into every possible shot.

"Look, there I am! Did you see me, Mommy?"

"You see Harry there picking his nose? If he'd known the camera—"

"A big joke!"

11. As Bernard and Rabbi Goldstone reach the prayer stand.

NARRATOR:

As solemn as the Aztec sacrifice, more mysterious than Helen's face, is the pregnant moment, the meeting of time past and time present, when the priest and his initiate reach the *bmah*.

Rabbi Goldstone coughed. "That means priest in the figurative sense."

"He's gone too far," Duddy groaned.

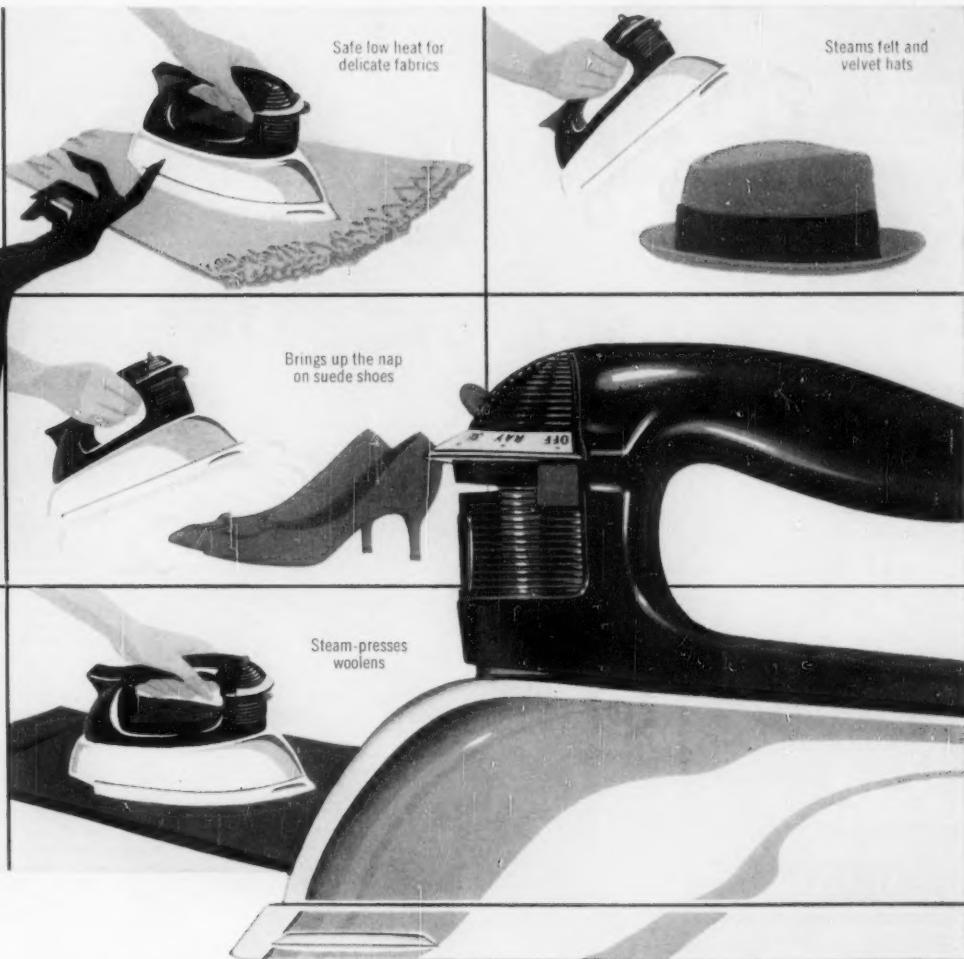
"Jeez."

CHOIR:

(Singing in Hebrew) Blessed is the Lord our God, Father of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob . . .

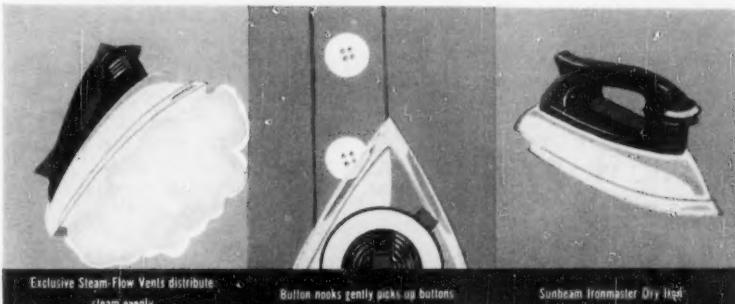
"There, zeyda, isn't that nice?"

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"Oh, leave him alone, Henry." "Leave him alone? I think he's had another stroke."

12. As Bernard says his blessings over the Torah the camera pans around the temple. Aunt Sadie giggles shyly. Ten-year-old Manny Schwartz crosses his eyes and sticks out his tongue. Grandfather Cohen looks severe. Mr. Cohen wipes what just might be a tear from his eye. Uncle Arnie whispers into a man's ear. The man grins widely.

13. A close shot of Bernard saying his blessings. The camera moves in slowly on his eyes.

BRING IN TOM-TOMS AGAIN.

14. Cut to a close shot of circumcision again.

"It's not me," Bernie shouted. "Honest, guys."

15. Resume shot of Bernard saying his *haftorah*.

NARRATOR: The young Hebrew, now a fully accepted member of his tribe, is instructed in the ways of the world by his religious advisor.

16. A two-shot of Rabbi Goldstone and Bernard.

NARRATOR: "Beginning today," the Rabbi tells him, "you are old enough to be responsible for your own sins. Your father no longer takes them on his shoulders."

AS CHOR HUMS ELGAR'S POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

17. Camera pans round temple again. Cutting back again and again to Bernard and the Rabbi. SUPERIMPOSE KIPLING'S "IF" OVER THE ABOVE.

NARRATOR: "Today you are a man, Bernard son of Moses."

18. (MONTAGE) Lightning. Close shot of head of Michelangelo's statue of David. Cartoon of a Thurber husband.

African tribal dance.

"Zeyda, one minute."

"You'd better go with him, Henry."

Soldiers marching speeded up. Circumcision close-up again.

"Hoo-haw."

Duddy bit his hand. The sweat rolled down his forehead.

"This is meant to be serious, Arnie. Oh, he's such a fool."

A lion roars. Close shot of Bernard's left eye. A pair of black panties catch fire. Lightning. African tribal dance.

NARRATOR: Today you are a man and your family and friends have come to celebrate.

GIUSEPPI DE STEPHANO SINGS DRINKING SONG FROM LA TRAVIATA.

19. Close shot of hands pouring a large Scotch.

20. Cut to general shots of guests at temple *kiddush*.

"There I am!"

"Look at Sammy, stuffing his big fat face as usual."

"There I am again!"

"What took you so long, Henry?"

"Did I miss anything?"

"Aw, where's the *zeyda*?"

"He's sitting outside in the car. Hey, was that me?"

"I'd like to see this part again later, please."

"Second the motion."

NARRATOR: Those who couldn't come sent telegrams.

21. Hold a shot of telegrams pinned against green background.

AS CHOR HUMS 'AULD LANG SYNE'

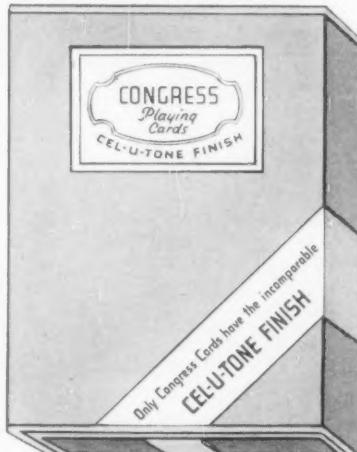
NARRATOR:

'HAPPY BAR - MITZVAH,
BERNIE, BEST UNCLE
HERBY . . . ' 'MAY YOUR
LIFE BE HAPPY AND SU-
CESSFUL, THE SHAPIRO
BROTHERS AND MYRNA,'
BEST WISHES FOR
HEALTH, HAPPINESS, AND
SUCCESS FROM THE WIN-
NIPEG BRANCH OF THE
COHEN'S. SURPRISE PAR-
CEL FOLLOWS.' . . . 'MY
HEART GOES OUT TO YOU
AND YOURS TODAY,
MYER.'



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24. A shot of Rabbi Goldstone's study. Bernard sits in an enormous leather chair and the rabbi paces up and down, talking to him.

NARRATOR: But that afternoon, in the good rabbi's study, the young Hebrew learns that there are more exalted things in this world besides material possessions. He is told something of the tragic history of his race, how they were exploited by the ancient Egyptian imperialists, how reactionary dictators from Nero to Hitler persecuted them in order to divert the working classes from the true cause of their sorrows,

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he learns — like Candide — that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

AS AL JOLSON SINGS ELI, ELI
25. Rabbi Goldstone leads Bernard to the window and stands behind him, his hands resting on the lad's shoulders.

"Five'll get you ten that right now he's asking Bernie to remind his father that the temple building campaign is lagging behind schedule."

Rabbi Goldstone coughed loudly.

NARRATOR: (RECITES) 'I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes?' Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, sensibilities, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same oils, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick him does he not bleed?

26. Rabbi Goldstone autographs a copy of his book, *Why I'm Glad To Be A Jew*, and hands it to Bernard.

27. Hold a close shot of the book.

From there the movie went on to record merry making and the odd touching interlude at the dinner and dance. Relatives and friends saw themselves eating, drinking, and dancing. Uncles and aunts at the tables waved at the camera, the kids made funny faces, and the old people sat stonily. Cuckoo Kaplan did a soft-shoe dance on the head table. As the camera closed in on the dancers Henry pretended to be seducing Morrie Applebaum's wife. Mr. Cohen had a word with the band leader and the first *kazatchka* was played. Timidly the old people joined hands and began to dance around in a circle. Mr. Cohen and some spirited others joined in the second one. Duddy noticed some intruders at the sandwich table. He did not know them by name or sight, but, remembering, he recognized that they were boys from Fletcher's Field High School and he smiled a little. The camera panned lovingly about fish and jugs and animals modeled out of ice. It closed in and swallowed the bursting trumpeter. Guests were picked up again, some reeling and others bad-tempered, waiting for taxis and husbands to come round with the car outside the temple.

And Mr. Cohen, sitting in the first row with his legs open like an inverted nutcracker to accommodate his sunken belly, thought, it's worth it, every last cent or what's money for, it's cheap at any price to have captured my family and friends and foolish rabbi. He reached for Gertie's hand and thought, I'd better not kiss Bernie. It would embarrass him.

AS CHOIR SINGS HALLELUJAH CHORUS
74. Rear-view long shot. Mr. Cohen and Bernard standing before the offices of M. Cohen, Inc., Metal Merchants.

FADE-OUT.

Nobody spoke. Duddy began to bite his fingernails.

"A most edifying experience," Rabbi Goldstone said. "A work of art."

Everybody began to speak at once.

"Thank you very much, indeed," Mr. Friar said. "Unfortunately the best parts were left on the cutting-room floor." ★

*This is the second of two excerpts from Mordecai Richler's new novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, to be published by Andre Deutsch-Collins of Canada in October.*



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**Holiday weekend
in Victoria**

Continued from page 24

of Greater Victoria is 122,000. This works out to almost five tourists for every resident.

When it comes to climate, Victoria not only has Vancouver but the whole country beaten, thanks largely to the warming influence of the Japanese current. Less rain actually falls on Victoria than on Toronto and sunshine places it on the same plateau of brightness as Winnipeg. And this is why the rich and the well-to-do gather up their cash, bonds, and securities and flee the rest of the country to spend their last years in Victoria.

The result has been twofold: Victoria has the highest per capita purchasing power of any city in Canada and, in Vancouver, at least, has gained a reputation as the only cemetery in the world with a business section.

This is not only unkind, it's untrue. Victoria is no Sleepy Hollow, but has its own stake in the province's two most lusty industries, lumbering and fishing. It is a shipbuilding centre as well. And, in any case, in the one hundred and sixteen years since it was founded as a Hudson's Bay Company fort, Victoria has played a part in British Columbia history that makes Vancouver, by comparison, nothing but a cheeky upstart.

Of the variety of ways to reach Victoria from Vancouver, the *de rigueur* way is by Princess steamer, which takes you almost the whole length of Vancouver's Burrard Inlet, across the Strait of Georgia, through Active Pass, a winding scenic maze right out of a travel folder, and into Victoria's picturesque Inner Harbor.

I'm convinced it must surely be the world's most beautiful short sea voyage. The fare is only \$8.55 return, and you may have dinner aboard, as we did, or a drink in the Princess Room, and watch the Pacific glide by.

Taking our car with us (Ye Olde Volkswagen, as Kay was later to dub it in keeping with the Victorian spirit) we sailed one fine Friday morning aboard the Princess Patricia, a four-million-dollar ship that shares the run with her sister, Princess Marguerite. The Pat and Marguerite are like miniature luxury liners; you need only the slightest streak of Walter Mitty in your makeup to imagine yourself an ocean traveler.

We spent part of the journey, by special arrangement, on the bridge with Captain James Anderson, a thirty-five-year veteran of the Princess service, and his first and second officers, Thomas Parkinson and Charles De La Mare.

Later, we lolled in deck chairs, observing the sea gulls that hovered over the afterdecks, noting that despite the slogan, "Follow the birds to Victoria," the birds actually follow the tourists. To watch a gull as it peels off in a graceful glide to the sea, then rises in a flurry of motion to overtake the ship, is worth the whole fare.

No city in Canada, I'm sure, puts its best foot forward quite so quickly or



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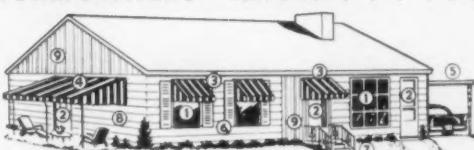
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works such an instant spell on the visitor as does Victoria. The Princess sails right into the foreground of a picture postcard — the Parliament buildings, dead ahead, and the Empress Hotel, off to port, both behind immaculate lawns, and the whole scene laced together by the vivid colors of the flower baskets that hang from every lamppost.

Some cynics contend that the panorama is all too obviously contrived and that its purpose is to mesmerize the tourist so that later he may be easily relieved of his poke. Whatever its motives,

it worked like a charm on Kay and me, putting us in a holiday mood.

To savor the full flavor of Victoria, we had decided to stay at the Empress and, luckily, we drew a room overlooking the Inner Harbor. The tariff was eighteen dollars a day but the room was so large we could have got our money back subletting it to conventions.

It so happened that, at no extra charge, some of the romance of the sea went with the room. Moored at a jetty, almost directly beneath our window, were four small yachts from Vancouver and all

bound, as we read in the newspaper, for long ocean voyages. One, Galatea II, had taken its owner, Frank Keillor, a North Vancouver fireman, ten years to build and now he and his wife and their two sons were embarking on a four-year cruise around the world.

We were soon off on an expedition of our own — to the Haunted Book Shop, a place where I invariably find myself within minutes of setting foot in Victoria. As usual, Rosamond Rand, the owner, was presiding over her thousands of old volumes with a cup of coffee in

one hand and a long, black cigarette holder in the other. As is her custom, she invited us to have coffee before we browsed.

Our visit had its rewards. I unearthed a Jack London book, *The Kempton-Wace Letters*, for which I had searched for twelve years in book shops all over Canada. I also found a Dreiser first edition, and Kay found a quaint old novel, *Evelina*, with drawings by Arthur Rackham, the famous English illustrator of children's books, whose work she collects.

We worked on the theory that when in Victoria we should do as the tourist does, and, accordingly, we found seats on the tallyho, a sort of horse-drawn bus, at \$1.25 each, for a six-mile sightseeing tour. It took us to, among other things, Craigdarroch Castle, built as a family residence in the 1880s by Robert Dunsmuir, the coal baron who was British Columbia's first great capitalist. His son became premier of the province.

Naturally, a story went with it, as it must with every castle. To induce his bride to leave Scotland, Dunsmuir had promised that one day he'd be rich and he'd build her a castle — and so he became rich and built her a castle. Having heard this romantic tale, someone inquired, "How did he heat it?" and the tallyho driver, having already explained the source of the Dunsmuir fortune, replied, dryly, "With coal." The truth is Dunsmuir was cold in his grave before the castle was finished. But his widow did live there and she did burn coal.

"I'm anti sea food"

It was already evening by the time we climbed down from the tallyho and we were famished. For sentimental reasons, we had decided to have our first meal at the Princess Mary, a restaurant fashioned from a section of the superstructure of an old coast steamer. Kay and I knew the Mary well when she was on the run between Vancouver and the Gulf Islands and so it was like searching out an old friend. Once, returning almost broke from a Gulf Islands holiday, we'd bought a loaf of bread and a tin of sardines to sustain us while going home on the Mary, and it still stands out as one of our most memorable meals.

The Mary, aground only a cable length or two from the water, still has her ties with the sea: she is owned by the Island Tug & Barge Co., who are also owners of the famous deep-sea tug Sudbury. (The activities of the company are diversified, indeed — from the towing of old Liberty ships to Japan to be scrapped, to serving tourists with crab salads, baked salmon, or Virginia ham. While the stern of the restaurant is certainly a genuine part of the old Mary, the bow, we learned, is a ringer — it's from the Surinam, a scrapped Venezuelan tanker.)

Kay took on what appeared to be a whole shipload of deep-fried prawns while I, as a fully accredited anti-sea-food man, chose the only meat course on the menu — Virginia ham. As an epicure, I am hopelessly biased, considering roast beef and Yorkshire pudding the only fare fit for human consumption.

By the time we returned to our hotel from the Princess Mary, the lights that outline the Parliament buildings had come on and it presented so enchanting a sight we couldn't resist a sort of nightcap stroll through the grounds. Amateur photographers apparently find it irresistible either by night or day. In the afternoon we had actually counted forty-nine of them (one for each state?) cock-



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ing their cameras there almost simultaneously and now, though it was nearly midnight, there must have been a dozen.

"Maybe," Kay remarked, "we should wait and see the graveyard shift come on."

For the next day, Saturday, we had set ourselves what proved to be a killing pace. "See Victoria and die!" must have been our unconscious desire.

After breakfast, we wandered through Thunderbird Park, no more than an arrow's shot from the Empress, admiring the fine collection of Indian totem poles that has been preserved by the provincial government. Had we chanced to come on a weekday, most likely we would have seen Mungo Martin, the outstanding contemporary carver, fashioning a replica of some distinctive old totem pole or creating an original work of his own.

We had another bookshop to haunt, the Adelphi, in search of additions to our London and Rackham collections. The Adelphi, owned by a former Toronto librarian, R. D. Hilton Smith, specializes in old and rare children's books, and we emerged with Kay clutching a prize, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, illustrated by Rackham.

The Adelphi and Haunted book shops are both on Fort Street, a thoroughfare that seems to be the special preserve of Victoria's many antique shops. We explored one of them, the establishment of the Alberto de Rodil, a Spanish nobleman who has lived in Victoria since his country's civil war.

"I've given up going abroad for antiques," the Marquis told us, "because I can do as well, if not better, right here on Vancouver Island." And, by way of verifying this claim, he invited us to examine an intriguing sixteenth-century desk — properly called a *vargueño* — which he had discovered at Qualicum, on Vancouver Island, and which now may be purchased for \$4,250, plus, of course, the usual five-percent provincial sales tax.

Before lunch we squeezed in a brief visit with Fenwick Lansdowne, Victoria's remarkable young painter of birds. Two years earlier I had written his story for Maclean's and ever since Kay had been anxious to meet him and see his paintings.

We found Fen and his parents in the garden, picking cherries. At our insistence, he brought out the only two paintings he had on hand, both unfinished — one of a flycatcher with an eye so alive it seemed to stare me down, the other an exquisite water color of a spray of violets. Fen is a prolific worker; he told us he is painting from sixty-five to seventy-five pictures a year.

We soon hurried off to lunch (at the Net Loft, another interesting waterfront restaurant, housed in what was once actually the net loft of B.C. Packers, the largest fishing company on the coast) for afterward we had shopping to do: our three-year-old son, Paul, had demanded we return with a doll's buggy and a rifle. As usual, we split the difference, settling for a buggy, at \$3.45.

It was then time for us to take part in that Victorian ritual — afternoon tea in the lobby of the Empress, sipped to the refined strains of the Concert Trio. We had hoped, of course, to observe the hotel's famous dowagers, but all we saw were scores of tourists like ourselves, devouring their tea and crumpets and scanning the place, as we did, for the sight of at least one of those dear old ladies. I suppose we had frightened them off.

It was one of the hottest weekends of the summer but, fortunately, the ideal

place to cool off is right behind the Empress — the Crystal Gardens, the world's largest glass-covered swimming pool. While Kay, who can't swim a lick, looked on, I swam a couple of widths of the pool and emerged to announce, "We're off to the Butchart Gardens!"

With good reason Victoria calls itself the Garden City and its most wonderful garden is the one Mr. and Mrs. Robert Butchart started more than fifty years ago in an ugly, worked-out limestone quarry on their estate. Since then the gardens, thirteen miles from the city centre, have

spread out over twenty-five acres. In a province noted for its natural beauty, the Butchart Gardens stand out as one of man's most worthwhile creations; they're the *pièce de résistance* of any visit to Victoria.

In the beginning and for many years, Mrs. Butchart threw her gardens open to everyone, without charge, and even provided all the facilities for visitors to make themselves a pot of tea. Now there is an entrance fee of \$1.10, but this doesn't stop the tourists from pouring in at the rate of 150,000 to 175,000 a year.

The gardens are now managed by the Butcharts' grandson, Ian Ross, who has a staff of twenty gardeners. We were so impressed by their beauty, and especially by the imagination that had gone into creating them, we sought Ross out to tell him so. He insisted we come back after dark when the gardens would be illuminated and this we willingly promised to do.

We raced back to Victoria for a quick dinner, because I had read in the papers that a rare phenomenon was to be seen in the heavens that night. We hurried out



Top to bottom: Sea Cap, \$59.50; Regulus, \$135.00; T-450, \$95.00

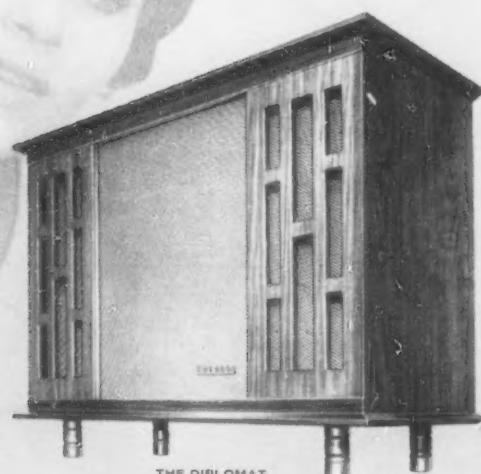
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of town again to the nearby Dominion Astrophysical Observatory.

A great many others had also read the papers. We found ourselves in a long line of people waiting to peer through the huge seventy-three-inch reflecting telescope that pokes through the dome of the observatory. Eventually, it was Kay's turn to look. She climbed the platform, fixed her eye to the telescope, and, after a second or two, gave her report: "All I can see is something that looks like the star on the top of a Christmas tree." I shushed her but later had to admit that her description was rather apt.

We kept our promise to Ross, returning to Butchart Gardens and finding them as wonderful at night as they are by day. It was precisely midnight when we collapsed into our bed, the two most tired tourists Victoria has known since the coming of the white man.

Sunday morning we had set aside for some leisurely exploration. On all my previous visits to Victoria I'd never really left the city centre. I was determined to find out for myself if their city is really as lovely as all Victorians swear it is.

After a stroll through Beacon Hill Park and a scenic drive that, for many miles, gave us a magnificent view of the sea on one side and meticulously tended gardens on the other, our verdict was that the Victorian view of Victoria is thoroughly objective.

In the park, incidentally, as we crossed a small stone footbridge, my eye caught an obscure plaque that said the bridge had been erected to the memory of the artist Emily Carr by her sister Alice.

Somewhere in our travels we had picked up a folder advertising the Olde England Inn where, it assured us, "a warm and cheery welcome awaits you by your host and hostess, Squadron Leader Lane (ex-RAF) and Mrs. Lane, late of Yorkshire, England." Furthermore, we were invited to "see an authentic replica of William Shakespeare's birthplace and his wife Anne's thatched cottage."

"It's too good to be true," I said to Kay, "but let's try it for lunch. They can't help but have good roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

The roast beef, brought to us by a waitress costumed as an Elizabethan serving girl, turned out to be excellent and, what is more, for dessert there was trifle, a fine old English dish I hadn't tasted since I was a boy.

And the Lanes, Sam and Rosina, were as advertised: a cheery couple. The inn itself is an old mansion they bought thirteen years ago, shortly after landing

in Victoria with seven tons of antiques (including Charlotte Brontë's dining table) and a determination to go into the tourist business. As the inn prospered, they built another huge house, a replica of the one in which Shakespeare was born, as a home for themselves and their three children.

The day we arrived they were busily preparing for the grand opening of the replica of Anne Hathaway's cottage. Our cynicism soon vanished as we were shown through it and as Rosina Lane recounted the story of her three-year struggle to duplicate, at a cost of \$75,000, the original cottage and its furnishings, exact in every detail right down to the plates over the hearth.

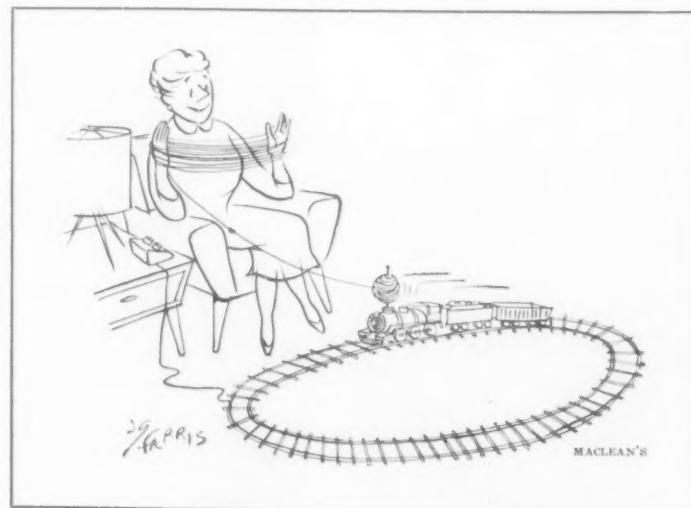
The story of the cottage's thatched roof—it begins with a maddening search for a farmer who would grow thirteen acres of the right kind of wheat and nears its climax as Mrs. Lane finds a thatcher in a Dorset village and flies him out to do the job—is a minor epic of blood, sweat, and money.

As it happened, our next and last stop in Victoria was to be another house once occupied by a famous woman: Emily Carr. Not a replica this time.

On Government Street is the home where Emily was born and behind it, on Simcoe Street, is another in which her sister Alice conducted a school and where Emily spent the last two years of her life. It was to this rather ramshackle yet charming old house that we went. Boldly, we banged on the door and, to our surprise, it was opened by Howard O'Hagan, the writer, who, we found, lives there with his wife, Margaret Peterson, a well-known West Coast painter. We were invited in for a chat.

By then we were rushed for time. The one and only steamer back to Vancouver had left in the early afternoon and so we had before us a seventy-five-mile drive to Nanaimo to catch the Princess Elaine, sailing for Vancouver at 9 p.m. However, Jack Long, the photographer, insisted that we couldn't leave without first trying the Swiss Restaurant. We were glad we did for the atmosphere (the restaurant is housed in one of the fine old Dunsmuir mansions) and the food (thick steaks cooked on a charcoal grill right in the dining room) were both excellent.

A few hours later, as the Princess Elaine passed under Lions Gate Bridge and entered Vancouver harbor, Kay and I went out on deck for a view of our city at night. From the sea, at night, Vancouver presents a spectacular sight—and, we thought, a really fitting finale to a tourist's weekend in Victoria. ★



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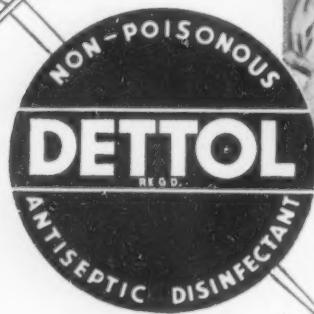
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How would you play this hand to make six spades?

WEST

Mrs. Marjorie Anderson

♦ J 10 6 3

♥ Q J 9 8 6 5

♦ J 7 2

♣

NORTH

Mrs. Kay Boeckh

♦ 8 7 2

♥ 7 1 3 2

♦ A Q 10

♣ A 10 5

SOUTH

George Boeckh

♦ A K Q 9 5 4

♥ A K 10

♦ 3

♣ K Q 7

EAST

Bill Anderson

♦

♥ K 9 8 6 5 4

♦ J 9 8 6 4 3 2



East-west vulnerable

South declarer at six spades

Opening lead: the queen of hearts

The key play in this hand was once called the Anderson coup, after Bill Anderson, a brilliant mathematician and one of Canada's top players. Here, it's used against him, by George Boeckh, also a life master and a close friend of Anderson's.

Bidding has gone regularly: two spades from Boeckh, three from Mrs. Boeckh; then Boeckh bid Blackwood (four no trump) for aces and (five no trump) for kings. He abandoned the try for grand slam when he found the diamond king was missing.

Boeckh takes the first trick with the king of hearts and Anderson discards the nine of diamonds. Boeckh cashes his ace of spades and Anderson drops the four of diamonds.

Boeckh must get rid of a heart loser. How would you do it?

Concluding that Anderson *may* have the king of diamonds (just a guess; Anderson may be false-carding) Boeckh rules out a finesse.

Instead, he cashes Mrs. Boeckh's diamond ace at the fifth trick, after three rounds of trump, takes two clubs in his own hand and forces Mrs. Anderson in with her good spade. When she leads the seven of diamonds, Boeckh is given a ruffing finesse. Anderson plays the king over dummy's ten, Boeckh trumps and throws his losing heart on the queen of diamonds.

The coup will work whatever Mrs. Anderson's diamond holdings: singleton, Jx, Kx, KJ or the hand as it stands.

Life - master - like, Anderson, in describing the hand, emphasizes that east and west are vulnerable. Otherwise, they'd have a good sacrifice in diamonds.

How innocent card players become bridge fiends

Continued from page 31

Canada will see its most spectacular big-time tournament in 1964, when for the first time the summer "national" — which should really be called "continental" — championships are held in Toronto. More than eight thousand bridge fiends will muster in downtown hotels. They will spend most of their visit crouched over card tables in convention, dining and ballrooms converted, for eight days of afternoon and evening sessions, into temporary cathedrals of bridge. Sessions completed, they'll pace ferociously, drinks tinkling, up and down the corridors, waiting for the answer to life's most important question: Who's ahead? So high will the tension grow that, before it reaches its peak on the final day, it is a safe bet that at least one of them will drop dead.

What lures these otherwise - innocents into the big-time grind and keeps them there is a system unique unto bridge: master points. At each of the three hundred and twenty tournaments supervised and accredited by the American Contract Bridge League, the winners and runners-up in as many as eight categories (open

pairs, master pairs, teams of four) are awarded a number of master points based on the importance of the tournament and the number of entrants. Master points are worth nothing tangible. In fact, because of the entry fees and traveling expenses involved, they cost money — ten dollars a point is a good estimate for an average player.

When a player has won three hundred master points he becomes a "life master," sort of a knight commander of bridge. Two thousand U.S. players are life masters; seventy-five Canadians.

It is theoretically possible to buy a life mastership, by playing in enough tournaments and paying acknowledged experts as partners. One wealthy Toronto businessman recently bet \$10,000 he could become a life master in two years. By paying the expenses of superior players, he did surprisingly well in his first few matches. He doubled his bet. His "partners" found out and the price of hiring them to play with him went up.

Most tournament players run from better-than-you-and-me to very good indeed. Towering over them all is a coterie



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roast a lift;

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glass of something nice with
the omelette;

It's Wednesday, and there's just
time for a quick snack
before going to the movies;

It's Thursday, and you're having
a silver-and-crystal dinner with
wine and all the trimmings;

It's Friday, and the fish sticks need
encouragement;

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One expert says, "I get just as much fun from a table of LOL's — bridge's 'little old ladies'"

of real geniuses who are as different from the average as Mickey Mantle is from a Triple A utility infielder.

Among the hundred thousand members of the American Contract Bridge League — including about four thousand Canadians — there are a few score whose names regularly top the major tournaments. An impressive number are Canadians and many have left their mark on the bridge map.

Percival E. (Shorty) Sheardown, the shy, stocky 47-year-old professional who runs Toronto's flourishing St. Clair club, is acknowledged by the game's élite to be among the world's best bridge players. A one-time classics student, Sheardown — who still reads Greek and Latin or sings German folk songs for pleasure — has been playing bridge almost continually since he left the University of Toronto. But he still gets as much fun playing with LOL's — the bridge world's name for its brigades of "little old ladies" — as with experts of his own class. There are few enough of them. Though he spent six years as an intelligence-corps sergeant and has played few tournaments in the 50s, Sheardown is high among the continent's top fifty point winners. And as a teacher, he has been almost solely responsible for making Toronto known, after New York and Miami, as the toughest tournament arena in North America.

A brilliant Toronto actuary has made Canada's biggest contribution to bridge. William Anderson, now president of the North American Life Assurance Company, worked out most of the mathe-

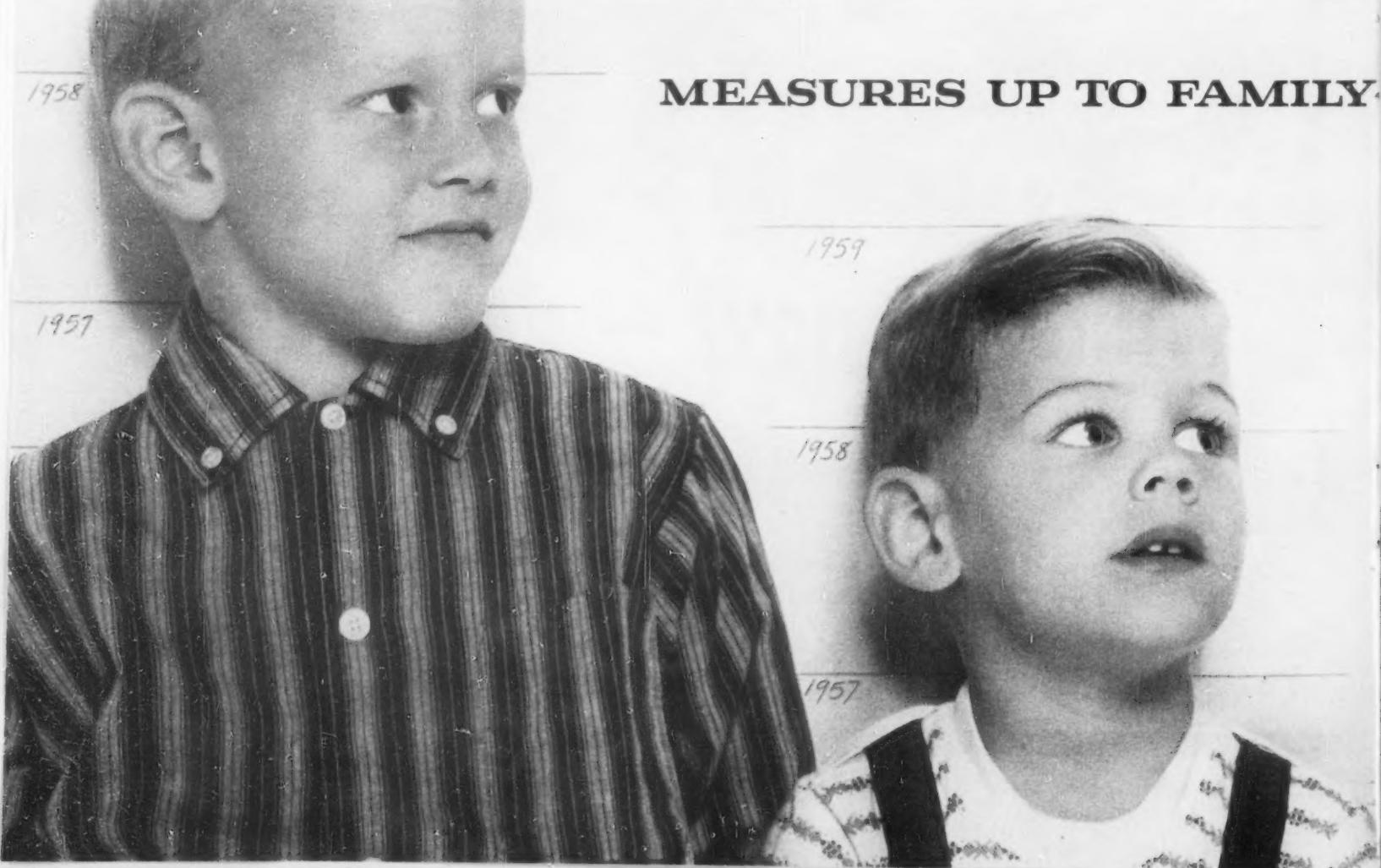
matics behind the most important single development in the game: the Goren point count system.

Charles Goren, a lawyer and a graduate of McGill University, is now the high priest of North American bridge. In 1947, when he was still just a deacon though he'd already written a few books on bridge, he discussed with Anderson a new bidding system he was evolving. Its basis was assigning precise values to high cards and to distribution. To perfect it, Goren needed the talents of a man like Anderson who had become, at 21, the youngest Canadian actuary ever. Anderson agreed and for nearly two years he probed and played, tested and retested Goren's theories. They stood up. Goren published them. The system has been the chief reason why Goren bills himself as the world's foremost authority on bridge and gets little argument and why his books have sold more than five million copies.

In his research and in the competitive play that made him an internationally ranked player, Anderson had the help of his wife, Marjorie, Canada's first woman life master.

Probably the best-known and most-feared Canadian players are Eric Murray, a Toronto lawyer, and Doug Drury, a full-time bridge player, operating out of Vancouver. Murray is our all-time highest point winner (2470) though he's only 30. Drury could well be the game's best bidder and a new wrinkle he evolved, now known as the Drury two-club convention, is used by perhaps ten per-

MEASURES UP TO FAMILY C



cent of North American tournament players. Murray and Drury are the only team ever to have won the U. S. national men's pairs title two years in succession.

Toronto has developed at least two other players of the Murray-Sheardown-Drury class: Bruce Elliott, an accountant, and Bruce Gowdy, also an accountant, now living in Sarnia, Ont. Gowdy was an *enfant terrible* of bridge, becoming a life master at twenty. Elliott, a sports enthusiast but a life-long spastic, has turned a tremendous competitive courage toward the bridge table.

Montreal has produced Sam Gold, a McGill mathematics graduate who was chopped from the civil service early in the Depression and, by necessity, turned his acumen to bridge. For two years he played for a living and became, after Sheardown, our second life master. Gold, now a prosperous businessman, is an active partner in Montreal's Linton Bridge Club.

Bridge is all ability

Some fine women players, too, come from Montreal. Mimi Roncarelli, former wife of the restaurateur who defeated Premier Duplessis in a lengthy lawsuit, is a life master and runs a bridge club. Her favorite partner is Jacquie Bégin, probably our best and undoubtedly our most colorful woman player.

Mme Bégin's lusty-languaged arguments have won her international fame. But she's equally capable of turning on exquisite charm. In recent Quebec City tournament she courteously refused the penalty when a shy opponent, a priest, made an insufficient bid. Sweetly waiving her right to call the director, she allowed the priest to make the bid he had meant, then proceeded to double his contract.

and whip it by four tricks. Although an enforcement of the penalty would have saved him hundreds of points, the priest left the table thanking her profusely for her sportsmanship.

Some skilled younger players are now emerging from the clubs. A former McGill student, Marvin Aultman, began playing bridge at Mimi Roncarelli's club at nineteen and now, two years later, is a life master. Sam Kehela, a brilliant Iraq-born Londoner, has settled in Toronto under Shorty Sheardown's wing and seems headed for international fame. So does Don DaCosta, a young Jamaican, also playing under Sheardown's tutelage.

Many of these experts have forsaken promising careers in business or the professions to devote their lives to computing the permutations and combinations of fifty-two pieces of pasteboard. Why do they do it? What is the fascination of this game-that-is-a-passion?

I asked that question of dozens of bridge experts, teachers, addicts, bums and duffers. Without exception they replied: the competition, the pitting of brain against brain.

"It's like a beauty contest," said Shorty Sheardown. "If you lose at poker, or rummy, you can shrug it off on bad cards. In bridge — at least in duplicate — you can't. If you lose, you lose."

"Except," added Sam Gold, "everyone seems to play with a stupid partner."

It is possible, dealing a pack of cards into four piles, to produce 635,013,559,600 different hands. Even in a lifetime of bridge, it's unlikely you'll see the same hand twice. "You always find something new," said Eric Murray and, like the eyes of all the buffs, his began to shine. "It's the greatest game the world has ever produced."

There are, of course, routine hands

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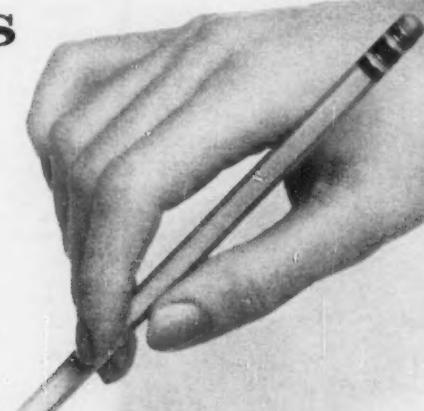
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that you or I might play as well as the experts. But in every session of duplicate there are one or two or three hands that require a special solution, a new problem that requires some original thinking.

But why are the experts better? What makes a good bridge player? Again I asked. Here's their compound list of qualities. With them, you're a potential champion. Without them, you'd better stick to the family foursome.

1 A killer instinct. You can't wait for your opponents' mistakes; you must make

them commit the errors you need.

2 Common sense. There is, insist the men who have it, no such thing as "card sense." A bridge problem is a problem in logic.

3 A willingness to gamble. If a player won't take a calculated risk he won't win. One U.S. national title was won by a Buffalo, N.Y., expert on the last deal. Toward the end of play he realized he had to make a crucial decision about an honor card. It was, he knew, 60-40 that

the card would lie on his left. He also knew that every other expert who played the hand would realize this elementary bridge arithmetic. They'd play it odds-on. If he did, he might tie for the top. He played against the percentage, gambling that the key card would be on his right. It was.

4 Some mathematical skill.

5 Concentration. A good bridge player in mid-hand is completely oblivious to everything but that hand.

6 Memory. The experts say it can be acquired. Most of the real ones can describe, card by card, a hand they played seven years ago.

7 Control. Under the tight-rope tension of a tournament a champion has to remain calm.

8 Experience. Though you'll never see them all, the more bridge situations you have encountered, the fewer you will have to reason out.

9 Condition. Like a boxer preparing for a fight, a bridge expert trains for a tournament, by playing with his chosen partner against first-rate sparring pairs.

10 Stamina. A man who wants to win must have the mental — even physical — power to come up clear-brained and competent after days of solid mind-dredging.

With these abilities, the expert worries about the positions of all fifty-two cards, not just his own hand. His clues are the bidding and the early play of cards. Sam Gold can tell so much from the bidding that he has played exhibition matches in Montreal in which he would bid without looking at his own hand. If the other three men at the table were bidding honestly and with some intelligence, Gold could deduce the strength and distribution of his own cards.

Although the gulf between the expert and the minor-leaguer is as evident as ever, there is no doubt that Canada's kitchen bridge is improving. More people are taking lessons, reading books or columns and taking bridge seriously. The Goren point count has made it more difficult to commit suicide by bidding.

But there will always be duffers. John Jacobson, a scholarly Britisher who has been teaching and playing in Toronto since the days of whist, published in 1941 a distillery-sponsored booklet which contained this hand:

NORTH	
♦	Q, 8
♥	A, 7, 6, 2
♦	J, 10, 4
♣	K, 6, 3, 2
WEST	
♦	A, 10, 7, 6, 4, 3
♥	9, 5, 3
♦	5
♣	8, 7, 5
EAST	
♦	J, 2
♥	Q, J, 10
♦	A, 6, 3, 2
♣	Q, J, 10, 9
SOUTH	
♦	K, 9, 5
♥	K, 8, 4
♦	K, Q, 9, 8, 7
♣	A, 4

There's only one way to beat three-no-trump by North and South. Can you find it?

The defense illustrates a simple unblocking play. The bidding proceeds regularly and South is declarer. West leads the six of spades. Queen from dummy. If East plays the two, his side will make only one spade trick. He must discard the jack, allowing West to make five and set the contract.

Playing at his club, Jacobson was asked to explain this play to a dedicated duffer. He did, duffer nodding wisely throughout. They began to play and, Jacobson swears, on the first hand precisely this deal was made. Jacobson, playing West, smiled and led the six of spades. Queen from dummy. Duffer scratched his head, smiled, and played the two. ★

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"Until my shoulder separated, I had been what the papers called a promising young pitcher"

shiny jackboots. I never quite got over this intimidating introduction to Lew Hayman, who was one of the first football coaches to come to Canada from the U.S. Hayman told me to pick up some gear, and I stayed six years.

There were a few frigid seconds a week or two later, though, when I thought I was leaving on my ear. When I came into the fieldhouse after practice one night a couple of the boys came over and asked if I heard the guy splashing around in the shower. Sure, I said. Well, they told me, he was a no-good big-head. If I wanted to make a lot of friends in a hurry all I had to do was throw a bucket of cold water into that shower stall to cool this guy out.

The bucket was in the air before my gratitude to these big-leaguers for taking me into their horseplay was shriveled by sanity, but by that time it was too late. I knew it had to be Hayman. We worked out an unspoken agreement that kept me with the club. For a few weeks we both pretended I wasn't there.

That season Hayman taught me and a lot of other youngsters what football is all about. By mid-season I knew I had a steady job; a game later I was out of work. What did it was a fairly common football injury known as a shoulder separation. It knit slowly and awkwardly. By the end of the year I had a permanent knob of bone and gristle riding up from my right shoulder and a doctor's promise that I'd never throw anything worth mentioning again.

How to blow a ball game

This bothered me more than you might think. Until the shoulder separated I'd been what the papers called a promising young pitcher for Barrie in the Georgian Bay baseball league of those days. In fact I may have been the only pitcher anywhere who ever started a ninth inning with a no-hit baseball game behind him and a lead of seven runs to nothing, struck out the first two batters, and with one more to retire to make a perfect game allowed so many hits a relief pitcher had to be called in to save the game by a score of seven to six. In spite of the shelling I took in that inning my pitching record was as good as anybody's in the league, and for a pitcher I did well enough at bat — my home-run average, I know, was pretty close to one a game.

This was about the time when baseball scouts for the major leagues in the U.S. were first taking a serious interest in Canadians. The following spring the scouts were holding a try-out camp at Owen Sound, Ont., not far from Barrie, for some of the players in our league, and I'd been invited to attend. But with an arm the doctors said would always be useless for throwing, what could I show them?

My mother took care of that, or almost. Neither of my parents had been even mildly interested in sport on their own account. The closest approach my father, a brakeman and conductor in the Barrie railway yards, ever made to athletics was swinging his lunch bucket. But my mother responded to her sports-crazy kids by somehow becoming an expert of a kind herself; she was the first coach and the first trainer we ever had, and in some situations the best. When she want-

ed a hundred-yard swath cut through a hayfield so she could coach Irene in sprinting starts and kick finishes, she didn't forget that the scything-and-mowing job would condition my back muscles — although conditioning wasn't the word

I used to mutter to myself as I mowed.

In dealing with her kids' athletic injuries my mother was what you might call an instinctual physiotherapist. I guess, because it was no professional but Mrs. Beatrice Storey who proved the

doctors were wrong about my lame shoulder. Every afternoon during the winter following the injury she hustled me outside, stationed me beside a snowbank at one end of the yard and took up a place for herself at the other, and

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alternately coaxed and needled me into trying to throw snowballs at her. By spring I thought I might be a pitcher again.

When the major-league baseball camp opened at Orillia I went down to show the scouts what I had, and when it closed they asked me and one other player to move along to the next stage in the long haul up to the majors — a bigger try-out camp in Florida. The other player, a pitcher, went along. His name was Phil Marchildon, and during his pitching career with the Philadelphia Athletics he

became the best-known baseball player Canada has ever exported.

I stayed behind. In the first place, the scouts weren't interested in my pitching and I couldn't blame them; after a few innings my arm began to go numb. They thought I could hit, though, and I had to agree with them, but even an outfielder needs a dependable arm. Then, too, there was another consideration. If I signed a professional-baseball contract I'd immediately become ineligible to play big-league football or lacrosse in Canada, or hockey in any league but the NHL. With

this one exception, all sport in Canada advertised itself as amateur no matter what its pay scale was, an advertisement that's changed a little but not much in the years since. No professional was or is allowed to play among the amateurs. As an amateur playing football, hockey and lacrosse, I knew I'd earn a little more than a thousand dollars a year. As a professional baseball player with a bad arm I could go from comparative riches to the soup line overnight. I decided to stay on as a poor but self-supporting amateur. Later, when first the New York Giants

and then the St. Louis Cardinals offered me professional football contracts, my reasons for remaining an amateur were the same.

In 1937, my second year with the Toronto Argonauts, the Argonauts won the Grey Cup in a kickers' game against Winnipeg, four points to three. Although I played in the game the team won it without much help from me — I was still a substitute halfback, and I stayed with the second team through all but the last thirteen minutes of the 1938 season.

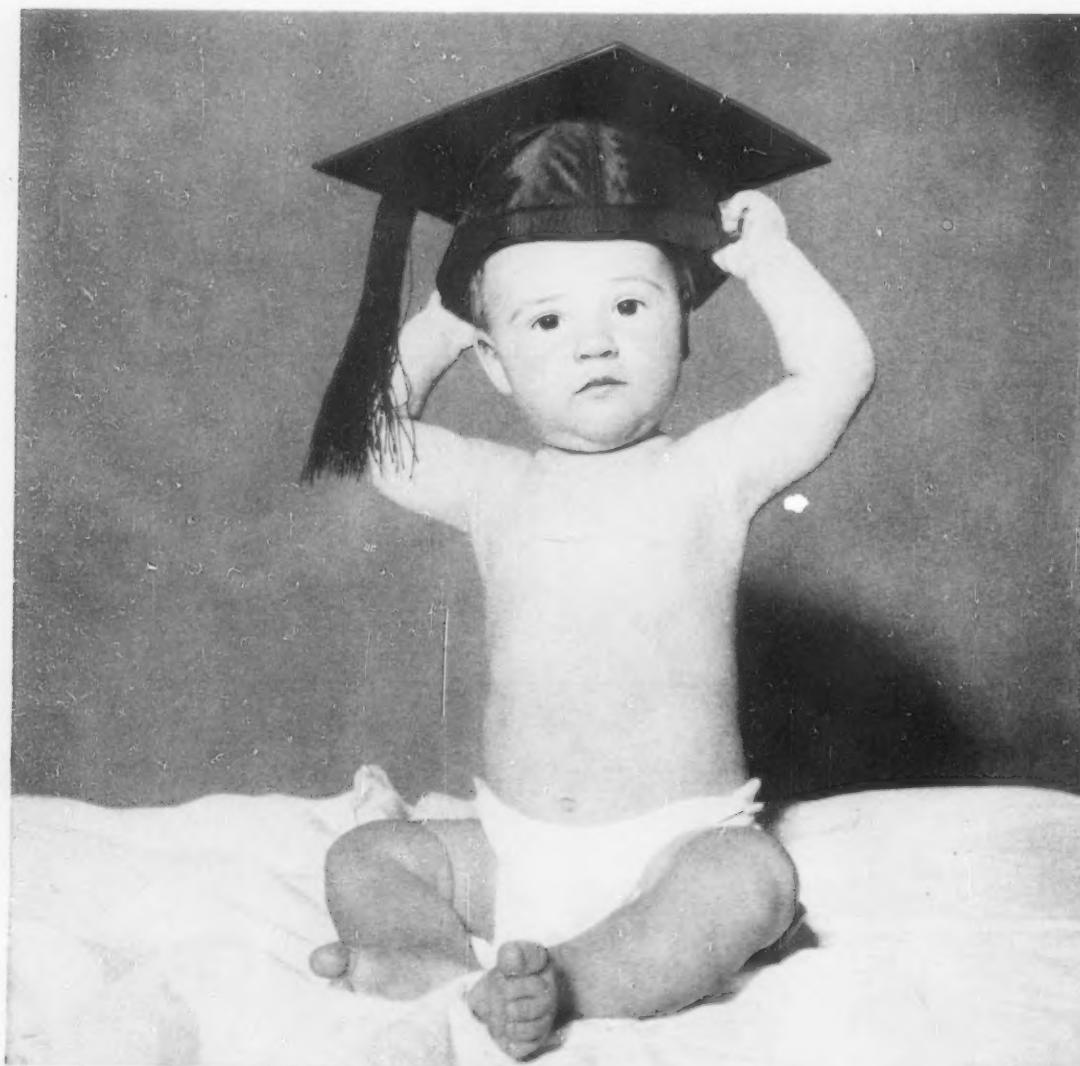
For the Grey Cup game in those years a team was allowed to dress eighteen players, and when Hayman read off my name in the playing lineup for the 1938 game I felt like a winner before I saw the color of the competition's sweaters. For three quarters of the game this looked like misplaced enthusiasm. I sat on the sidelines with the six other substitutes while the Winnipeg Blue Bomber team, which had come from the west with newspaper clippings that proved it was the toughest football club ever fielded in Canada, wore the Argonauts into the ground. At the end of the third quarter the score was Winnipeg 7, Toronto 6.

At this point Hayman sent me into the game, which may have reminded the quarterback, Annis Stukus, that we had what Hayman called a surprise play. As nearly as I've ever been able to make out the only surprise was that Storey got to carry the ball through the line instead of around the end, but a couple of minutes after the quarter started Stukus called the play anyway. I don't think a single Argonaut missed his blocking assignment. There wasn't much left for me to do except run the ball across the Winnipeg goal line twenty-eight yards away, which I did.

"Storey runs wild"

Athletes will tell you that the secret of sport is to be in the right place at the right time. From that play until the clock ran out, I seemed to be in the right place pretty well constantly. A few minutes later I was there to intercept a Winnipeg pass and then plunge for a touchdown. Within minutes Bob Isbister, our kicking fullback, intercepted a Winnipeg pass on our own two-yard line. I happened to be right behind him, and when Bob went down under a hard tackle by Winnipeg's tough little halfback, Fritz Hanson, he flipped the ball to me. I didn't stop running until somebody shoved me out of bounds on the Winnipeg three-yard line, 105 yards away. We scored on the next play, and we scored again a few minutes later when I plunged from the Winnipeg nine-yard line. The final score was Toronto 30, Winnipeg 7.

That night, Saturday, there were victory celebrations until dawn. They picked up again where they left off on Sunday. On Monday morning the parties were over but the back-slapping was just beginning; the newspapers were out with their first accounts of the game, and they leaned heavily on the name Storey. I was twenty years old, momentarily famous, and more than a little worried. I was reading the papers beside the highway leading north from Toronto and it was taking longer to hitchhike a ride home to Barrie that morning than it usually did. I was an authority on hitchhiking up and down the Toronto-Barrie road because I did it, both ways, five days a week for practices and Saturdays for games, almost every week during six football seasons. On the morning I'm speaking of there was a winter wind rasping up from Lake Ontario, and I found that I shivered just as bitterly with a hatful of fresh press clippings.



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pings as I always had without them.

Clippings or no, the three or four best games in my football career came up in the following season, 1939. Most of that year Hayman had me running both ways, on attack and defense, sharing our punting and throwing some of our passes. There was one game against Hamilton Tiger Cats, I recall, when Annis Stukus and I completed ten passes out of ten, although the field was four inches deep in mud. He threw five passes to me, I threw five to him, and we threw the soggy ball like a shot-put specialist tossing the heavyweight. As nearly as I can remember my scoring average that year was about two touchdowns a game, and I led the league in total points.

I didn't know it, but my days as a football player were just about over. In the first game of the 1940 season two Hamilton linemen took me out of play with a high-low block. My right knee couldn't support my weight again until the following spring.

"I always went all out"

Against the advice of the doctors, who more or less predictably said I'd never be able to run again, George Stockwell, the Argonaut trainer of the time, and I worked out a steel-and-leather harness that held my knee together passably. With this piece of saddlework on my leg I reminded amateur humorists in Toronto of a horse running the Kentucky Derby in hobble, but it carried me through another season of football. And, because that was the way I lived in those days, it carried me through another season of lacrosse and one of hockey as well.

Between 1936 and 1942, the only times when I went more than three weeks running without playing one of these three games were when I was in a cast of some kind.

Although I came late to lacrosse, I'd learned the game with the Orillia Terriers and later moved to the Hamilton Tigers and then to the Lachine team in the Quebec league. As far as I know I still hold the Quebec record for goals scored in a single game — twelve, which I shot one night in 1942 while I was playing with Lachine.

But whatever I did in lacrosse or football or baseball, the one game I wanted to play perfectly was the one game I never played with more than mediocre results. I loved hockey, and maybe because I knew I'd never make it, the one ambition that drove me constantly through my playing years was to win a place in the NHL.

Because the hockey and football seasons overlap, I always came to hockey a month or two late and skated most of the season on football legs. This happened during the years when I played for Barrie's junior team. It happened later when I played for River Vale, N.J., and then Atlantic City in the old Eastern Amateur Hockey Association. In 1942, when I had settled in Montreal and the war had suspended Big Four football, I played my only full season of hockey with Montreal Royals. I was too late.

Harness and all, my bad knee couldn't carry me any farther without an operation. A fistful of bone and cartilage came out and the surgeon, as usual, said I'd never run again. This time he was half right. Although I taught myself to move and finally to skate almost as fast as I ever did, the knee wouldn't stand up to the shock of contact sports. I tried a few games of lacrosse now and then but the knee wasn't good enough; the only way I ever played any game in my life was all out, and now I couldn't go that far.

Games were all I knew and all I wanted to know. I had to find a way to stay in sport.

This feeling outlasted the heady moments of the game itself, whatever the game happened to be. Sport gave us a thin-enough living in the thirties and early forties but it gave us something else that seemed to me more useful. The best way to say it, I think, is that for a few of us sport was a brotherhood when almost everybody else was stumbling along on his own.

Injured or not, somehow I had to keep

my membership in that scarred brotherhood. Strangely enough, the idea of refereeing never entered my head. One night in 1943 an official of the Junior B hockey league in Montreal, whose name I can't even remember, phoned and asked me if I'd consider filling in for a sick referee.

I do remember that my income for the evening was a dollar and a half and most of it went in overhead, like tram fares. I'd paid so little attention to referees that I showed up without a tie. By the end of the first period I'd learned only one thing — most players, including me, know as

much about the rules of the game as most fans, which is just enough to holler when they think they've been victimized and no more.

That night I started my second career in sport. ★

In the next issue Red Storey describes the insulted and sometimes endangered life of a referee in small- and big-time sport, and tells why he believes that the incident that led up to his resignation from the NHL was a danger signal for major-league hockey.

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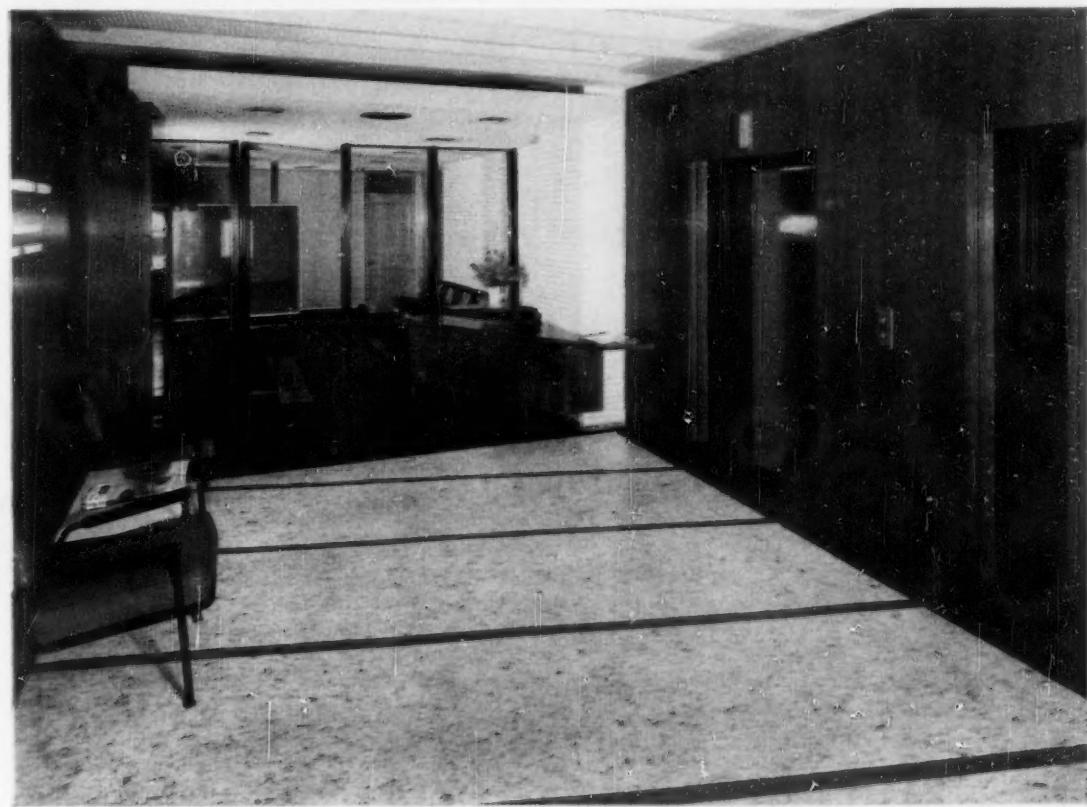
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What are you afraid of? continued from page 29

"Freud said patients who feared snakes or knives really feared sex or aggression"

in kindergarten or in hospital will be agonizing.

When a child is startled or hurt, his fear often spreads to everything connected with the frightening experience. Early experiments demonstrated that a child,

scared by a gong just as he is shown a rabbit, afterward may fear not only anything small, white and furry, but also the room and everything in it including the experimenter. Through this conditioning process, children continually ac-

quire fears that puzzle parents if they don't happen to see the frightening event.

One mother in Toronto left her small daughter playing peacefully in the garden, then returned a few minutes later to find the child crying at the door. For days

the little girl screamed in real terror whenever she was taken outside. By leaving the door open and reassuring her that they were nearby, her parents gradually induced her to venture into the garden for short periods, but the reason for her fear remained a mystery until a neighbor mentioned that workmen in the street had suddenly started up a pneumatic drill just when the child had been left alone in the yard.

Since this response is quite irrational you can't talk a child out of his fear any more than you can explain to a dog that the car won't always take him to the veterinary. Instead you should arrange occasions on which the thing he fears will be associated with things he especially enjoys.

When children catch fear from adults and playmates, on the other hand, they can sometimes be comforted by a reasonable explanation. Like animals, children sense moods so quickly that you can't fool them if you happen to be afraid of thunder or mice. Instead of trying to hide your own feelings you should say casually, "I don't like it much either," and perhaps talk a little about the frightening thing. If a child is afraid of the dark, for instance, you can divert him by showing him the night world with its stars and birds and friendly moonlight. Terror of darkness was once thought to be instinctive, but psychologists now believe that children pick it up from chance remarks or attitudes of grownups. They sometimes use it as an excuse to keep mother from going away at bedtime.

Children fear monsters

Many psychiatrists think that fear of animals is closely though obscurely related to a child's unconscious fear of his parents, which develops from his instinctive resentment of their authority. Even if he never expresses his rebellious fantasies, he feels that his mother and father are aware of them and will punish or desert him. His anxiety about this ambivalent relationship is converted into a fear of animals because he can count on his parents to sympathize and protect him against the fierce dog or the dragons in his dreams.

Nightmares about animals seem to haunt children of all ages, but other fears gather and shift like storm clouds as the child grows older. He grows less fearful of noise and sudden movement and strangeness, and more fearful of the dark and of imaginary monsters. He begins to worry about things that haven't happened yet, and especially about his own ability to cope with them.

As we grow older our fears grow more diffuse, more complex, more clouded with self-doubt. As adults, we disguise our mistrust of our own impulses—guilt, hostility, sexual desire—as phobias about apparently harmless things outside ourselves. Freud found that patients who feared snakes or knives were really afraid of their hidden drives of sex and aggression, while fear of falling represented fear of a moral lapse or a failure in business. Other researchers traced fear back to our first experiences: claustrophobia stemmed from unconscious memories of birth, reinforced by later memories of being shut in small places, and agoraphobia, fear of open space, arose



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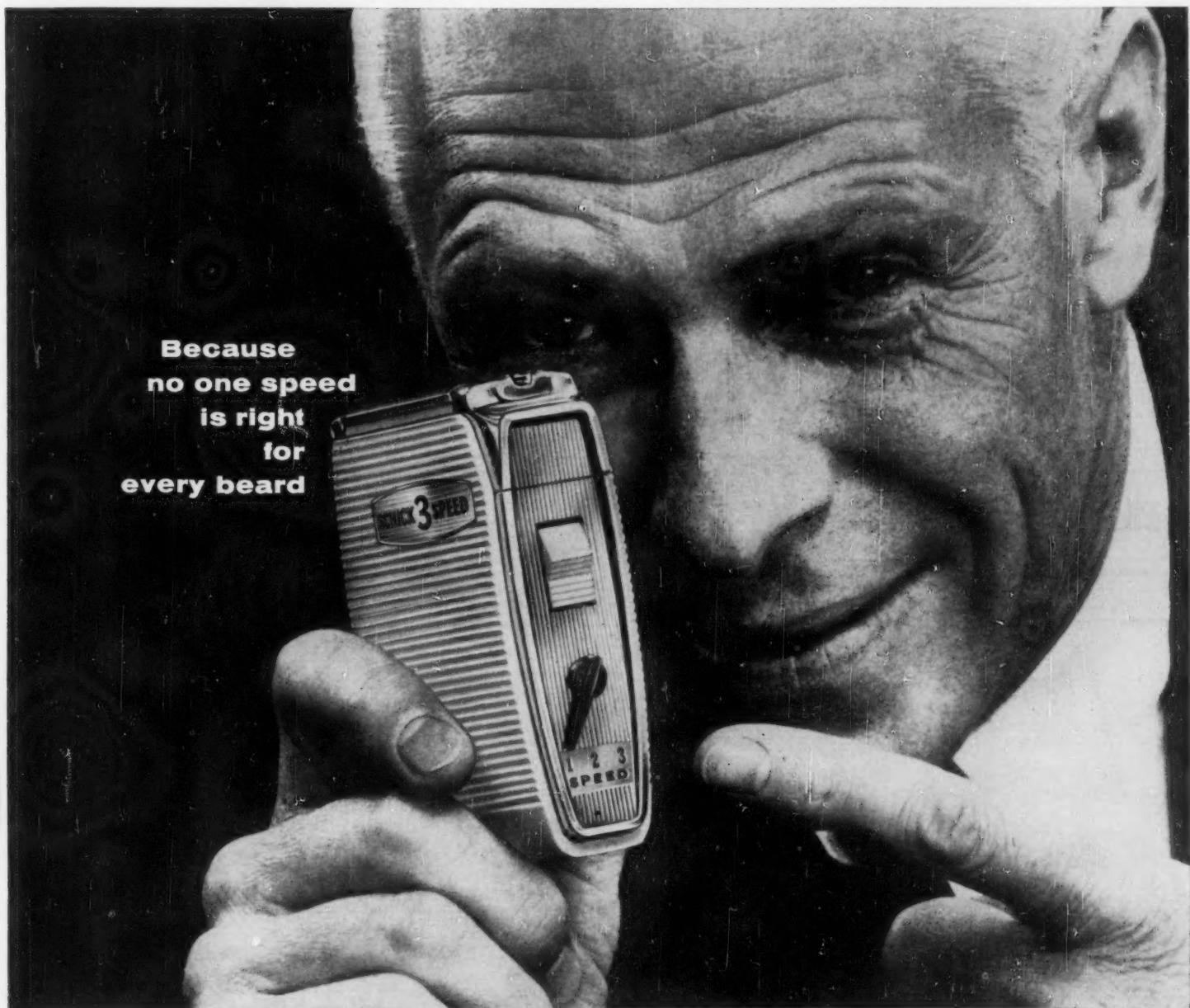
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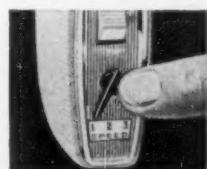
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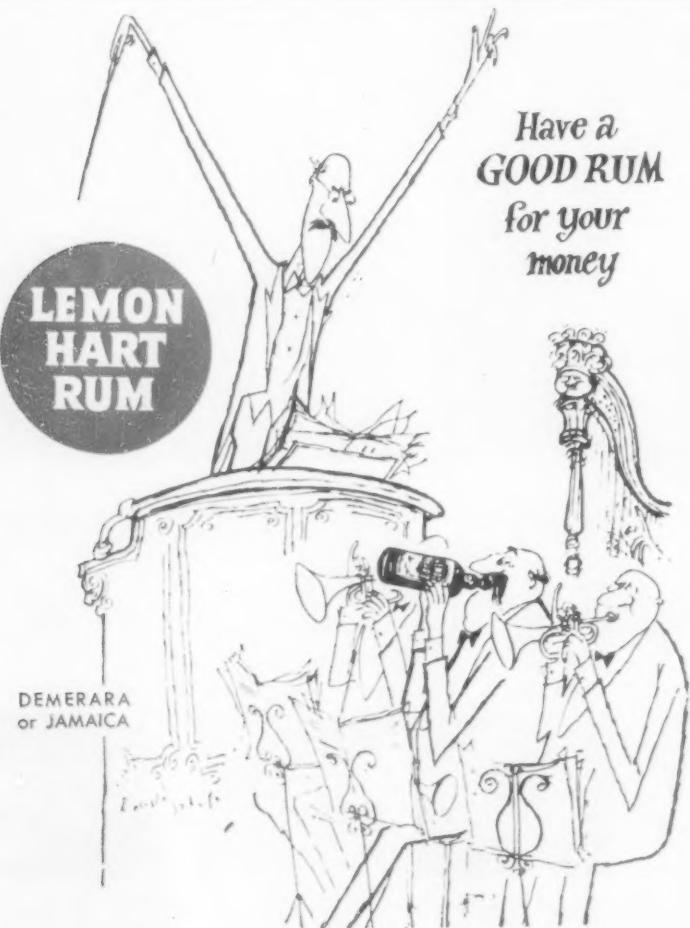
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"Those nineteenth-century classifications — claustrophobia and so on — are thought of as symptoms rather than as separate illnesses nowadays. You can't link specific fears with specific causes," says Dr. John Rich, clinical director of Thistletown Hospital, for the emotionally disturbed, at Thistletown, Ont.

Contemporary psychiatrists find our fears too complicated for these simple labels, but they still trace them to causes within ourselves, not external things. One man in Toronto who saw a psychiatrist, for instance, was afraid of driving anywhere except to work. An executive who had gained his reputation by a series of flukes, he was terrified of making a serious mistake in business. As long as he stayed in his office he could avoid responsibility by referring decisions to his staff. Another man's horror of streetcar tracks remained a mystery until his doctor discovered that his fear was focused on the tracks that led to his mother-in-law's house.

According to Dr. Quarrington, "A person who fears crowds is not so much afraid of the crowd as he is of his own reactions; he's afraid he'll scream or do something embarrassing. People who are afraid of heights are really more afraid of jumping than of falling. They don't avoid high places the way a child avoids the dark. Instead their suicide speculations lead them to arrange things so that they confront heights often."

You can die of fright

Many of us have a tendency to court danger because mild fear is actually a physical stimulant. Racing, riding a roller coaster, even watching a bullfight or a horror film gives us a feeling of heightened awareness, closely related to sexual stimulation. The RAF pilot John Magee, best known for his poem High Flight, spoke of spins as having "a sort of morbid attraction for me, possibly because they were so terrifying."

The physical symptoms of fear — trembling, clammy hands, dry mouth, pounding heart — are all part of your body's automatic response to danger. Instantly, your brain sends impulses through your nervous system to your organs, endocrine glands and involuntary muscles. To prepare you to fight or run away, your heart beats faster in order to pump more blood to your muscles, your blood pressure rises, your breath comes more rapidly to ensure a plentiful supply of oxygen. Your eyes widen as the pupils dilate to give a better view of the danger. Your mouth feels dry because the flow of saliva decreases as digestive activity is suspended. You shiver because the tiny muscles around the roots of the hair of the body contract, causing gooseflesh and a bristling of the hairs like the tail of a frightened cat. You may feel a queer inward shock as the arteries of your abdomen contract.

At the same time your adrenal glands, two small bean-shaped glands just above your kidneys, discharge their stimulating fluid into your blood. Adrenaline quickens the action of your heart and respiratory muscles and lends strength to the muscles of your arms and legs. Meanwhile your liver produces extra sugar for energy and a substance that makes your blood clot more easily if you are injured.

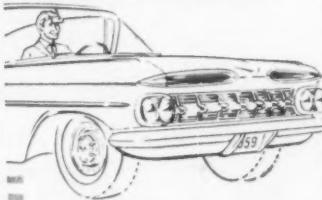
Intense fear can hit your body so hard that you die of physical shock. This is how, in primitive tribes, voodoo victims are frightened to death by a witch doctor's antics. You may react to a slightly less drastic fright by fainting, freezing



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like a rabbit, losing your memory or even falling asleep. This last response is so common among Balinese natives, according to anthropologist Dr. Margaret Mead, that a word meaning "afraid-sleep" is part of their language.

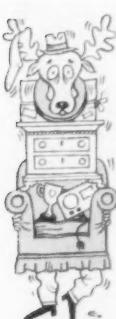
Prolonged fear, unreleased in action, keeps you mobilized in a state of emergency that exhausts your whole body in the same way that bracing yourself to push an immovable wall would soon exhaust your muscles. If the stress continues the adrenal glands increase their hormone output and eventually wear themselves out. The chemistry of your body is thrown out of balance, your resistance to heat and cold and infection and injury collapses, and you are left vulnerable to every kind of illness. According to Dr. Hans Selye, of Montreal, the world-famous pioneer in the study of stress, "We are just beginning to see that many common diseases are largely due to errors in our adaptive response to stress, rather than to direct damage by germs, poisons, or other external agents. In this sense many nervous and emotional disturbances, high blood pressure, gastric and duodenal ulcers, certain types of rheumatic, allergic, cardiovascular, and renal diseases appear to be essentially diseases of adaptation."

Fearlessness may be craziness

The effect of continued mental and physical stress is seen most dramatically in battle fatigue in soldiers after long exposure to combat. Dr. John Rich, of Thistletown, explains, "According to Pavlov, who produced this condition in dogs by environmental stresses, a function of the cortex of the brain actually wears out. These bomb-happy people may appear fearless by running straight into danger, but their actions are really crazy."

Colonel J. A. Dextraze, DSO, OBE, commandant of the Royal Canadian School of Infantry, says, "The amount of fear a soldier can take depends on his temperament. No two individuals react the same. I believe that every man suffers fear in various degrees; there are no fearless men in war."

Dr. Douglas D. Bond, a psychiatrist who studied the effects of fear on men in the U.S. Air Force in World War II, reported, "Fears constituted the greatest single cause for the elimination of fliers following their training and before they entered combat, and were second only to battle wounds in necessitating long-term 'grounding' in the largest combat air force ever assembled." Many pilots developed strange phobias that actually increased their danger by leading them into serious errors of judgment. Some bailed



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out unnecessarily while others were so afraid of parachuting that they rode damaged aircraft into a crash landing. Still others were grounded because of physical symptoms ranging from airsickness to real blindness caused by a terrifying sight.

In a similar way Norm Brioux, a successful stock-car driver in Toronto, now retired from racing, was handicapped by stress. He says, "I raced about six years, and I had a lump in my throat all the time, probably from tension. I couldn't keep it clear and I had to give up smok-

ing. This trouble with my throat was one of the reasons I quit."

Are we more sensitive to fear than our forefathers were? Lord Moran, a British physician who served in both World Wars, says, "There is evidence that the armies of long ago were recruited, broadly speaking, from men who did not feel fear. Their courage seems to have had its roots in a vacant mind. Men suffered more in the 1914-18 war not because it was more terrible but because they were more sensitive; their resistance to fear had been lowered. Some subtle change in

men's nature which was not the effect of the war, but of the conditions of life before the war, had taken place."

Other observers have suggested that anxiety springs inescapably from the pressure to conform and succeed that dominates our culture. According to the world-famed psychiatrist Erich Fromm, "Certain factors in the modern industrial system make for the development of a personality which feels powerless and alone, anxious and insecure." Some psychiatrists claim that modern techniques of communication increase our suscep-

tibility to panic. The contagion of fear was dramatically demonstrated by Orson Welles' famous radio broadcast about a "Martian invasion" in 1938, which terrified an audience already unnerved by the first stirrings of world war.

Our own generation lives in the shadow of the atom bomb. Colonel Dextraze says, "Fear is certainly one of the serious problems of modern warfare. In World War II where, for the most part, troops fought shoulder to shoulder, the close proximity of several comrades gave one some measure of reassurance and helped him combat fear. In Korea where fighting was done on a wider front and the density of troops facing the enemy was much lower, a feeling of isolation was an added problem. On the nuclear battlefield where infinitely greater dispersion will be necessary and where the possibility of destruction from nuclear devices has been added to all the other conventional means, troops will be under even greater emotional stresses than in the past."

Fear haunts the council chambers of the nations and the corridors of our crowded mental hospitals. In countries more materially prosperous than any in history, the annual sale of tranquilizing drugs has soared into millions. Now, when medical research is bringing under control diseases that would once have killed or crippled—polio, diabetes, syphilis, pneumonia—we are more obsessed with anxiety about our health than ever before. Though the life expectancy of a child born today is almost twenty years longer than that of his grandfather, we have developed such horror of death that we cloak it in euphemisms and the genteel formalities of undertakers.

How can we fight fear, this shadowy enemy that comes to us from nowhere and may vanish as suddenly or slip like quicksilver into another guise? We have discarded the idea that you can overcome fear by forcing yourself to face ordeals, like getting back on the horse that threw you.

"I'm inclined to think that you don't get used to fear in this way," says Dr. Mary Northway, of the Institute of Child Study at the University of Toronto. "Attacking a frightening thing over and over again still gives you a pain in the pit of your stomach each time, a pain that can actually harm you. Sometimes you might just as well let a phobia be as go to a psychiatrist and have it dug out, as long as the fear isn't one that limits you severely. You have to be rational about your fears and accept them as part of the pattern of your life." ★



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Consider the difference between a "bargain" that may look good, and a really good watch. Don't buy a watch until your jeweler has shown you the difference. He'll be glad to do it. Remember: only a good watch can stand the test of time.



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A Montreal nun's New Approach to Unwed Mothers is revealed

in Quebec editor Ken Lefolli's heart-warming article

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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"Even if you hate your job, you have a gift your fathers never had — time of your own"

those days the honest husbandman who found no delight in diligence faced scant recompense indeed, save in the hope of heaven.

So the myth was a necessity. But it was a pure invention. There is no foundation for it in any enduring moral code. You will search the Bible in vain for a testimonial to the Joy of the Job. On the contrary, the curse of the Creator upon Adam is revealed by the decree: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

"To business that we love," said Shakespeare, "we rise betime and go to 't with delight." But all over the land, it must be said, millions rise reluctantly and go to their labors with resignation rather than rejoicing.

This is a great pity. An even graver tragedy lies in the fact that these unhappy workers carry with them an added burden — a conviction of guilt engendered by a shabby, threadbare Puritan precept. They feel, vaguely and uneasily, a sense of failure. There *should* be pleasure in work — and it isn't there. This frustration nourishes neuroses.

We all have to work. But we don't have to *like* it. That is a simple truth that badly needs reiteration. To face with indifference, or even active distaste, tasks that seem to us menial or meaningless is a perfectly natural reaction. There is in this attitude nothing either abnormal or immoral. Certainly there are a favored and fortunate few who find in their occupations full opportunity for the release of energies and enthusiasms. There may be soul satisfaction in designing a fleet new motorcar. However, there is precious little stimulation in endlessly tightening nut A-16 on an assembly line. It is unrealistic to pretend that there is.

So what, then, is our counsel to our children who may find their work a chore or a bore?

First, if you are numbered among the dissident workers, analyze your individual situation. Do you have precisely in mind a type of congenial employment for which you have special aptitude and training? Exclude those nebulous dreams of "a better job." For we are concerned now only with well-defined desires. If you have unusual qualifications for another type of work — something you believe sincerely will prove more congenial — and if you are in a position to make the move — then take steps to get the work you want. You may not be any happier in the new vocation — there is drudgery and frustration in every occupation. But you have every right to try.

Let us assume, however, that you are compelled by necessity, or impelled by prudence, to remain in your present position. Accept the situation philosophically. You still have a precious gift — a gift no earlier generation could claim in such abundant measure. You have *time* — time of your own, to spend as you will.

This gift of time is relatively new. As recently as 1870 a leading department store opened its doors daily at 7 a.m., closed at 8 p.m., except Saturday, when the closing hour was 9 p.m. Clerks were expected to be on hand well before the opening hour and to put their stocks in order after the store closed. They were required to sweep floors; dust furniture, shelves and showcases; trim wicks, fill lamps, clean chimneys — and even make their own quill pens! In addition, a store

bulletin of the period decreed that each male clerk "shall bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business."

It is to be assumed that an average employee hadn't much energy for mis-

chief after a fourteen-hour day on such a job. Still a benevolent employer took no chances:

"Each employee will attend fast meeting on Thursday. Also you are

expected to attend your Sunday school.

"Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, gets shaved at the barber shop, frequents pool halls or public dance halls, will give his employer every reason to sus-

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picion his integrity, worthy intentions
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Well, we have journeyed quite a distance sociologically in ninety years. Now, with the changing scene, you have many more hours to devote to activities beyond your daily occupation. Have you ever considered how much time you really have? Let's see:

Twenty-four hours a day multiplied by seven yields 168 hours a week. To an average job, these days, you probably devote no more than 40 hours a week. This leaves a balance of 128 hours—more than three quarters of your total time. This is theoretically "free" time, to invest as you will. Of course, you must eat and sleep. So let's make another deduction of 12 hours a day—84 hours a week—half of your original allotment. And what have we left? There is a balance of 44 hours of leisure—actually, more than the total time you devote to your daily job! And we haven't taken into account statutory holidays and your paid vacation.

With these precious hours you may now turn to any avocation you desire. Run down the alphabet of hobbies and make your choice—anything from tinkering with automobiles to playing the zither. Surely lack of time is no longer a valid excuse for inaction.

Of course, there are difficulties, obstacles, distractions. There always have been. Don't delude yourself with the alibi that you need "more time" to put your air castle on a firm foundation. Leisure can become a debilitating disaster. Let me tell you a true story:

In England, in 1775, there was born a young man who had, so far as we are able to learn, absolutely no aptitude for

Housebound

My offspring seem, in many ways,
To multiply on rainy days.
Confined with all the roar of them
I swear that there are more of them.

BETTY ISLER

business. Nevertheless, he was compelled by circumstances to spend thirty-three years of his life performing distasteful clerical duties in a London counting-house. Twelve hours a day he worked, six days a week, the year around. At home the care of a periodically demented older sister took much of his strength, left little leisure.

Yet, somehow, this man—his name was Charles Lamb—found time—made time—to create a prodigious quantity of prose and verse, including essays that give him enduring rank among the masters of his craft.

Then, in his forty-ninth year, this mild, busy little man realized the dream of a lifetime. He was retired on an annual pension—given the great gift of time. With his sister no longer a burden, he moved to the suburbs to revel in writing. The leisure proved demoralizing. Until he died eight years later—as the result of an accidental fall—Lamb frittered his days away, unable to create a worthwhile line.

Now, it is certain that few of us could become immortal essayists regardless of how much—or how little—time we had at our command. But we can do something—raise mushrooms, start a

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guests →

with the
secret of
seasoning
... on your
table and
in your
cooking



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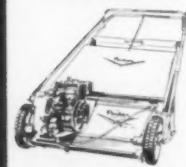
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Attaches to riding mower

goldfish farm, become an authority on ceramics. In fact I personally know dis-satisfied jobholders who have found relief and relaxation in these very avocations.

Years ago, I knew a streetcar motorman who had a passion for posies. All his life he had wanted to grow flowers. Unfortunately he lived in a city flat, with scarcely room for a flower box. But out on the edge of town, at the end of his run, the streetcar company owned a barren, unsightly quarter of an acre, used as a turntable. Here, on each trip, the motorman had a layover of seven minutes. With this time, amounting to scarcely more than an hour a day, our motorman cleared, spaded, planted and cultivated that unpromising tract. In a matter of weeks he transformed it into a bower of beauty. In the process he transformed himself from a disgruntled, dejected workman to an animated, vitalized person with a consuming personal interest.

Undertaker turned actor

This brings to mind the case of another flower enthusiast — a man who didn't even know he had an interest in growing things until he developed it quite by accident. He operates a cotton-bag plant. It is a lucrative but hardly an inspiring occupation. To employ an active mind he turned to various hobbies. Then, ten years ago, a neighbor gave this man a few scrub camellia bushes. They flourished and flowered. Our friend's interest grew correspondingly. The next season he bought some better varieties. Finally he acquired a small greenhouse, then a larger one. Today he is a recognized camellia expert. The creator of many new varieties, his services are constantly in demand as a judge at flower shows all over the country. The bag business still yields him a living, but camellias give him a rich and satisfying life.

This story brings out a point worth noting. Not all of our restless, yearning malcontents are wage earners. Many an individual with a prospering enterprise is vaguely discontented — perhaps because, like a friend of mine, youthful ambitions were thwarted through some unavoidable circumstance. This man wanted to be an actor — he wound up an undertaker! The fine, long-established family business had to be carried on by someone. As the only son he became, at the sudden death of his father, the unwilling but inevitable nominee.

He used to brood over his fate. However, the last time our paths crossed he looked ten years younger; I have rarely encountered a happier mortician. The solution was simple. Since he couldn't go on the stage, he brought the stage to his town. He launched a local Little Theater movement. It was prospering. And he couldn't have been more elated over a Broadway triumph.

It all comes down to this: If you can't find joy in your job, don't let it bother you. Seek an outlet for your creative urges in a congenial avocation. ★

This is an excerpt from You And The World To Come, copyright 1959 by Maxwell Droke, to be published later this fall by Harper & Brothers.

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT APPEARS IN SUPPORT OF YOUR BAKER OR YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD STORE

London Letter

Continued from page 10

argued and joked about their experiences. In France there are no laws whatsoever about supplying drinks. If a cafe is open it gives you anything you want, because wine or beer is their natural drink and there is no sense of adventure about it. But in nearly five hundred miles

of motor travel we never saw anyone the worse for drink.

In the course of time we arrived at the unlovely city of Lille, the centre of the French steel industry. There were some parks but one could almost feel the disapproval of the foundries at the waste of ground.

How pleasant it was to climb the stairs and enter the modest offices of the British Consul! He had already prepared the documents which would purge our crime and was very sorry to have to tell us that the attendant expense would be in the

neighborhood of thirteen pounds. Then we had a cup of tea and talked of England and, as beffited the theme, our voices were gentle and quiet.

Then back we went on the long trail to Le Touquet where we dined at our hotel at nine o'clock, the popular hour. After that we went to the Casino and, as it was a Saturday, we had to wear formal evening dress to be admitted. You cannot lose money on a Saturday night unless you dress for it. Somewhat weary from our travels, we went home to bed at one o'clock.

What is more pleasant than a swim in the ocean during the morning, a game of golf in the afternoon, and the casino at night? When a Frenchman and his wife go bathing in the sea they take their whole family and it is a common sight to see a six-year-old being knocked down by breaking surf. The papa or maman shouts advice but they let the youngsters look after themselves. In fact, a French family is a single unit with madame in full charge and papa a rather backward eldest child.

How would you define a gentleman? In England they would define a gentleman as one who went to a public school (which means a private school) with some social background and a bit of land, or an ex-officer who served in the Brigade of Guards. Yet I realized more vividly than ever before that in France they have the basic phraseology of equality whereas the English have the phraseology of inequality.

Take for example these commonplaces of ordinary day-to-day greetings in French and in English. My golf caddy at Le Touquet, a man of fifty years or so, greeted me each day with: "Bonjour, monsieur." Likewise his wife, if she were caddying for my wife, would say: "Bonjour, madame." That is the same greeting the rich and the powerful would use with each other.

In English the words "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," as well as "Yes, madam" or "No, madam," are based upon class distinction.

For ten days the same Frenchman carried my clubs, and for ten days he was accompanied by his little eight-year-old daughter who was as completely feminine as any creature could be. The course was about three miles long but she always came with us. Sometimes she would take her father's hand but if I suggested that she should do the same with mine she would get behind her father for protection and look at me with mock fright.

Day after day my admiration of this French caddy grew and expanded. With the true meaning of the word he was at once a man of the people and a great gentleman. Toward the end of our holiday he said that he would not be able to caddy again for me but gave no explanation. So we shook hands while *la petite* looked suspiciously at me from the security of her father's back. That was all.

"I'm sorry about that chap," said the caddy master, who is an Englishman. "They're operating on him tomorrow and his chances are pretty slim."

If that is not a word portrait of a gentleman, a great gentleman, then the fault is mine.

Now we are back in a London still talking about President Eisenhower's visit, where the political parties are girding themselves for the general election. Parliament will meet only to announce the dissolution and the election, unless some untoward happening forces a postponement.

I have returned home with a conviction in my soul that France is rising to new heights. Under the stern leadership of President de Gaulle — a difficult but incorruptible man — the greatness of France is re-emerging. I saw it and I felt it wherever we went.

Remember it was the French mob that stormed the Bastille with little more than their hands and their courage and raised the immortal cry: "Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!"

We went to France for a holiday but we saw a nation rising from the mists of the years. France is herself again. ★



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Will Germany's Krupp become Canada's biggest mining man? continued from page 17

In ore ships as big as the Queens, the Ungava iron will be ferried to Rotterdam harbor

freighters has already been completed on the site. A twenty-five-mile railroad has been designed to connect the docks with the pits, where the ore will be mined, crushed and compressed into pellets containing sixty-five percent iron. Eventual annual output is planned at five million tons of concentrate. The two thousand men required to work the project will live at a new townsite off Hopes Advance Bay, already designed down to every house, school, church and shopping centre for an eventual population of five thousand.

So that iron ore can be available on a year-round basis, a \$25-million harbor is now being surveyed at Rype Island, four miles southeast of Godthaab, the capital of Greenland. It is planned to set up installations in this sheltered, ice-free area for transshipping the ore brought out during the four months when Hopes Advance Bay is navigable. Ore ships will spend the balance of the year shuttling the 2,340 miles between Rype Island and Europort, an extension of Rotterdam harbor.

The ships with blunt, ice-breaker-like bows expected to be used in this trade will be the largest ore carriers ever built—99,000 tons deadweight and just 130 ft. shorter than the giant Queen Elizabeth. Each of the \$16-million vessels will be designed to contain its own automatic loading and unloading equipment, an innovation in bulk transportation. It is hoped that the mine and town at Hopes Advance Bay will eventually operate on nuclear power, but until this energy source becomes economical, a 60,000-kilowatt generator will be run on bunker fuel brought in on tankers from Venezuela.

"Back to Nuremberg!"

The beginning of the Hopes Advance Bay development will be the culmination of a world-wide search launched by the principal German steel mills in the early 1950s to obtain long-term substitutes for the ore sources cut off by Russia's occupation of East Germany. At about the same time, Cyrus Eaton was looking for customers large enough to participate with him in the exploitation of the Ungava deposits which his prospectors had been developing as a future replacement for the iron-ore mines at Steep Rock Lake, Ont., now feeding his U.S. steel mills. Dr. Edwin Krzywicki, a Krupp geologist, examined the find during the summer of 1954 and reported eventual reserves amounting to billions of tons. Krupp himself came to inspect the site in the fall of 1957, but his mother's death interrupted the visit. He stayed briefly at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (registering merely as "Alfried von Bohlen und Halbach") while pickets representing the Montreal Labor Council paraded outside bearing placards with such slogans as "Back to Nuremberg, War Criminal!" and "Krupp—Enslaver!"

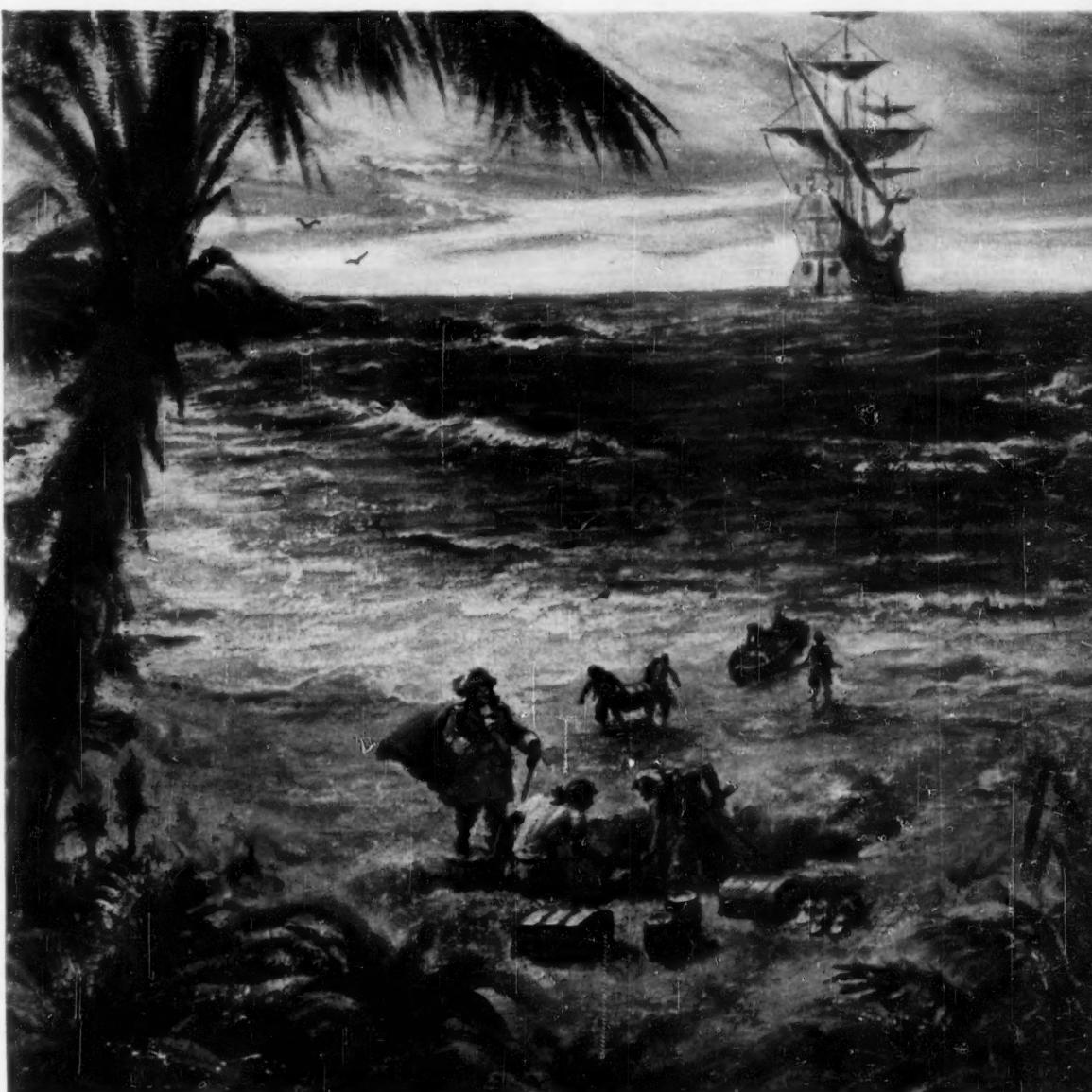
None of the pickets and few other Canadians were aware that one of Krupp's subsidiaries had been operating a million-dollar factory called Ardel Industries of Canada Limited at Kitchener, Ont., since 1954. The thirty-acre plant manufactures cranes, hydraulic gates, structural steel bridges, shiploading conveyors, mining equipment and ski tows. The company's customers have included

the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, the Aluminum Company of Canada and the city of Lethbridge, Alta., which ordered a powerhouse crane. The Krupp enterprises in Germany are also

selling an increasing number of industrial machines directly to Canada. "We feel that this is a politically stable, sound and big country with a lot of growth potential," says Ralph Stolting, a Montreal businessman who is Krupp's personal

representative to Canadian business.

Stolting's boss is in the fifth generation of the dynasty which has provided the prime source of armaments for Prussian militarism since 1847. Alfried Krupp is a shy, melancholy man with a Bob Hope



Captain Morgan supervises burying of Spanish treasure at Discovery Bay — 1669.

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B-38M

nose set between probing steel-grey eyes. He speaks very slowly (his French and English are heavily accented), chain-smokes Lucky Strikes, and issues most of his orders from a bare office at Essen, with the preamble: "I think perhaps if we . . ." The emotionless detachment of his management method fits less the image of a corporation executive than that of a hereditary monarch.

Alfried Krupp was born in 1907, the year that his family works completed its fifty thousandth cannon and first U-boat. The family album proudly records that young Alfried measured twenty-one inches at birth and could, at the age of one, stand up alone in bed. He was first allowed to breakfast with his parents on his sixth birthday, and four times a week, for an hour before supper, his father joined him for play which consisted of operating electric trains. Alfried left home at twenty-one to get an engineering degree. In 1934 he became a deputy director of the family firm and joined the Nazi Party in 1936.

He nearly lost the Krupp crown the following year by marrying Anneliese Bahr, the daughter of Hamburg importer. For reasons which still remain secret, his father opposed the marriage so strenuously that he did not make Alfried a full director until he obtained a divorce, in 1941. He was married again in 1952 to Vera von Hossenfeldt, a German-American movie actress, who described Alfried as "the only man I ever loved," but divorced him four years later. She now lives on a 400,000-acre ranch in Nevada.

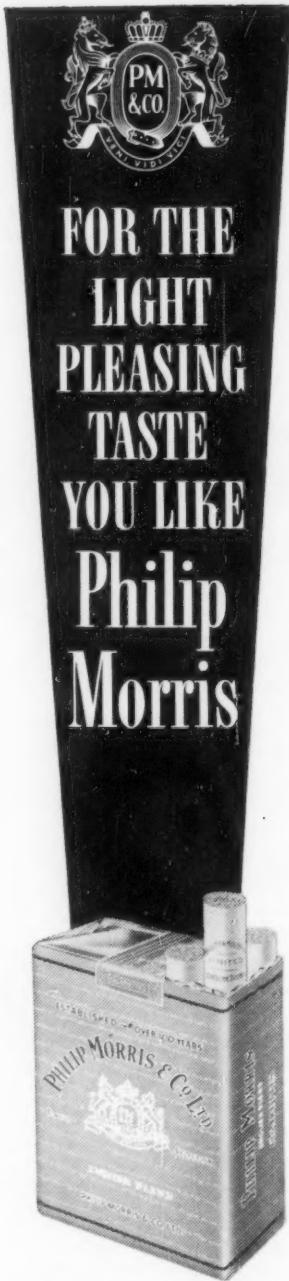
Alfried took over direction of the Krupp enterprises, by then Hitler's chief source of armaments, in 1943. A quarter of a million men and women toiled in Krupp workshops fashioning such weapons of destruction as "Tiger" tanks, the versatile "88" guns, submarines, and "Fat Gustav," the railway-mounted eighty-centimetre artillery pieces that shattered the defenses of Sevastopol. As part of their torch-lit indoctrination rites, fledgling Hitler Youths vowed to become as "tough as leather, as quick as greyhounds, and as hard as Krupp steel."

The Allies dropped more than two thousand tons of bombs on the Krupp works at Essen in fifty-five attacks. Finally the great raid of March 11, 1945, halted the production lines. Krupp was arrested by the U.S. Ninth Army a few weeks later.

"He took his arrest calmly, as if he expected it," recalls Col. A. N. Burgess, a coal-company executive in Saint John, N.B., who was at the time military commander of the Ruhr. "Krupp was not a bit arrogant with me, but he didn't think much of the American troops who arrested him."

Krupp's indictment covered fifty-one pages, detailing sixty-five charges, including the exploitation of slave labor. His trial lasted six months, one of the longest at Nuremberg. "As a member of the fifth generation which forged weapons, I should like to say that never in my parents' home did I hear one word or experience one act which welcomed or promoted any war," declared Alfried. One of the firm's directors replied more bluntly when asked whether the company had made arms for Hitler. "It is obvious," he said, "that during the war we didn't just produce chamber pots."

"This huge octopus," charged the presiding U.S. judge, "swiftly unfolded one of its tentacles behind each new aggressive push of the Wehrmacht and sucked back into Germany much that could be of value to Germany's war effort and to the Krupp firm in particular."

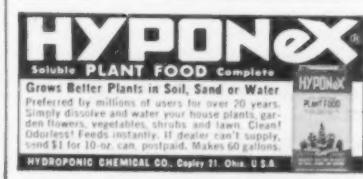


Arthritis Pain so bad —relief like "miracle"

"I was a victim of arthritis pain for years," writes Mrs. A. H. L. Hagerstville, Ont. "Pain in my ankles, knees, hips and shoulders was so bad I could hardly stand it. I tried many things, but the terrible pain never let up until a friend persuaded me to try DOLCIN. I'm so glad I did, for DOLCIN acted just like a 'miracle'! I'm relieved. I now feel well and happy, with DOLCIN the only remedy that really worked for me in all my years of suffering."

If you too have almost despaired of finding fast, sure relief from the misery of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis and muscular pain, try DOLCIN at once. See why thousands, like Mrs. A. H. L., praise Dolcin so highly. Your druggist has DOLCIN Tablets.

59-2



... it was one of the chief beneficiaries of Nazi invasions and wars." Krupp's offenses were not limited to his association with the firm he headed. It was established that he took part in violating all the pertinent provisions of the Geneva Convention. The prosecution proved that most of Krupp's seventy-five thousand workers, including twenty-five thousand prisoners of war, were brutally treated as part of the Nazi "extermination through work" campaign. More than five hundred Hungarian Jewesses were brought to Essen from nearby concentration camps, shorn of their hair and most of their clothing, then forced to labor outdoors and made to live in bare cells on starvation diets. Krupp was found guilty of exploiting slave labor and plundering the industries of conquered countries. He was sentenced to twelve years in the fortress of Landsberg, the same prison where Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, following the failure of his "Beer Hall Putsch" in Munich in 1923.

John J. McCloy, the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, freed Krupp under the amnesty provisions of 1951. Most of his pre-war holdings were returned to him, but he had to pledge to divest himself of all his steel mills and coal mines by January 31, 1959. The deadline date passed without Krupp's fulfilling his promise. He maintains that no one has stepped forward with the \$550 millions in cash required to buy the disputed properties. It's now virtually certain that Krupp will keep all of his prewar assets, as there is no authority left to enforce the order to sell out—the West German government has never identified itself with the sales directive, and the occupation authorities who issued it no longer exist.

"We don't want arms business"

Aided by generous tax-write-off provisions from the West German government, Krupp began to rebuild the family empire on the afternoon of his release from prison. Six million cubic yards of rubble at the Essen works, including seven hundred unexploded bombs, were replaced by gleaming new structures that housed modern equipment able to produce faster and more cheaply than the relatively unbombed heavy industry of Britain and France. The firm turned its first postwar profit in 1954.

The Krupp family has never released earnings figures, but German financial experts have estimated that the firm's 1959 turnover will exceed a billion dollars. Krupp engineers, metallurgists and salesmen roam the globe for new markets. When customers are short of cash Krupp accepts raw materials, or lends them money. The firm is currently concentrating on a long-term development program in the Middle and Far East. Krupp engineers are installing a giant steel mill in India, a vegetable-oil processing plant in Pakistan, and an entire new harbor at Bangkok, in Siam.

A Krupp subsidiary at Bremen is turning out jets for the new German air force, but no other weapons are currently contracted for. Krupp says he doesn't want defense business. "An armaments period," explained one of the firm's directors recently, "lasts about ten years—six years needed for arming, four for war. Then the war is lost, and you sit there with a lot of useless machinery."

Two fifths of Krupp's current earnings are derived from the steel mills and coal pits he promised to sell as a condition of his release from prison. Instead of selling, Krupp has added to both his steel and coal holdings in a typically

Will your cat have 9 lives?

Not nine... just one that will seem as long and happy as nine if you bring him up on *Puss'n Boots*. But thousands (yes *thousands*) of well-meaning people shorten that one life by feeding their pets a hopelessly inadequate diet.

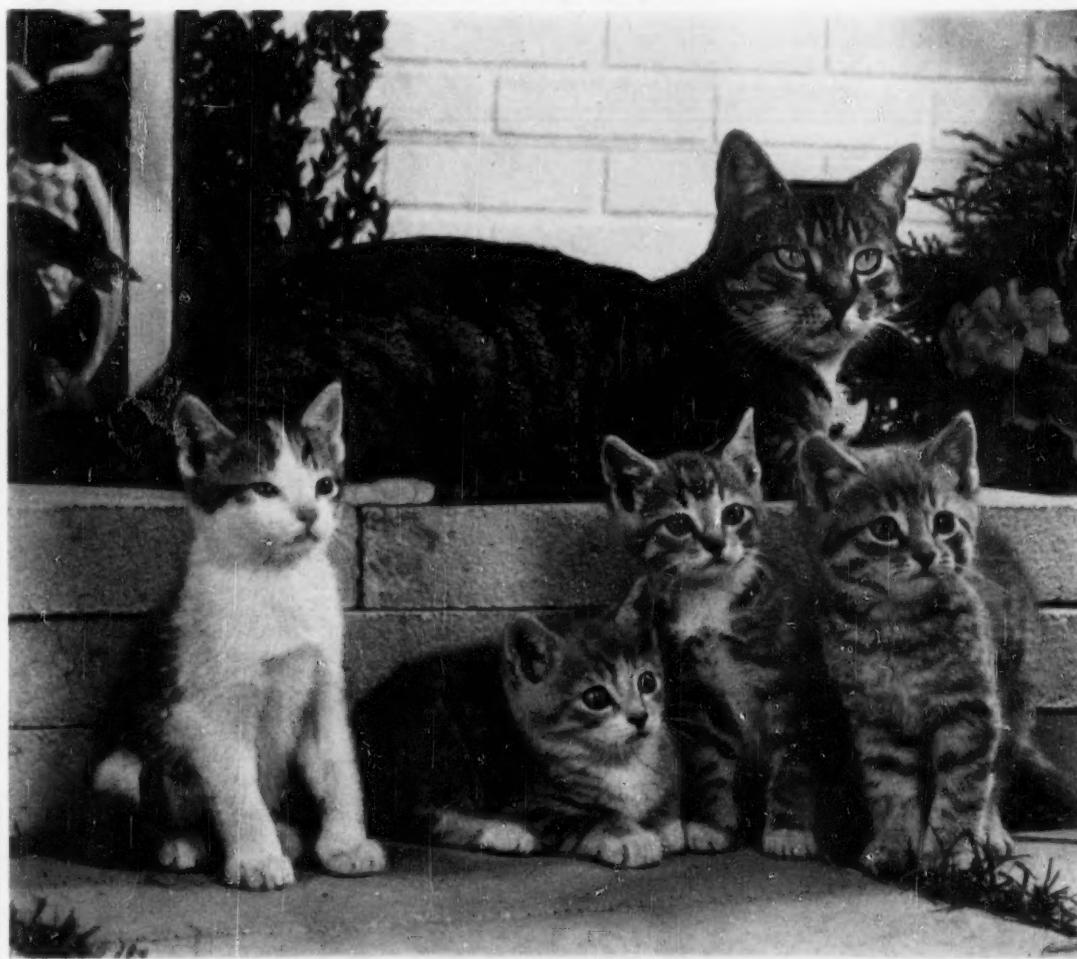


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roundabout and complicated deal.

He started to comply with the Allied decree by selling a large section of his coal pits to Axel Wenner-Gren, the long-standing associate of the Krupp family who now holds development rights over one tenth of British Columbia. The Swedish millionaire then acquired control of Bochumer Verein, Germany's largest producer of specialty steels. Bochumer bought the coal mines. Then Wenner-Gren sold the majority of shares in Bochumer to Krupp, giving him back the ownership of his pits, and boosting

Krupp's steel-making capacity to four million tons a year—more than that of all Canadian mills combined.

To celebrate industrial coups of this nature, Krupp holds receptions at the two-hundred-room Villa Hügel, the family's monstrous, cheerless ancestral home overlooking the plant at Essen. Alfred now lives in a ranch-style, fifteen-room bungalow on the estate's grounds and cows graze among the once precise hedges of the Villa's gardens, but the mansion was, for seventy years, the nerve centre of the Krupp empire.

"It's a magnificent home," recalls Col. Burgess, the Canadian officer referred to earlier, who used the Villa as his headquarters after World War II. "The dining room can seat one hundred and eighty-seven guests. The ballroom has no windows, but lights, shining through a dome ceiling made of painted glass, give a magnificent picture." The mansion's fantastically elaborate trimmings include bell pushes fashioned of precious stone. Recessed into the wall of a basement billiard room is a symbolic representation of the Krupp family tree, back to 1587.

The dynasty's first identifiable member was Arndt Krupp, a sixteenth-century Rhine wine merchant whose son married into a patrician family engaged in the manufacture of armor. The Krupps prospered briefly as armorers during the Thirty Years' War, but the family's industrial history begins with Friedrich Krupp, who put up the continent's first cast-steel foundry when Napoleon's blockade of England cut the continent off from supplies of high-quality British steel. His son, Alfred, assembled one of the first Krupp cannon for the 1851 International Exhibition in London's Crystal Palace. It was a six-pounder that substituted an inner tube of cast steel for the bronze or heavy iron used up to that time, making it easier to load, more durable and more accurate.

The 1860s ushered in the first era of competitive modern armament. Krupp guns eventually became standard weapons of the British, French, Prussian and Russian armies, symbolizing this age of blood and iron. In his efforts to expand the heavy-gun market, Alfred Krupp even had drawn up the preliminary designs for an "armor boat" which would mount a single gun firing in two directions simultaneously. One shot was to be aimed at the enemy, the other into the water behind the vessel, thus absorbing the recoil which then prevented the use of the large cannon at sea.

The House of Krupp established a private artillery testing range near Essen with shell-proof observation posts for visiting ordnance purchasing agents. Alfred seldom allowed his private interests to be affected by national animosities, even if his own country was involved. When Germany defeated Austria in 1866 and France in 1871, Krupp cannon fought on both sides. Krupp was ordered by the German government to arm his factory workers with rifles during the War of 1870, as there was a possibility of French troops advancing across the Rhine.

"Nonsense," he snorted. "If the French come to Essen, we'll offer them roast veal and red wine, otherwise they will destroy the factory."

Krupp salesmen were "ambassadors"

Under Alfred's inspired stewardship, 24,576 guns were produced—only 10,666 of them for Germany. By the time he died in 1887, the works were employing twenty thousand. In a bedroom closet kept locked during his lifetime was discovered a collection of fifty-three medals and decorations, awarded the arms-maker by the grateful governments of twenty-one countries. Many of them were shooting Krupp cannon at each other at the time of their presentations.

Alfred's son, Friedrich, preferred amateur zoology to making guns, but the momentum implanted in the Krupp enterprise by his father doubled employment during the next three decades. The firm, under Friedrich, appeared as the creator of original designs on both sides of the flourishing rivalry between guns and armor. Krupp designers would alternately announce the supremacy of one over the other, reaping large orders and enormous profits from both. Salesmen, who called themselves "Plenipotentiary Representatives of The House of Krupp," were accredited to all of the world's important governments in the manner of ambassadors. By 1902, the year Friedrich died, his private fortune was estimated at two hundred million marks, increasing at the rate of twenty-five million marks a year.

As there were no male heirs to follow



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Friedrich, the Krupp empire passed to Bertha, his eldest daughter. When she married Dr. Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, a Prussian Councillor of the German Legation at the Vatican, Kaiser Wilhelm II issued an imperial edict allowing the groom to assume the Krupp name. The couple managed the burgeoning enterprise together, working on opposite sides of an oak desk the size of a ping-pong table. Four trains were kept occupied running ammunition to the works' artillery ranges, where tests sounded like a continuous private war. New weapons were developed with little regard for Germany's own armaments policy. When, in 1906, Graf von Zeppelin, a German army officer, demonstrated the defense applications of his dirigible, Krupp's designed guns with projectiles especially fitted to pierce the airships, and sold them to Germany's enemies. By the outbreak of World War I, the House of Krupp had sold more than sixty thousand cannon to fifty-two countries.

German economists have estimated that Krupp's made a profit of \$200 million from World War I—the equivalent of twenty good peacetime years. The firm's workers, more than a hundred thousand, turned out most of the Kaiser's U-boats, guns and shells, as well as all of Germany's barbed wire. The best known product was Big Bertha, the forty-two-centimetre mortar that helped to clear the way for the German advances into Belgium and France. Its name was also applied to the mammoth 150-ton gun that shelled Paris at a range of eighty miles. The weapon's 112-foot barrel had to be slung from special blocks, to be "straightened" after each round. Its crew of sixty seaman-gunned was commanded by a full admiral. Every shot was accompanied by a simultaneous salvo from the ninety guns of adjacent batteries to render the task of Allied flash-detection detachments more difficult. Forty aircraft guarded the weapon from the sky. A chain of wireless-equipped spies, distributed from Paris to Switzerland, transmitted reports of the gun's effectiveness. Between March 23 and August 26, 1918, the monster fired a shell at Paris every twenty minutes, killing a thousand people. The University of Bonn recognized Gustav Krupp's achievement in fashioning the deadly super-weapon by awarding him, of all things, an honorary Doctor of Philosophy Degree.

The Allies ordered the destruction of Krupp's gun-making capacity as a term of the Versailles Treaty, but its provisions were poorly enforced. With the help of his friend Wenner-Gren, Gustav Krupp soon obtained control of the Swedish Bofors munition and steel works, where armaments could be made which Germany was forbidden to manufacture. He greatly strengthened the company by purchasing the eastern European iron mines that gave the firm full control over all stages of the steel-making process.

Although Germany's defeat in two world wars has damaged the Krupp empire hardly at all, its major current weakness has been the loss of most of the eastern European mines to Russian occupation. Alfred Krupp must now buy eighty-five percent of his raw steel from outside suppliers. Present plans call for the ore from Hopes Advance Bay to provide this final link in Alfred's long-term objective of making the House of Krupp the world's largest industrial concern. "All the properties of Krupp belong together," says Berthold Beitz, the firm's general manager. "Without mines, Krupp's is without all its limbs, like a circus frogboy." ★



Is our youth equipped to face the future? continued from page 14

"A speaker's dangerous ideas might influence weak-minded people"

newspapers should not be allowed to print what they want.

Freedom of speech should be curtailed, explained a Montreal youth, because "the speaker's dangerous ideas might influence weak-minded people and threaten the

community." A 17-year-old girl, who graduated from high school and is now working for a doctor, was emphatic in her belief that under no circumstances should the press criticize the courts, judges' decisions, the clergy or religion.

The Maclean's survey contradicts the widespread belief that adolescents are rebellious against authority, and bitterly resent restrictions placed on their activities by parents, teachers and others.

Almost ninety percent stated that they

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do not feel that their freedom is too limited.

Many shared the view of the 17-year-old Toronto girl, who is preparing for a career in TV, that modern parents weren't strict enough. "My kids won't be allowed to get away with as much as I have," she said. As confirmation of this sentiment, *ninety percent of the poll agreed with the statement that "obedience and respect for authority are the most important virtues that young people should learn."*

In the field of international affairs, *seventy percent of the teen-agers stated that there is nothing they could do, personally, to prevent another war.* They reflected an attitude of complete resignation. "Nobody is going to pay any attention to me or any other individual unless he happens to be a general or a prime minister or somebody like that," said a western boy. A Halifax youth suggested, "About the only thing I can do is fight if a war does come." Surprisingly, youth evidently does not share mankind's terror of an atomic war. *Fifty percent agree with the statement that "we should support a surprise attack on the enemy at a time convenient to ourselves."* As one lad put it, "If you don't get them, they'll get you. So why wait?"

More than forty percent feel that most people are not capable of determining what is and what is not good for them. Certain phrases, used repeatedly, indicated a strong distrust of the good sense of the public. "People go along with the mob" . . . "Most people haven't any common sense" . . . "Most of us only think we know what's good for us" . . . "The average person is hazy about politics and world affairs." Upon discovering that U.S. youth held similar views, Dr. H. H. Remmers, originator of the Purdue National Poll, commented, "When nearly half our teen-agers feel that the people are incapable of making wise decisions, we have a massive and frightening rejection of the basic theory of democratic government."

Maclean's findings suggest that non-conformity and individuality are scorned and feared by present-day youth. *Almost half the teen-agers say that "there is nothing worse than being considered an oddball by other people."*

Of this group, only a few were careful to specify that being considered a cheat, a liar or a thief might be worse. The majority evidently shared the feelings of a Vancouver 16-year-old who exclaimed, "Being considered an oddball is the worst thing that can happen to you. It's worse than death!" Some descriptions of oddballs: "This guy had ideas which were too different and too deep; therefore he was a bore and everyone shunned him" . . . "Oddballs are vulgar people" . . . "This girl won all the medals and never got less than ninety. She was an outcast."

Our survey disclosed that present-day youth prizes certainty and security in jobs even more than they do in social relationships. *Almost two thirds of youth said that they would prefer a \$40-a-week job with small, guaranteed annual raises, to one which is less certain but which starts at \$75 a week and could easily pay double within five years.*

Judging from our interviews, youngsters are willing to sacrifice interesting and challenging jobs, as well as the opportunity to travel and grow rich, for the sake of a low-paying, routine position which is guaranteed to be permanent. A 17-year-old Regina boy who has just started working in a bank, says, "I know the wages aren't much. I could have worked for an oil company at higher

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pay but oil companies sometimes go broke — not banks."

We asked our cross section of youth for their views on French-English relations since Canada's future strength will partly depend on the degree of understanding between the two major language groups.

Eighty percent feel that relations between the two groups are steadily improving.

Sixty-five percent are firmly opposed to the separate-school system. If the Catholic portion of the sample were excluded, opposition to separate schools by non-Catholic youth would be an estimated eighty percent.

A sizable minority, almost thirty percent, are opposed to Canada having two official languages. This, despite the fact that the English and French languages were given equal status in the British North America Act, almost one hundred years ago.

The opposition to the separate-school system seems to stem from the conviction that dual education is a divisive factor in Canadian life. "It's as bad as the segregation in the deep south," explained an Alberta boy. "The separate schools foster suspicion and resentment." The existence of two official languages was attacked by a minority group for the same reason. "If you don't understand another person's language you don't trust him," explained one youth. "That's why we feel closer to the Americans than we do to the French Canadians."

How important a role does religious faith play in the life of the 1959 teenager? More than sixty percent declare that they are "concerned about religious faith."

"Scientists are creepy"

Further questions and interviews, however, cast some doubt on the depth and importance of this concern. ("Me and my buddy have pretty well torn religion apart. Maybe there's something behind it" . . . "It's hard to go to church and absorb all that jazz" . . . "I don't go to church very often but I believe everyone should have a faith" . . . "I'm concerned but I don't worry about it. If you do, you can become a fanatic. I don't think that there's much chance that I'll become an atheist.") Only four out of ten youngsters agree with the statement that "religious faith is better than logic in solving life's important problems."

(The teen-agers were given a list and asked, "Which one group can do the most to promote world peace?" Educators headed the poll, with double the votes given to religious leaders, who were in second place. Politicians placed a poor third, and seemed to be in disrepute with youngsters. "They're too concerned about themselves and votes to be worried about the world," was a typical reply. Statesmen and Scientists made a poor showing and were labeled as "a creepy lot," "atheistic," "irresponsible" and "harmful." Least popular were military leaders, who, according to one boy, "don't think of people as flesh and blood. They want to destroy society. We shouldn't put our future in their hands.")

All of this suggests that modern youth is passive in his religious life and that his oral acceptance of religious faith may be largely another indication of conforming behavior. After an exhaustive study of the religious beliefs and attitudes of ten thousand young Americans, Dr. Murray Ross, vice-president of the University of Toronto, asks: "Is religion and faith in God real to modern youth or do they merely consider them as part of a

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way of life and essential to success. Are they vague symbols merely accepted?" The information gathered in the Maclean's survey prompts the same questions to be asked about Canadian youth.

The reporters who interviewed teenagers across the nation noted that some youngsters didn't know that iron and steel were basic industries, or the meaning of the terms "public ownership" and "third degree." A London boy strongly approved of the third degree but added, "I wouldn't go so far as to make it legal." A Toronto youth thought police should

use lie detectors on suspects instead of brawn, "although I've heard those machines don't work on Indians." Another lad strongly defended the right to search a private home without a warrant because "we believe in individual freedom in this country and you've got to stop the enemies of freedom no matter how you do it." A Calgary teen-ager regarded it as improper for a voter to write his M.P., acquainting him with his views on a matter under public discussion. "That might make him biased," he explained. "Besides—a member of parlia-

ment shouldn't have to rely on letters from voters to find out what's going on."

A boy in Ontario advocated the banishing of French as an official language because the British conquered the French and "after all these generations it's time the French adopted Canadian ways." In discussing religion, one boy said, "I don't worry about religion. I'm a Protestant." Several youngsters were remarkably inconsistent—like the girl who suggested that the individual could make a contribution to world peace by treating people of all races and religions alike,

and a few minutes later vigorously opposed the entry of all Asians and colored people into Canada. She also complained that "you can't walk down the street anymore because the street is so crowded with immigrants, all speaking different languages." A Vancouverite, who approved of the third degree, strongly denounced wiretapping. "That's actually crooked," he said. "It's doing things undercover."

It was not these interesting sidelights but the main conclusions of the survey that Maclean's discussed with various adults who have long dealt with youth. Les Vipond, general secretary, Canadian YMCA, found parts of our findings "alarming" because of "the feeling one gets that here is a fertile seed bed for fascism." But he is optimistic about the future because, he feels, the future leaders will spring from the ranks of liberal, progressive youth—and there are many of them. According to J. M. C. Duckworth, YMCA, Halifax, "the survey, if accurate, strikes a doleful note for outlook of democracy. Our society must be more authoritarian than democratic when it produces youth with such ideas." Professor Maurice Chagnon, assistant principal of the school of psychology and education, University of Ottawa, observes, "The youngsters of today have so many conflicting values offered to them that they find it hard to make up their minds. They do not know how to form opinions and resignedly wait for life to do it for them." Father Kenny, of the Catholic Information Centre, Toronto, says, "Many youngsters today form decisions and come to conclusions without too much thought or discussion." Dr. Stuart Rosenberg, of Toronto's Beth Tzedec congregation, says that "what is most frightening and serious is the inescapable conclusion that these attitudes reflect the mood and thinking of adults." Sybil Ross, Montreal Council of Social Agencies, flatly states, "I don't think these things are true of young people." Don Leyden, program director, Logan Neighborhood House, Winnipeg, observes, "The survey reflects the pseudo-romantic youth talking. They don't favor violation of personal freedom when it happens to them, personally. At juvenile court, youngsters get really angry if a policeman lays a hand on them." The Rev. C. R. Feilding, a dean of Trinity College, University of Toronto, regards youth's penchant for violence as unsurprising since these things are common in books, movies and TV programs. "What is indicated," he says, "is that youth needs help in forming critical judgments." A more optimistic note was sounded by the director of the Vancouver Boys Clubs Association, Robert Smith. "I'm more



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pleased than alarmed by the results of the survey," he said.

Smith feels that youth's approval of such things as the third degree and wiretapping is motivated by their acute sense of fairness and their determination to punish anyone who violates their ideals. "Their approach is a pragmatic one," he says. "Unlike adults, they don't consider the broader issues. They want to whip the wrongdoer into line as quickly as possible. All they want are results—the methods are secondary." Robert Soley, of the Calgary YMCA, shares these views and adds, "Generally you'll find that youth only justifies the use of these extreme methods in particular cases and, even then, will qualify the extent to which they should be used."

Our scores of interviews tended to confirm these observations. A 16-year-old Regina boy feels that "at present the laws are written to favor the individual and hinder the police in their attempts to gather evidence. Justice might triumph more often if the police had the power to use a little third degree." One of his classmates asks, "Look at it this way—which is better, to be threatened by a bloodthirsty criminal at large or to allow police to use the necessary methods to convict him?" A 15-year-old London boy, who hopes to be a scientist, feels that "if the crime is serious enough, like murder, it would only be fair to the victim's relatives to use the third degree." A degree of compassion crept into the views of several of the strongest advocates of police violence, like the high-school senior who said, "I think police should limit themselves to mild torture—like not letting a person sleep until he talks. Things that will break you down after a while but can't hurt you too much. They shouldn't try to break your arm or anything."

No mavericks left

Similarly, other violations of individual freedom were justified by a concern for justice and the common welfare. A western boy explains, "I say it's okay to use wiretapping if it will capture a traitorous spy. It's to the benefit of seventeen million people to have this fellow locked up in jail." Giving religious bigots the opportunity to speak freely is taking a chance, says a Toronto girl. "They might build up a following and you'll end up with something like the Ku-Klux-Klan. Don't forget—Hitler was a pretty good talker." In the opinion of a Calgary youth, "the majority of people are only average and can be easily swayed in their thinking by a clever orator. If someone got up and said we should march on to Ottawa and overthrow the government, a lot of people would be inclined to follow. This would be dangerous to all of us." Dr. Ira Reid, a sociologist at Haverford College, Philadelphia, interprets this apparent willingness to accept an abridgment of liberties in the following terms: "We huddle behind the shelter of conformity and accept the role of citizenship as that of being a loyal person, i.e. one which allows police power to decide where the ways of integrity lie."

Despite the good intentions of youth, these attitudes appear to be fraught with danger. As the Canadian Youth Commission pointed out in its final report ten years ago, the future of democracy is in jeopardy if entire generations grow up unaware of the importance of the basic freedoms and unwilling to struggle for them. The commission argued that it was "urgent" to embark on programs which would teach young people

the responsibilities of citizenship. "Sheer inertia," stated the report, "can lead to destruction." The authors were mindful of an observation made by Benjamin Franklin, two hundred years ago: They who give up their essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

The fact that modern youth is in search of "a little temporary safety" is well known to the adults who commented on the findings of the survey. "Youth is conformist and security-conscious," says Vernon Trott, psychologist, Forest Hill

Board of Education. "There are no mavericks left. Everybody wants to be like everybody else." An Anglican churchman reports that he can't discuss church matters with one of the most active members of his church youth group if the young man happens to be with a group of his school friends at the time. "He doesn't want them to find out that he's interested in religious matters. It might mark him as being different."

In his book, *The Lonely Crowd*, the American social scientist Dr. David Riesman states, with some alarm, that

youth has an "other-directed" personality. This term, which was coined by Riesman, refers to an individual who is sensitive to the acts and wishes of others and moves in the direction they want him to. "Such people," says Riesman, "feel themselves powerless. They regard themselves as safe only when performing a ritual in an approving company."

The Maclean's survey suggests that "other-directedness" is characteristic of a large segment of Canadian youth. Almost half of the youngsters questioned were in agreement with each of the fol-



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"I hate going to those 'fun' nights with the gang because they're no darn fun; but I don't say so"

lowing two statements: "I feel greatly upset if the group does not approve of me" and "There is nothing worse than being considered an oddball by other people."

The individual replies reflect youth's great yearning to belong. A 17-year-old Winnipeg boy, who is an all-round athlete, says, "The group pretty well runs the show and if you don't go along with

it you're pretty well left out of things. It hurts to be left out. You need the feeling of belonging to people." Evidently a lot of youngsters value group membership so highly, they go along with their activities even though they don't like them. "I hate going to those 'fun nights' with the gang because they're no darn fun," says a London boy. "But I keep the feeling to myself or else I

might get kicked out of the gang. If I could get this off my chest I'd feel better." A girl in Vancouver says, "If the gang suggests we go somewhere and you disagree they look at you, shocked, and then you're out." A 16-year-old Calgary youth complained, "I do what the others do even though I resent it much of the time." Being dropped by the gang was variously described as "being locked out,"

"a sick feeling," "being an outcast," "like losing your best buddy."

Evidently, judging from the responses of the teen-agers in our survey, the only thing worse than being excluded by the gang is to be thought an "oddball." The oddball in modern teen-age circles enjoys the same unhappy status as that of a particularly loathsome leper in the society of the middle ages. A 16-year-old Vancouverite explained, "It's sure bad, being considered an oddball. It puts your whole attitude off. It might even ruin your life. Suppose you walk down the street and some guy says, 'There goes an oddball,' and you hear it. You might think, 'I'm an oddball and good for nothing.' So you might end up a bum." Our informants listed as oddballs "guys with black jackets and funny haircuts," "lonely people," "hoods" and "queer thinkers." They also included "a fellow with different ideas," "a deep thinker," "a guy who liked symphonies better than rock 'n' roll" and "a girl who won all the class medals for top marks."

What accounts for this almost neurotic fear of disapproval and this extraordinary conservatism? "Our youngsters have been brought up in contact with things like collective bargaining, planned communities, planned recreation and cooperative movements," explains Robert Soley, of Calgary. "They want to progress with the group, rather than alone. It's the vogue of the age." The importance of brains, talent and contemplation have been downgraded and parents may be partly to blame. "The boy who likes to read, play a violin or lie on his back and look at the stars is an oddball to his buddies and a psychological problem to his parents," says J. D. Pearse, of the Ottawa YMCA. Our powerful mass media are exerting a standardizing pressure on everyone—especially impressionable youth. Born and reared in the edgy emotional climate of wars and the threats of wars, teen-agers want their lives as untroubled as possible. Even if they were inclined to strike out on their own, the prosperity cycle has left them inexperienced in struggling or taking risks.

Dr. Murray Ross of the University of Toronto suggests that the trend to big organizations—in government, industry, education and leisure—tends to cast all youth in the same mold. "In the big corporation everything has to run smoothly," says Ross. "Fathers frequently warn their sons that they'll never get ahead if they dissent." In the face of all the gargantuan forces in modern life, the individual man feels small, powerless and isolated. "We conform," a Toronto audience was recently told by Dr. Eric Fromm, the American psychoanalyst, "because we are deeply afraid of being alone, afraid of losing our identity. We follow with one idea—staying together, never being separated, never being alone."

Parents who are lax with their teenagers may be surprised to learn that the youngsters don't appreciate their leniency; they are more likely to resent it. The replies Maclean's received indicate that teen-agers are frightened by too much freedom—they don't know how to handle it. An attractive 17-year-old Toronto girl, for example, said, "I wouldn't like it if my parents didn't keep tabs on the hours I keep and the fellows I go out with. Parents who don't tell their children what's good for them aren't good parents. It shows that they're not interested." A 16-year-old boy said,



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"I can't do everything I want, but neither can anybody else in this world. I don't feel hamstrung." A 17-year-old Vancouver girl stated that you can always spot the kids who had parents who let them run wild. "They're rude to everyone, they're problem at school and they're headed for trouble." The son of a London doctor voiced a sentiment which was repeated by a surprisingly large number of the youngsters: "My freedom isn't limited enough and that's true of most teen-agers. At home my parents are too lenient."

The youngsters expressed an overwhelming conviction about the importance of acquiring the virtues of obedience and respect for authority. "It doesn't pay off if you don't respect authority," declared a 17-year-old Calgary boy who hopes to be an architect. "You go to a job and you don't know how to take orders from a foreman. So you argue and the first thing you know, you're fired." Referring to juvenile delinquents, one youth explained, "Most of them are in trouble today because they don't look up to anybody and they wouldn't listen to anybody. They've disrupted their whole lives because of this."

With a few exceptions, the general reactions were similar to our question: "Have you ever worried about the amount of authority the government has over your personal liberty?" Reaction ranged from indifference to satisfaction with conditions as they are. "What's there to worry about?" asked a 16-year-old Vancouver boy. "They give us quite a bit of liberty. I live a normal life. I'm having fun. If they put out curfews or anything like that it might worry me, but they don't, so everything's fine." A 16-year-old Winnipeg lad said he couldn't answer our question "because I don't know how much authority the government has over me," while a 15-year-old Vancouverite replied, "I don't have a say in government because I'm still voteless so I'm not worried about government authority." Robert Smith, of the Vancouver Boys Clubs Association, regards this reaction as normal. "Most teen-agers have little experience with government," he says. "In their view, the government hardly touches on their lives at all. But what would happen if the government were to enact a law conscripting all 17- and 18-year-olds? Then they'd sit up and take notice!"

The teen-agers' predilection for obedience and authority was commented on by a number of the expert observers whom Maclean's consulted. "Their attitude is a healthy one," said Father C. Mulvihill, Catholic Family Services, Toronto. "They seem to understand the need for guidance in growing up." Jack Byles, University of Toronto School of Social Work, feels that it may reflect a yearning for authority because it is presently lacking in their lives. "The youngster with too much freedom suffers from anxiety," says Byles. Dr. Murray Ross fears the possibility that youth will become too enthusiastic in its desire for authority. "It can be dangerous," he warns. This possibility is recognized by Sybil Ross, Montreal Council of Social Agencies, who says, "How easy it is for

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Maclean's special survey of youth

Maclean's recently enlisted the help of an independent research organization to find out what Canadian youth felt and thought about a number of vital issues. The partial results listed here represent the views of five hundred youngsters — a scientifically selected cross-section of English-speaking youth, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, living in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Toronto, London, Montreal and Halifax.

YES NO	
THE BASIC FREEDOMS	
"The police are sometimes right in using the 'third degree' in getting a person to talk"	46.6 49.5
"Wiretapping and recording telephone conversations should be permitted so that police can trap possible criminals and spies"	58.3 39.9
"In some cases police should be allowed to search a person or his home even though they do not have a warrant"	27.3 71.6
"The government should prohibit people from making speeches which contain dangerous ideas with which most people disagree"	44.3 53.5
"Newspapers and magazines should be allowed to print anything they want just as long as it is not obscene, libelous or reveals military secrets"	72.4 26.9
AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE	
"Have you ever worried about the amount of authority the government has over your personal liberty?"	15.4 83.8
"Obedience and respect for authority are the most important virtues that young people should learn"	89.7 10.2
"Do you think your freedom is too limited?"	13.9 86.0
CONFORMITY	
"I feel greatly upset if the group doesn't approve of me"	46.9 52.3
"There is nothing worse than being considered an 'odd-ball' by other people"	42.8 56.9
ENGLISH-FRENCH RELATIONS	
"Do you think Canada should have two official languages?"	70.8 28.5
"Do you think relations between English and French Canada are improving?"	77.0 17.4
"Do you believe in separate schools for Catholics and Protestants?"	33.7 64.8
RELIGION	
"Are you concerned about your religious faith?"	61.7 37.9
"Religious faith is better than logic in solving life's important problems"	44.0 48.8
"Man can build a good society without divine help"	19.6 79.3
POLITICS	
"Most people are not capable of determining what is — and what is not — good for them"	40.7 55.4
"It is worth while to send letters or telegrams to your Member of Parliament urging him to take a particular course of action on a particular issue"	62.1 35.5
"Does the greatest threat to democracy come from foreign ideas and foreign groups?"	36.1 60.2
"Should we support a surprise attack against our enemy at a time convenient to ourselves since the enemy is planning to do the same thing?"	45.1 52.5
"Should we admit immigrants of other than British origin?"	91.5 7.9
"Should we admit colored people into Canada?"	91.1 8.2
ECONOMICS	
"I would prefer starting off with a \$40-a-week job with small guaranteed annual raises to one which is less certain but starts at \$75 a week and could easily be double that amount within five years"	62.3 36.9
"The government should abolish all your rights to inherit money and property to ensure equality of opportunity"	6.7 93.0
"We should have more public ownership of basic industries"	53.8 42.4
LEADERSHIP	
"The one group who can do the most to promote world peace are — politicians, religious leaders, military leaders, educators, statesmen, scientists?"	EDUCATORS 40.0 RELIGIOUS LEADERS 21.9 POLITICIANS 12.2 SCIENTISTS 7.9 STATESMEN 7.1 MILITARY LEADERS 5.3

* Percentages do not total 100 in every case because small numbers of youngsters replied with "undecided" or "don't know" answers.

THE BRITISH



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youth to stay on the beaten path. This has been bothering social workers. Recreation agencies have been trying to devise ways of helping young people become more individualistic without being rebellious."

For purposes of comparison, Maclean's posed the questions relating to English-French relations to a large sample of Catholic, French-speaking youngsters attending a well-known Montreal high school. (The main survey was largely limited to youth who had knowledge of English.) The results are as follows:

More French than English thought that Canada should have two official languages (90% compared with 70%); more French than English wanted their children brought up speaking the two languages (98%, 85%); more French than English felt that relations between the two races were improving (92%, 77%). However, the two groups clashed head on in answering the question: "Which group do you think is doing the most to stimulate national unity—English or French?" Not counting the abstainers, the French felt that the French were making the greatest effort (75%), while the English were convinced that the English were doing the most (80%).

In support of the English, a Montreal girl said, "The majority of English are pretty easy-going; I know a lot of French people and they're pretty stubborn and prejudiced." According to a boy in Halifax, "The English are trying hard to understand the people from Quebec and that's not easy; they're different than we are and think in a different way. I don't think the French are killing themselves to understand us."

An opposing view was expressed by a 17-year-old Montreal youth. "The English are too smug to exert themselves to get along with the French. They know that their language is spoken pretty well all over the world so they won't learn French. On the other hand, look at all the Frenchmen who speak English." Another youngster added, "The French are a minority and—like the Jews—they try hard to make themselves liked. They try to remain friendly even though they're always under fire from the English."

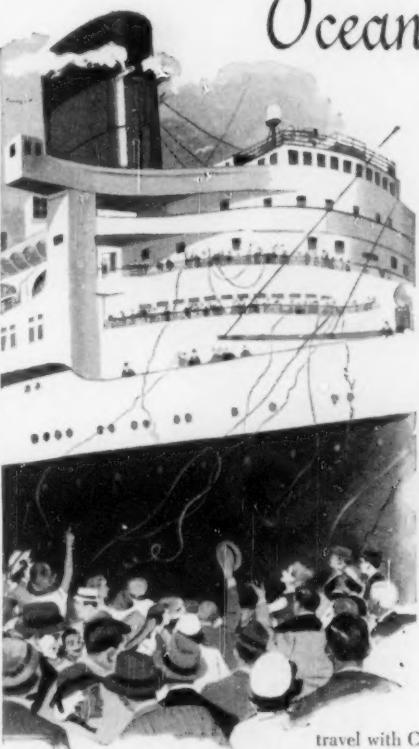
Some of Maclean's reporters thought that the English teen-ager's attitude toward Quebec may be greatly influenced by his marks in high-school French. One of the most vociferous critics of French Canada was a 17-year-old Ontario girl. She felt the French were "un-Canadian in their thinking." Our reporter asked, "I suppose you get pretty poor marks in French?" He was dead right. "It's my worst subject," she replied.

In spite of a number of apparently disturbing findings in the Maclean's survey, the people who work at closest range with youth are the most optimistic about their capabilities as the future guardians of Canada. Perhaps their point of view was best summarized by Robert Smith, executive director, Vancouver Boys Clubs Association:

"I'm not one of those who think that youth has gone all to hell. I think their instincts are generally healthy and wholesome. Their respect for authority and their choice of educators and religious leaders as the men who can lead us to peace all indicate a good approach to life. The survey reflects that the prime influences on young people are still the home, the school and the church."

"All of this poses a challenge to adults—parents, teachers, clergy and youth workers. Our responsibility is to help develop and help correct those that are not good and worthwhile." ★

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Parade

How to give till it hurts

About this time of year district captains for Community Chest campaigns go abroad in the land seeking canvassers, usually collecting more excuses than volunteers. One alibi that dumbfounded even a hardened recruiting officer in Edmonton came from a housewife who declared, "It's just that I can't ask people for money, though I'll do anything else. I helped the Red Cross canvass last month, but they were only asking for blood."

* * *

Having scared most motorists into stopping with a jolt any time a pedestrian even wanders near one of its new pedestrian crossings, Toronto is now struggling with the problem of foot sloggers who dawdle at the curb stopping traffic when they have no intention of crossing the road. Signs have been posted urging pedestrians to point across the road when they do want to cross, and one pedestrian who tried it is still shaking in his boots. The motorist turned to see what he was pointing at and darn near ran him down.

* * *

These days the pampering of pets sometimes seems to be getting out of hand but one canine's owner in Saint

If ever a police department deserved a medal for efficiency it's the law force in Victoria, which recently reported that



forty-one persons were missing there in the past month but forty-three missing persons were found.

A tough young hombre of ten, visiting an exhibition in Yarmouth County, N.S., togged out in a fancy cowboy outfit, became impatient waiting in line at the ticket wicket. Swagging down the queue he elbowed his way into position fourth in line. Nobody said anything, but the indignant gentleman now fifth in line silently lifted the bad guy's ten-gallon hat off his head and passed it back to the tail end of the line.

* * *

We don't know where you stand on the "Canada's national flag" issue but the workman who's been directing traffic around construction work on Ottawa's Riverside Drive at Stevens Ave. was using a Union Jack.

* * *

John, N.B., has sworn off. He advertised in the Telegraph-Journal, "For sale—Large dog house; five chairs . . ."

* * *

Conversation overheard on a Montreal bus, one woman to another: "You know, I usually drink a pint of milk a day. But with all this talk about Strontium 90 in the milk, I drink cream instead."

* * *

Fraknest advertisement published in months appeared in the Galiano, B.C., Gulf Islander: "Ye Olde Antique Shoppe, Back Bay—WE BUY JUNK." But we've heard from a woman in Calumet, Yukon, who thought she had encountered a new high in merchandising honesty when she bought some towels at a Hudson's Bay store and found the word "Bad" worked right into the toweling. A clerk hastily explained the towels came from Denmark where "Bad" means "Bath."

Firemen lead a hazardous life at best but the brigade in Rosetown, Sask., has a special headache—every time the town alarm sounds so many curious folk surround the station the boys can barely get the rigs under way. The Rosetown Eagle even ran an editorial appealing to the townspeople to stop it—but you know people. Then late one evening the fire chief received an appeal from the RCMP to help organize a posse to search for a two-year-old who had wandered away from a nearby farm—and the chief knew just what to do. A couple of hoots on the fire whistle and he soon had about 200 Rosetowners organized into search parties . . . and they found the youngster, too.

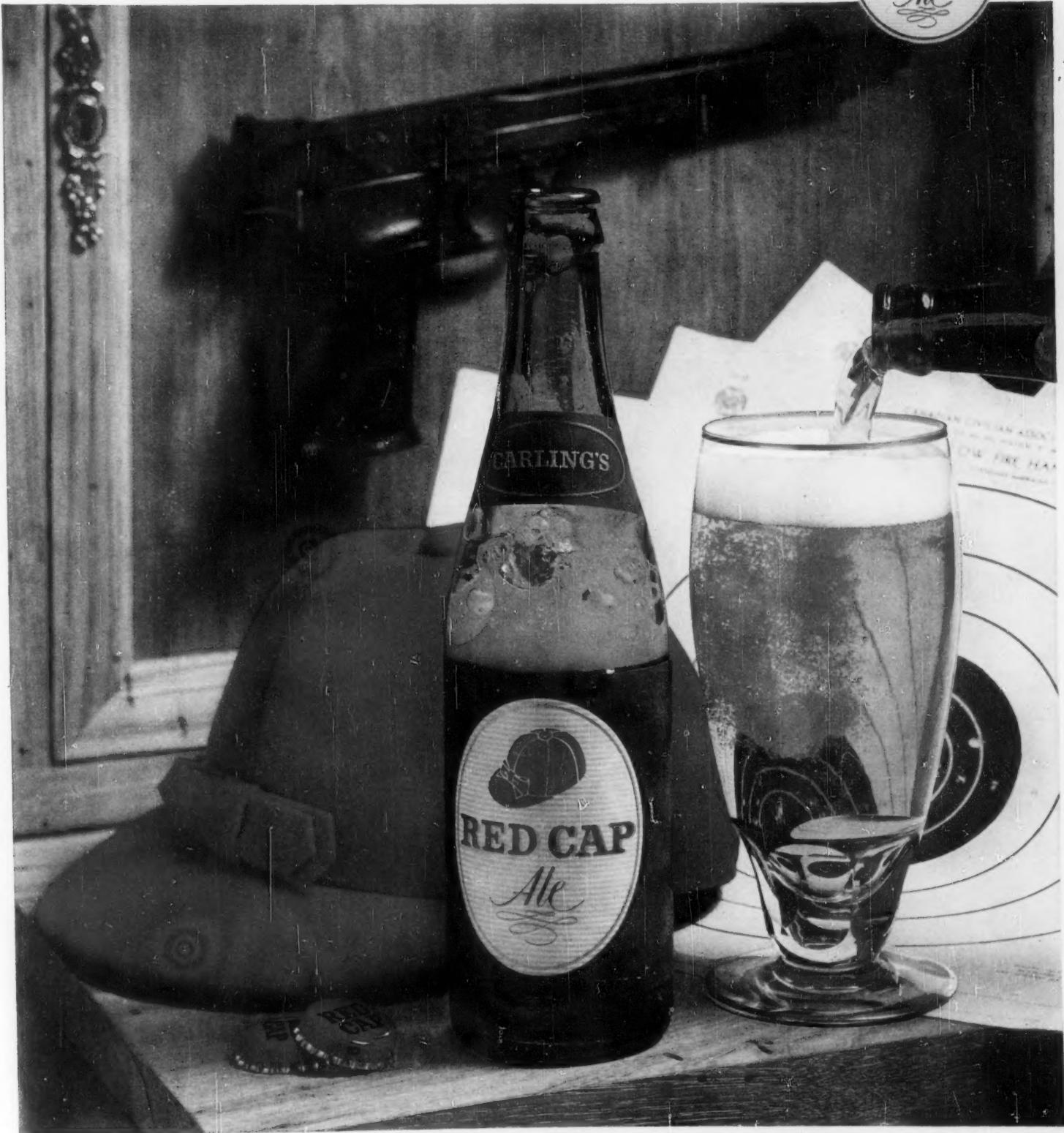
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